HOW JAPAN PLANS TO WIN

BY CLARK LEE

Collier's

TEN CENTS

MAY 22, 1943

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RATION BOARD

By Walter Davenport

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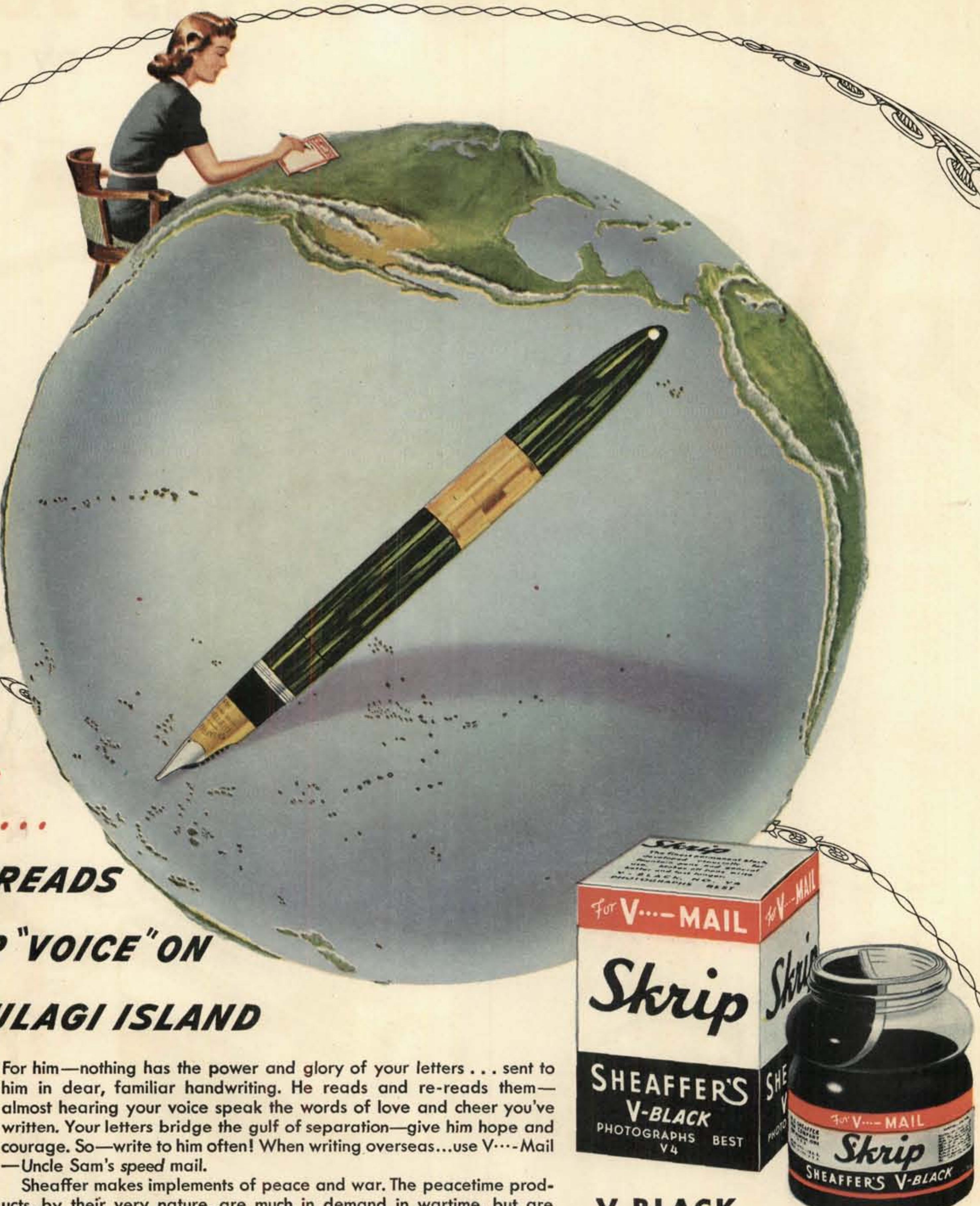

Write!....

AND HE READS YOUR "VOICE" ON TULAGI ISLAND

For him—nothing has the power and glory of your letters . . . sent to him in dear, familiar handwriting. He reads and re-reads them—almost hearing your voice speak the words of love and cheer you've written. Your letters bridge the gulf of separation—give him hope and courage. So—write to him often! When writing overseas...use V···-Mail—Uncle Sam's *speed* mail.

Sheaffer makes implements of peace and war. The peacetime products, by their very nature, are much in demand in wartime, but are necessarily curtailed, along with all similar products of other companies, by WPB order. Therefore, they are rationed to dealers and by them to the public. About half as many are available now as in 1941. The men and women of Sheaffer who have been freed from pen and pencil production are hard at work on their war jobs. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Ft. Madison, Ia.; Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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Skrip—When writing V····-Mail to our men overseas—use V-Black SKRIP! V····-Mail letters are photographed on 16 mm. film—flown overseas—reproduced and delivered. Black photographs best and V-Black SKRIP writes black—stays black! Ask for V-Black SKRIP in the 4-oz. DOUBLE SIZE—25c.

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First the Seed
And then the Flowering.
True to small Tasks Today,
Training for the larger duties of Tomorrow.

And we see her then, Strong and Sympathetic and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

BE CONFIDENT, American child! For your future as for your garden you may well harbor high hopes and happy expectations. Yes, you and your generation can look to the days to come with confidence and courage.

For your teachers and your parents are giving you every advantage of health and education—to prepare you to face the future . . . strong, resolute and *smiling*.

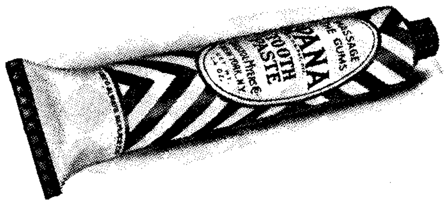
Yes, *smiling*. For even the smiles of America's children have the best care these days. Right in the classroom, thousands of boys and girls are being taught a lesson that many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender . . . often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist*. He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean the teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste
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Look for the RCA Victor advertisement appearing regularly on this page

EVERY WEEK

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VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

As sleep restores to the body the vitality and energy it needs, so great music can revive the spirit, giving it renewed strength and courage. On Victor Records you will always find the greatest selection of the greatest in music, interpreted for you by the world's most distinguished artists. Why not take time out today to enjoy your favorite songs or symphonies on Victor Red Seal Records?

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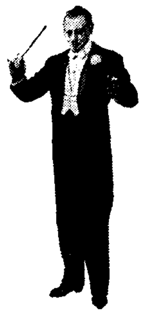

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Howard Hanson conducts the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra in an interpretation of Griffes' scintillating POEM FOR FLUTE AND ORCHESTRA that eloquently bespeaks the rare genius of its young composer. With Joseph Mariano, flutist. Victor Record 11-8349 . . . . .$1.00*

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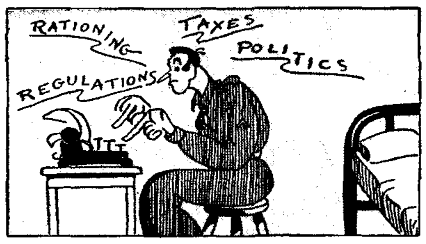
ANY WEEK

BEING an old war horse who fought with great energy, if a trifle erratically, in that World War tryout away back in 1917 and 1918, we know that soldiers can get pretty sore at the home guard with even less provocation than Sergeant Saretsky has. A letter from Mrs. Henrietta Bussell of Bakersfield, California, reminded us of it. Mrs. Bussell's husband (Class 1-A) is driving a taxi while awaiting induction. As passengers, he has many service men. Their stories are always the same, she says: "California treats them fine but in the Middle West and the South, they get treated like dirt, even the taverns discriminating against them." Then specifically: "One soldier said that when he got home, he shed his uniform for the duration of his leave because folks discriminated against soldiers in uniform. He said that for a dollar more a month, he'd quit and fight for Hitler." Whereat, Mrs. Bussell (who shouldn't lose so much sleep over what soldiers say) asks: "Now isn't this a fine state of affairs?" And we say that it is indeed, though we feel a trifle drowsy.

SO WE were about to compose ourselves for a much-needed nap when the telephone rang. Mr. William G. Lockgood of Brooklyn, New York, has been inducted into the Army. His wife has just called to tell us. Mr. Lockgood has played department-store Santa Clauses for ten years, starting at the very un-Santa Claus age of nineteen. When asked by the recruiting officer what civilian task he was best at, Mr. Lockgood said, "Playing Santa Claus, but don't let that fool you." Mr. Lockgood also played Pappa Bunny parts in department stores at Easter. "And don't let that fool you, either," he told the officer. "For the rest of the duration I'm playing hell." So Mr. Lockgood is off to camp, and Mrs. Lockgood says: "I'm glad of it, for his sake. He needs a good rest."

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS BERNIE SMITH is editor of the service magazine at Camp White, Oregon. Like several other soldiers, he used to be a civilian. Among other former civilians who were inducted with Mr. Smith were a number of Negroes. He reports that three of them are on the pay roll as Prince Albert, St. Paul and Mark Antony. The important thing, however, is that Former Civilian Smith was recently on furlough. When he returned to camp he lost no time in writing an editorial. One week of life back among us civilians was plenty. "To be a civilian these days," wrote he, "takes courage and stamina and a will to win. Civilian life is complicated with rationing, taxes, politics and regulations. This editor tried it for a week. He has scampered back to his simple cot in the Service Company barracks and is hiding beneath the blankets lest some kindly officer send him forth again upon another furlough amongst civilians. He hereby swears that he wants no part of that life he left so unwillingly three months ago."



FROM Mr. Bill Mason of Akron, Ohio, and Washington, D. C., we receive somewhat depressing news about the Honorable Al J. LaCoste, mayor of Emeryville, California. Mr. LaCoste was in Washington trying to induce the Department of Agriculture to pay some attention to him and his business. He got nowhere. He spent hours on park benches hopeful that Mr. Baruch might happen along and help him think. Presently he wandered into the National Press Club and to Mr. Mason poured forth his woe. "Bill," said he, "it's unfair. I'm the only firm in the country processing tripe." A reporter looked up from an adjacent table and said: "Mister, we guys in this club process more tripe in a day than you do all year." Mayor LaCoste left, feeling better than when he had arrived.

WE ARE willing to bet five of Mr. Morgenthau's brand-new Unitas against a ration point that no Democrat short of Mr. Roosevelt can be elected President next year. Almost any Republican capable of staggering up to a microphone would make a political corpse of any other Democrat in sight. In fact, we have quite a few letters which make us wonder whether Mr. Roosevelt is going to be shouted into a fourth term. Mr. Joseph Callthorpe of Los Angeles got to talking to a taxi driver about it. Apparently everybody is getting their information from taxi drivers these days. The taxi driver said that he had voted for Mr. Roosevelt three times but had got tired of it. "But suppose there's still a war?" asked Mr. Callthorpe. "Anybody can run a war," said the taxi driver. "What we need is a guy who—" At this point the taxi driver ran his car into a pushcart, and a cop took charge. . . . W. D.

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Collier'

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THIS WEE

MAY 22, 1943

SHORT STORIES

MOSSER MAUGER
Tryout for Love. In which a fat makes the grade. Pag

BETTY DE SHERBININ
She'd Do the Same for You. One keeps her secret well—too well Pag

WALTER D. EDMONDS
No Horse is a Bargain. Especial you run into that slick trader, Wilson. Pag

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Wedding Present for Elmer, Minta Meier Pag

SERIAL STORIES

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Sound of Revelry. The fourth of parts. Pag

MARGARET CULKIN BANNIN
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●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. P

WING TALK. P

EDITORIALS. Pa

COVER I. N. S.—U. S. A

We Borrowed Their "Nylons" to Make Tires for the Navy

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich leadership in tires

THINGS are happening in the rubber industry.

New ideas are being born which conserve rubber today—and will save you money tomorrow.

In the B. F. Goodrich laboratories they're trying out dozens and dozens of new methods of tire construction. For example, tires are being built with Nylon cord—as well as of cotton or rayon. Nylon has such great strength that it is possible to build tires with less rubber. Passenger car tires built with only two Nylon plies ran far longer than four-ply conventional type tires when tested for ply separation and overload!

And bruise resistance is so great in airplane tires made with Nylon cord that both the Army and Navy have placed orders for this new type tire that saves weight and makes landings safer. B. F. Goodrich was the first company to make and deliver such tires to the U. S. Navy.

So the Nylon your wife is *not* getting in the form of hose is going to war. Some of it is being used in experimental work that may save thousands of tons of rubber. Perhaps one day you may be able to buy B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns for trucks with eight plies instead of twelve, that with weight reduced considerably will run cooler at high speeds—all because of today's wartime developments. *Maybe*, we say. For there are still many problems to be solved.

We do know that when this war is over B. F. Goodrich will offer you far better tires than ever built before Pearl Harbor. Whether they are built with Nylon, rayon, or cotton cord, with crude or synthetic rubber, B. F. Goodrich will be *first* with the new mileage-saving, money-saving developments. In peace as in war, B. F. Goodrich will be "First in Rubber".

In war or peace
B.F.Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER
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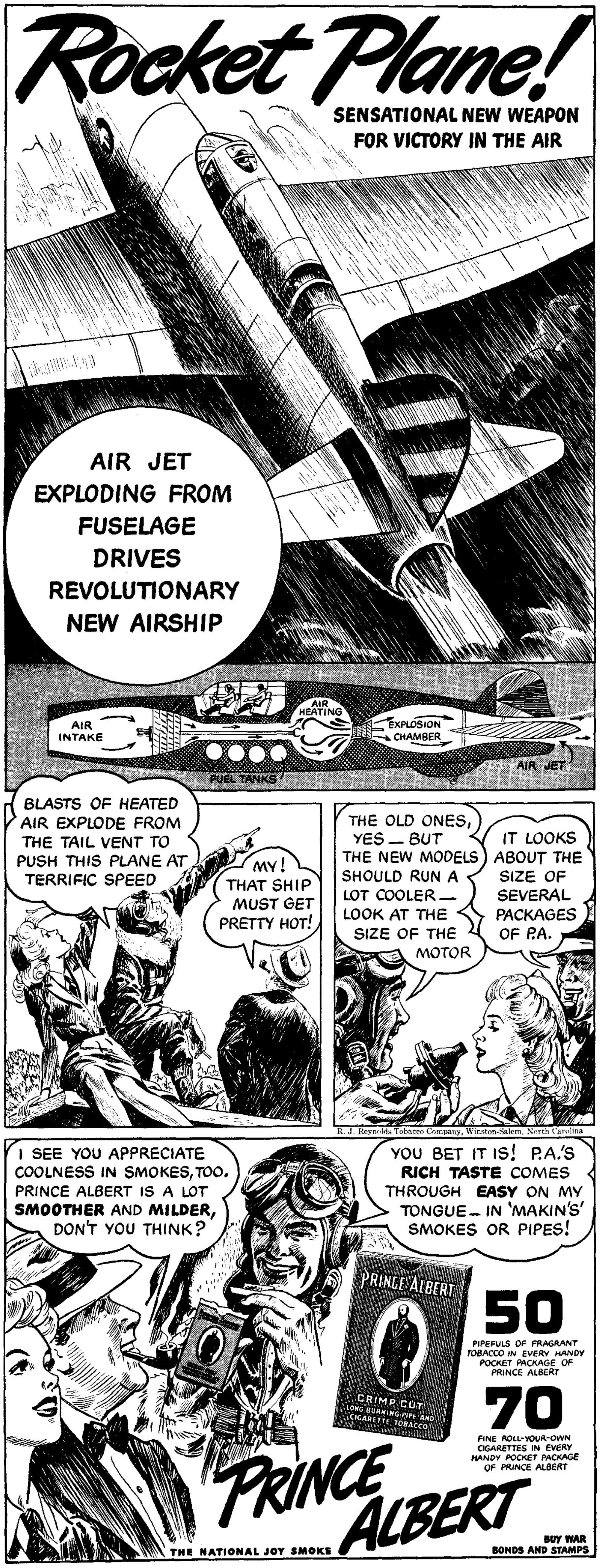

Rocket Plane!
SENSATIONAL NEW WEAPON FOR VICTORY IN THE AIR
AIR JET EXPLODING FROM FUSELAGE DRIVES REVOLUTIONARY NEW AIRSHIP
AIR INTAKE
AIR HEATING
EXPLOSION CHAMBER
FUEL TANKS
AIR JET
BLASTS OF HEATED AIR EXPLODE FROM THE TAIL VENT TO PUSH THIS PLANE AT TERRIFIC SPEED
MY! THAT SHIP MUST GET PRETTY HOT!
THE OLD ONES, YES — BUT THE NEW MODELS SHOULD RUN A LOT COOLER — LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THE MOTOR
IT LOOKS ABOUT THE SIZE OF SEVERAL PACKAGES OF P.A.
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
I SEE YOU APPRECIATE COOLNESS IN SMOKES, TOO. PRINCE ALBERT IS A LOT SMOOTHER AND MILDER, DON'T YOU THINK?
YOU BET IT IS! P.A.'S RICH TASTE COMES THROUGH EASY ON MY TONGUE — IN 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES OR PIPES!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT
70 FINE ROLL-YOUR-OWN CIGARETTES IN EVERY HANDY POCKET PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

While left-handedness occurs in only about seven per cent of persons born singly, it is found in 21 per cent of those born as fraternal twins and 26 per cent of those born as identical twins.—*By P. A. Beall, Eva, W. Va.*

Probably the coldest radiant light made by man is produced by the reaction of certain chemicals in an alkaline solution. While about two gallons in a glass container are bright enough to illuminate a large room for a night photograph, the liquid has no perceptible heat emission, and ice cubes may be floated in it without effect.—*By Vincent Foley, Hoboken, New Jersey.*

Many genuine American silver coins, in circulation through inadvertence, sound like counterfeits when bounced, because of imperfections in mintage. — *By Minnie Whiteside, Fresno, California.*

The Soviet Union has no president. The man who is generally called "President," even by the heads of many other governments, is Mikhail Kalinin, chairman of the Presidium. This is a 42-member "Congressional Committee," which carries on the work of the 1,300-member Supreme Soviet, the highest executive body, when the latter is not in session.

After antiaircraft guns have ceased firing at an enemy plane, shrapnel from their shells may continue to rain from the sky for as long as three minutes.

Forty-eight books have been written about the life and activities of Henry Ford. . . . Unlike electrical waves, radio waves pass along the outside of a wire instead of through it. . . . At the United States Naval Training Station in Great Lakes, Illinois, 50 instructors give 50,000 swimming lessons a week. . . . Grapefruit sold to canners for juice has increased in cost from $3 to $24 a ton in the past two years.

Certain foods that cannot be rationed on a nation-wide basis because of differences in sectional eating habits will probably be distributed in the near future on state quotas. For example, the annual per-capita consumption of rice varies from two pounds in the Northwest to fifty pounds in the South.

Snake venom, which is used in antisnakebite serums and medicines that control bleeding and relieve pain, is usually taken from a reptile only from one to five times. This is because most snakes die from this unnatural handling after an average of three milkings.

Washington recently reproduced a military book compiled and originally published in Japan. It is a 484-page dictionary of aeronautical terms in English, French, German and Japanese and sells for thirty-five cents a copy.—*By J. Mikkali, Minneapolis, Minn.*

The air-speed indicators in many Navy planes show the rate of velocity in knots instead of statute miles per hour. . . . Approximately 250,000 rabbits were used in this country in 1942 for human pregnancy tests. . . . Alcohol can be frozen by liquid air into candles that burn like the ordinary variety. . . . No method is known for the correction of color blindness.

Since the "plant law" was passed in 1930, the United States Patent Office has granted 574 patents on new and fixed strains of vegetables, fruits, flowers and other plants. One example is a nasturtium of a superdouble type that flowers with sixty petals instead of the usual five.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

First step in your child's musical education . . . an FM radio-phonograph

"Play it once more, Mommy!"

And again . . . and again! In the enchanted land of recorded music, your children will wander for hours . . . acquainted with princes and dragons, blue elephants and trees that walk, and golden mysteries hidden from all except a child.

A General Electric FM radio-phonograph is educator, friend and often nurse-maid all in one.

This electronic instrument opens to your child new vistas of the imagination. It brings to life great characters from legend, fairy tale, and history. It teaches a love for good music, and directs eager and active impulses into purposeful channels.

There are literally thousands of children's records . . . to say nothing of the "grown-up" music which your boy or girl will understand . . . ready now to train and develop the plastic young mind.

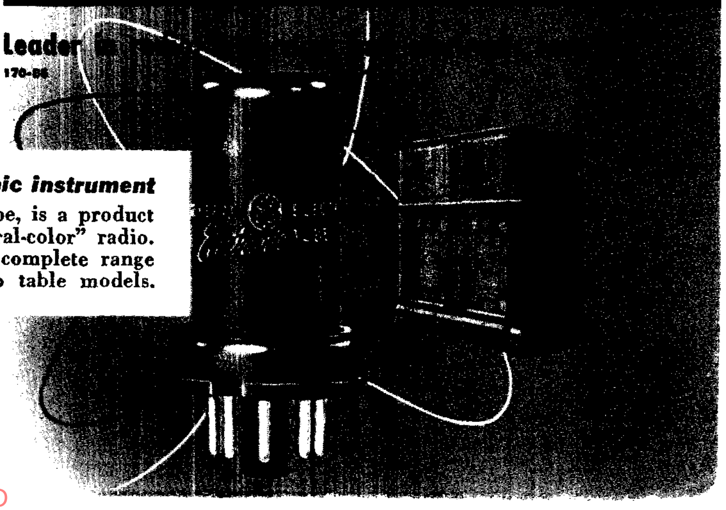
And this can happen while you, busy about the house in these war days, must often spend less time with the children than you wish.

General Electric is building radio for military purposes alone now. But after Victory, the General Electric radio-phonograph with FM (Frequency Modulation) will be available to every one, at a modest and reasonable price. It will be a finer radio than ever before, because of wartime developments.

FREE: Send for the fascinating 32-page book in full color: "Electronics—a New Science for a New World." Includes the story of FM radio. Address Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.

Tune in on Frazier Hunt and the News every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday evening over C.B.S. On Sunday night listen to the "Hour of Charm" over N.B.C. See newspapers for time, station.

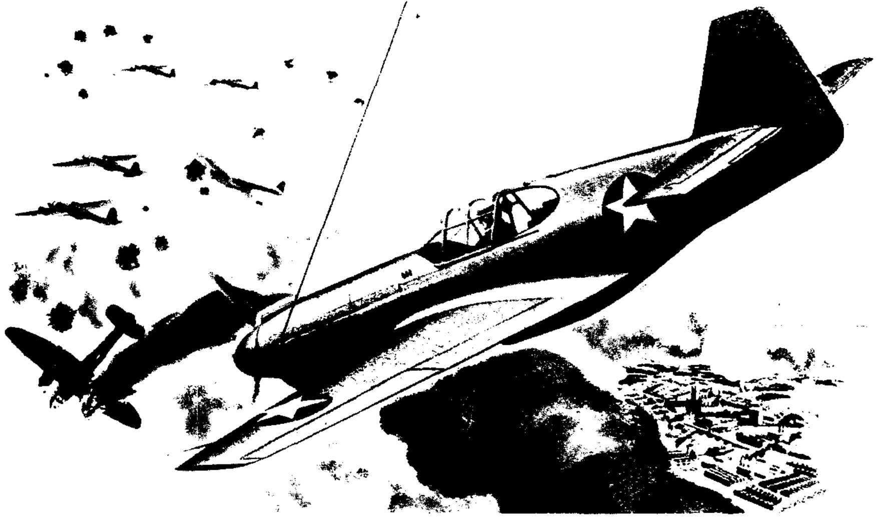
GENERAL ELECTRIC



Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

Radio, like television and the electron microscope, is a product of *electronic* research. "FM" is static-free, "natural-color" radio. After the war, G. E. will offer FM radio in a complete range of prices and styles—from the Musaphonic to table models.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS have a heritage established by world speed records on land, water and in the air, gained over many years past, which makes them right at home in our fastest fighter planes. Because of their unfailing dependability in life or death situations, Champions are daily gaining new prestige with the men of our air forces.



Our fighter pilots are writing fabulous history. Legendary feats are being reported daily from all combat areas. Their planes are without equal in performance, maneuverability and speed, and they know how to use these qualities to the limit. Champion Spark Plugs play their vital part in many of these planes. True to their tradition, Champions combine the utmost in performance and dependability in aircraft spark plugs as in those for your car. Now that your car has been "slowed down to a walk" by gas rationing and the thirty-five miles per hour speed limit, all spark plugs need frequent cleaning. At these speeds the heat of combustion will not burn off carbon and oily deposits as readily as at former higher speeds. Fouled spark plugs waste gas, and cause rough, unsatisfactory engine performance. For maximum economy and dependability, have your Champion dealer check and clean your spark plugs at regular intervals.

GET MORE MILES PER CHAMPION
A
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CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

KEEP 'EM FLYING — BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Wing Talk Salutes the Air Mail

UNITED AIR LINES

Captain E. Hamilton Lee, veteran of millions of miles of mail flying, and his son, Copilot Robert E. Lee, of United Air Lines

KING SOLOMON used air mail. So did Queen Cleopatra and Alexander the Great. Our own Ben Franklin, too. That's something to remember when, this week, we celebrate the Silver Jubilee of the United States domestic airmail service. A lot of modern statistics will be loosed, to impress you and fill you with pride. Such as, how in 1918, only 16,000 revenue miles were flown, whereas, in 1941, the last year unaffected by war, 75,000,000 was the figure, with speed and reliability commensurately improved.

But there is a background pattern that canned statistics do not readily bring to eye. It is made up of curious facts, of imagination, romance, milestones cemented by the lifeblood of fine young men. Truth is, nobody knows when or how the first air mail was borne, for messages or mail, sent through the air by whatever means, is really a very old idea.

IN ANCIENT and medieval times, messages were fastened to spears or arrows and shot by expert marksmen out of beleaguered places to spies beyond the enemy camps, or vice versa. American frontiersmen did this, also. Modernly, rockets have been used.

The homing pigeon is probably the oldest regularly used or scheduled flying letter carrier. It has worked from the beginnings of empire, with the ancient Persians. It carried love letters for Biblical and classical bigwigs. It flew the results of Olympic games to various Greek cities, and news of campaigns to ancient Rome. More than 2,000 years ago, pigeons bore military air mail over Tunisian fields where our young pilots are now flying. Newspapermen and financiers sent dispatches regularly by pigeon before the telegraph; and over 100 years ago the Dutch had a scheduled pigeon mail in the Far East.

Hawks and falcons were trained to counterattack pigeon air mail, notably by the Germans in 1870 against the pigeons of Paris. The Chinese (of course) devised anti-antipigeon measures. They tied weird noisemakers on them to frighten away enemy birds.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was the first United States citizen ever to receive a letter sent by air otherwise than by pigeon or arrow. It was delivered to him in France in 1785 from England, by the aeronauts Blanchard and Jeffries, when they made the first balloon crossing of the English Channel. Franklin was the first Postmaster General of the United States; also the last Postmaster General of the thirteen colonies. He was fired by the English just before the Revolution.

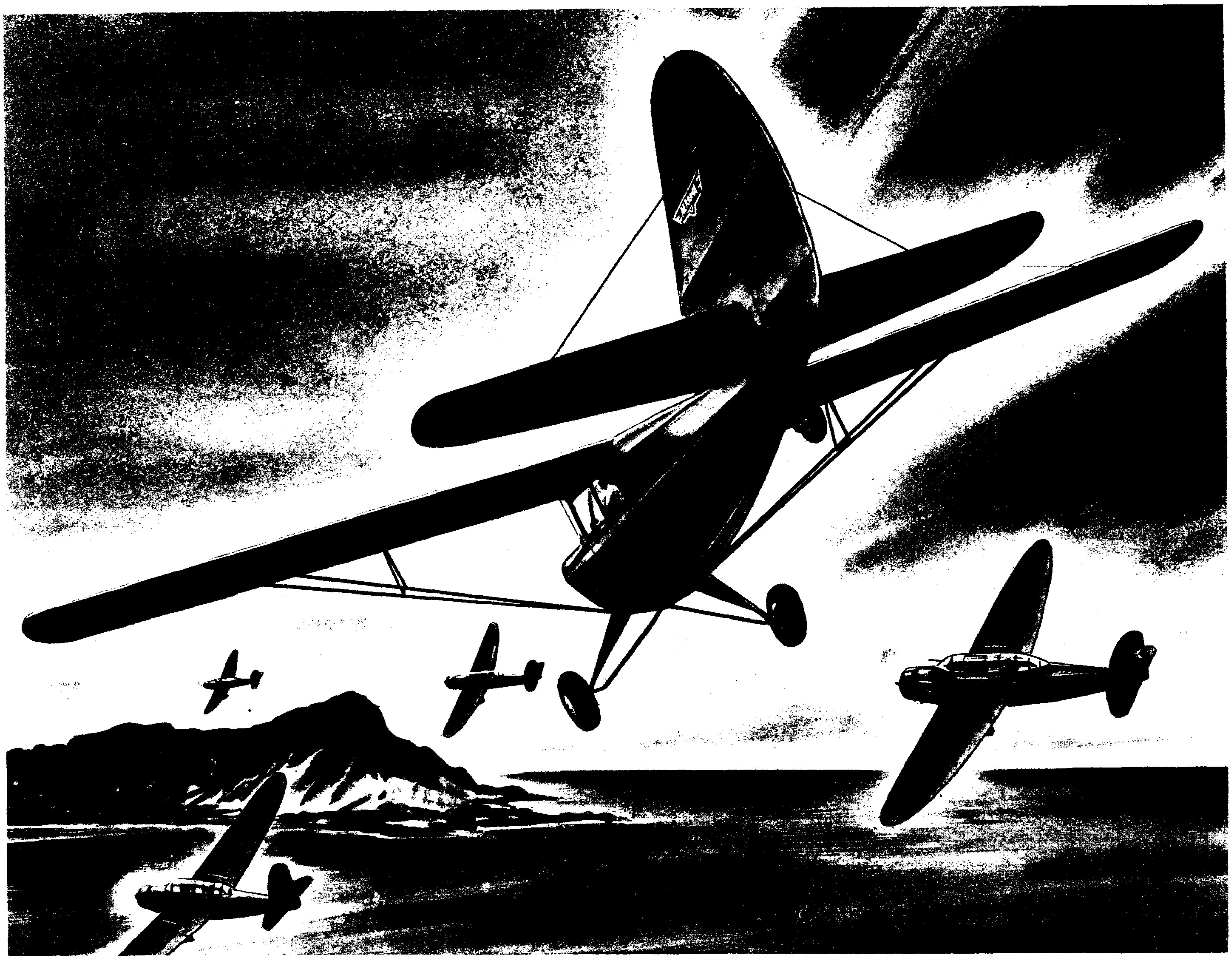
BOTH here and abroad, mail was frequently carried in balloons during the 19th century. Besieged Parisians employed this means in the Franco-Prussian war. First known transportation of mail *by airplane,* however, did not come until 1911, when M. Piquet, French early birdman, carried a pouch a short distance in India. 1911 was a big year. At the coronation whoopee of King George V, airplane mail was sent regularly for a couple of weeks between Windsor Castle and London. About the same time, Earle L. Ovington was sworn in as a mail carrier by Postmaster General Frank Hitchcock and flew sacks over a 10-mile route on Long Island, New York.

On July 4, 1912, the first airplane mail between two actual post offices in the United States—South Amboy and Perth Amboy, New Jersey—was flown by Oliver G. Simmons in a plane owned by Robert J. Collier, editor of this magazine. The Collier Trophy, founded by this first great aviation sportsman, and still premier air honor, was twice awarded to the United States Air Mail Service for its great achievements.

HERODOTUS long ago laid down a pattern of human behavior for those whose job through centuries of social and commercial progress has been to carry mail: *"Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."* That's the slogan of the air mail. And the spirit of public service it represents is one reason postal departments of various countries have been the most progressive of governmental bureaus. Our own Post Office Department has always been eager to try anything new and faster.

So when the Army looks to the arbitrary date of May 15, 1918, as the beginning of air mail—because it is from that service, established by Army pilots, that a line of

(Continued on page 88)



"THE UNBELIEVABLE ADVENTURE"

— OVER DIAMOND HEAD ☆ ☆ ☆ In the dawn's early light of that fateful December 7th — civilian pilot Roy Vitousek met the adventure in real life, which we think of as belonging solely in the realm of such mythical supermen as Terry and the Pirates, Winslow of the Navy or Barney Baxter. ☆ ☆ ☆ Circling high o'er the beach at Waikiki he dived through the light early mist, to join what he assumed was a familiar squadron of Army friends on patrol — moments later a burst of machine-gun fire from the nearest ship emphasized the astonishing fact that he was tail man on the first wave of Jap planes attacking Pearl Harbor. ☆ ☆ ☆ The complete story of how this small sport plane... forerunner of today's Grasshopper... helped its owner become the Paul Revere of our undeclared war with Japan is but one more record in the long list of Aeronca — "First and Finest."

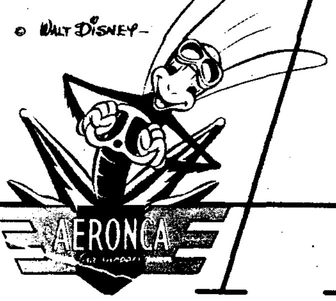
The true facts of "The Unbelievable Adventure" are inimitably described by Robert J. Casey in his glorious saga of our Navy's come back "Torpedo Junction", published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, Ind.

Robert J. Casey

THE UNBELIEVABLE ADVENTURE

BY ROBERT J. CASEY

FREE: "The Unbelievable Adventure" will be sent by addressing a postcard to Aeronca Aircraft Corporation, Middletown, Ohio.



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FIRST *Grasshopper* FINEST

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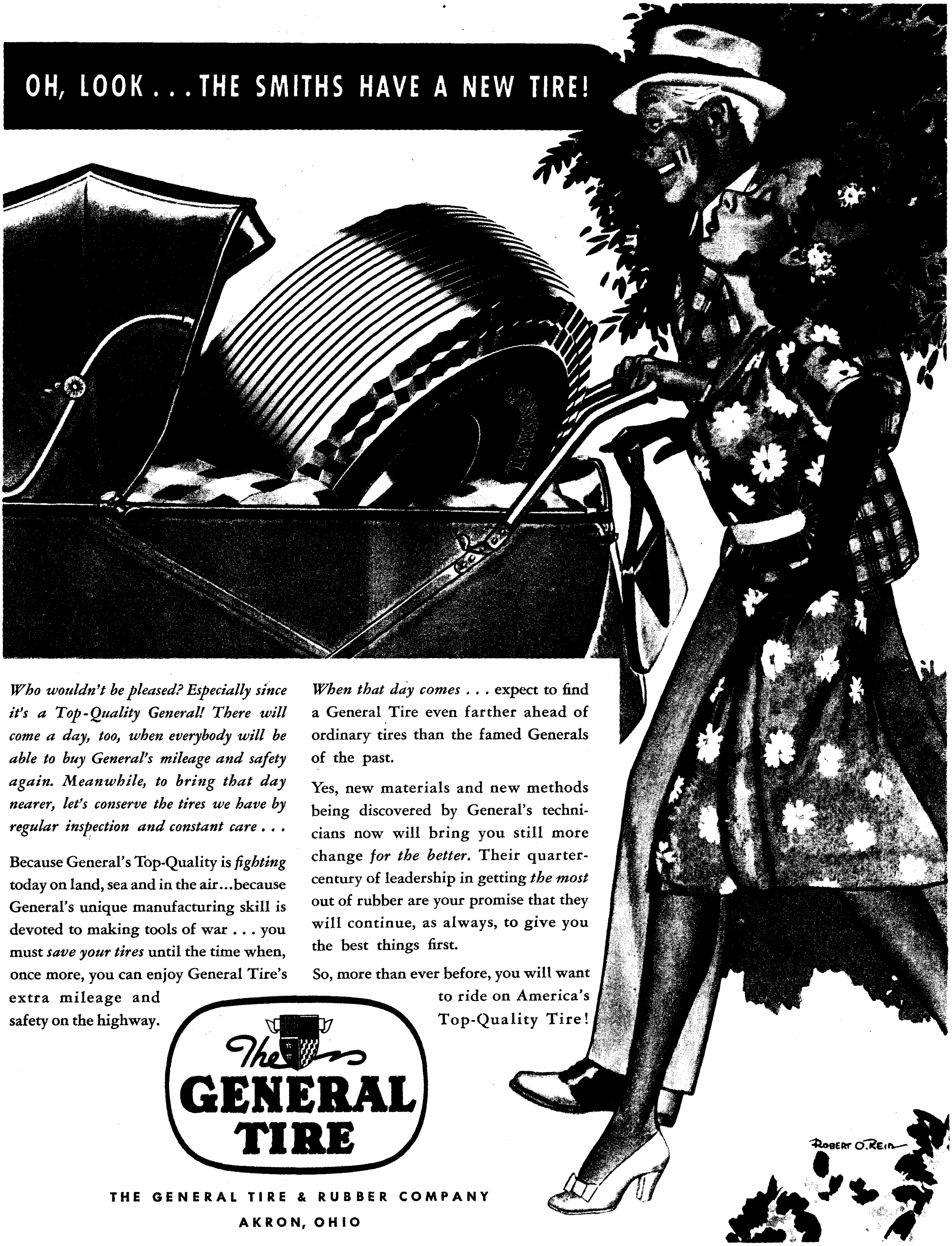

Who wouldn't be pleased? Especially since it's a Top-Quality General! There will come a day, too, when everybody will be able to buy General's mileage and safety again. Meanwhile, to bring that day nearer, let's conserve the tires we have by regular inspection and constant care . . .

Because General's Top-Quality is *fighting* today on land, sea and in the air...because General's unique manufacturing skill is devoted to making tools of war . . . you must *save your tires* until the time when, once more, you can enjoy General Tire's extra mileage and safety on the highway.

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Yes, new materials and new methods being discovered by General's technicians now will bring you still more change *for the better.* Their quarter-century of leadership in getting *the most* out of rubber are your promise that they will continue, as always, to give you the best things first.

So, more than ever before, you will want to ride on America's Top-Quality Tire!

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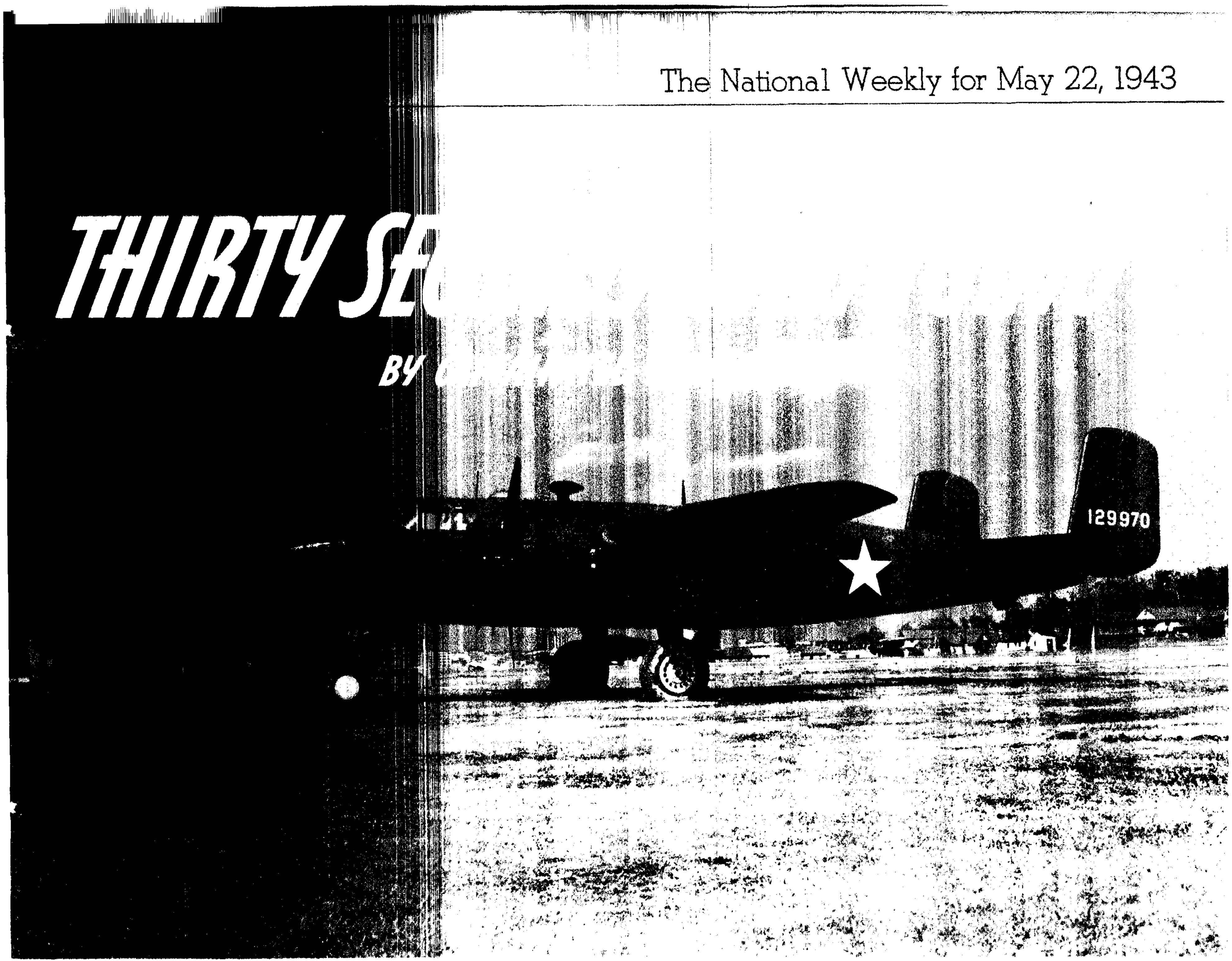


Pilot and plane: Captain Lawson, the author, stands on his new artificial leg and looks over a B-25 bomber of the type that carried him over Tokyo on April 18, 1942

Collier's begins here the full, memorable story of the bombing of Tokyo; a step-by-step account of the preparation, execution and tragic aftermath of the most dramatic exploit of the war, told by a pilot who lost a leg and very nearly sacrificed his life to take part in it

I HELPED bomb Tokyo in the Doolittle raid of April 18, 1942. I crashed in the China Sea. I learned the full deep meaning of the term "United Nations" from men and women whose language I couldn't speak. I watched a buddy of mine saw off my left leg. And finally I got home to my wife after being flown, shipped and carried around the world.

Now I'm in line for the aeronautical engineering research job which I wanted in the first place.

That's the story, briefly. Maybe the cards would have dealt out that job to me if I hadn't volunteered for the raid on Japan. Maybe not. I don't really have regrets, now. At first it was a little tough.

Now it's all right. I was one of the first of the badly wounded to get back to Washington. I guess I was a little hard to believe. One day I was crutching down a long corridor in the War Department when an elderly lady, a clerk, stopped me. She looked me up and down, examined my service ribbons, stepped back and said, "Why, what can *you* do in the Army?"

Even a month or two before this happened, it would have hurt badly. But now I could get a little fun out of it. I told her I was a Western Union boy and would have to be getting along.

I guess my story starts with Ellen. Ellen is my wife. She's 22, three years younger than I am. Ellen was never very far from my mind during this whole thing. I would have drowned right after the crash if the memory of her had not made me struggle out of the seat I was strapped to. And I guess I would have given up later on if Ellen hadn't been so swell about my leg and face.

I didn't know Ellen's name for a long time after I met her. Ellen was the librarian of Los Angeles Junior College. She used to let me sleep in the library. I was always sleepy. I worked at the Douglas plant eight hours at night and went to school eight hours during the day. Ellen would let me sleep for ten or fifteen minutes between classes and wake me up. I'd go out to class, stretching. That was 1937 and 1938, when I was studying aeronautical engineering.

One day I was at my mother's house and there was Ellen, just a couple of doors away, tossing a football to some neighbor's kids. I walked out and she tossed one to me. We got to talking. You know how it is: You meet a slight acquaintance in some unexpected setting, and suddenly you're old pals.

I had to quit school about that time. It got too tough, trying to study and work at the same time. I was doing better at Douglas. I had gone beyond ordinary shopwork—wiring engine nacelles and installing hydraulic tubing in B-18s. I had been put to work on the B-19.

Curiosity Makes a Pilot

The B-19 is still the biggest land plane ever built. It has never amounted to much because it can't go very fast. But it was all that most of us ever thought about when it was coming along, behind the big screens Douglas set up in front of it. As things turned out they let me design the landing flaps for braking the big crate, and the cowl flaps for regulating the flow of air around the four motors. And, of course, the hydraulic system that operated them. I was getting ahead.

I've always been hungry to learn everything about planes. That was what was in my head that day in Minneapolis, a couple of years later, when I volunteered for the "dangerous, important, interesting" mission which turned out to be the Tokyo raid.

It was that curiosity about planes, and an interest in learning more than the blueprint side of the business, that put me in a civilian flying school and made me join the Army as a flying cadet. My mother raised Cain when I did that, and from a lot of standpoints she was right. I was chucking a $36-a-week job with a company that was beginning to get a lot of war orders from abroad, for a $75-a-month job that might break my neck. But I wanted experience. I wanted to get my fingers into different kinds of planes and see how they worked. The Army had those planes, and Ellen saw it my way, even after Douglas said they'd give me a good raise if I stayed. You see, we wanted to get married. But now we'd have to wait, at least until after I had gotten my wings.

The reason I tell you this, about enlisting, is that some people have been nice enough to think that I did it because I had chosen the right cause and was getting ready early to fight for it. But there didn't seem to be much likelihood that we'd get into the war when I enlisted early in 1940. It was more or less selfish on my part, I guess I wanted the knowledge of planes that the Army could teach me.

About the only thing eventful in my training at Randolph and Kelly fields—aside from what seemed like the Utopia of

JACKSON, MISS.
MUNICIPAL AIRPORT
HAWKINS FIELD

Capt. Lawson, left, chose Capt. Robert Gray and Capt. Frank Grubb to witness his wedding just prior to the flight to Tokyo. Gray survived the raid but was later killed in action in India

Lieut. Dean Davenport, copilot of Lawson's ship on the raid, is back in the U. S. recovering from injuries

Lieut. Charles L. McClure, Lawson's navigator, also survived the Tokyo raid and returned safely to the United States

interesting engineering courses—was that one day I came out of a dive too late and shaved a sorghum patch right down to the skin. I got my wings on November 15, 1940.

That training period did something to me spiritually. It gave me my first real feeling of belonging to something; of being proud of being a part of a team. Graduating there is something like June Week, I guess. The outgoing class, after treating the younger men like dogs for a long time, suddenly is overwhelmed with brotherly love. We call it "Recognition Day." It's a nice tradition. From that day on I knew that, for me, there would now be more than just *taking* something the Army was offering. I'd want to be *giving*, too.

My first week out of Kelly was hell. Six members of my class were killed that week on the way to assigned posts. I had been at the wedding of two of them, married right after graduation ceremonies. It was an awful shock. I felt that in seven days I matured about seven years.

At Kelly the instructors decided that I was too tall for pursuit ships and more suited physically and temperamentally for bombers. That was all right. So was the fact that they seemed to think more of me as a pilot than as an engineer.

I knew that some day I'd get to do the thing I wanted to do and knew best. In the meantime I was hungry for the experience.

I was sent to McChord Field, near Tacoma, and Uncle Sam began paying me $245 a month on account of my gold bars. At McChord I went into B-18s, the kind I helped to build at Douglas, and then checked out in the improved B-23. By February of 1941, I was a first pilot.

Two months later, after a lot of wild speculation, seven new B-25s were sent to McChord and I couldn't eat until I had a crack at mine. I would have slept in it that night if they would have let me. Our bunch, the 17th Group, was the first to get B-25s. You just had to stand there and look at them and breathe heavily.

Exhibit for Tokyo

I saw a lot of the B-25s after that. I flew a succession of them as they went through their growing pains. Maybe I helped shake a few "bugs" out of the first model. It's a grand ship, fast, hard-hitting and full of fight. God knows that the last one I ever flew—it was the best—deserved a better fate than it found. What is left of it is on exhibition in Tokyo today.

Our first B-25s came to us virtually untried. That made our test flights that much more interesting. We flew them across the country to Langley Field, Va., and never spared their feelings. We tested their speed, fire power, gas consumption, ability to take rough handling, and bomb capacity. I dropped a 2,000 pounder near Langley, one day, that had the citizens pretty indignant, even though it had been advertised in the newspapers three days in advance.

Ellen and I had decided that we'd wait until I was taken into the regular Air Forces, instead of what I was in, the Reserve, before we got married. But during the first week in September, 1941, I found out that the squadron was going off on a long maneuver with a lot of bombing and night flying. Anything can happen on those things—and did—so when I learned about the assignment I called Ellen on the long-distance phone and told her what I was thinking.

Ellen flew up from Los Angeles to Spokane, where I went to meet her. We were married late that night. That was September 5th. We took Bob Gray and Frank Grubb, my classmates at Kelly, to stand up for us. We drove to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, about 30 miles from Spokane, and got a justice of the peace out of bed.

Two days later our bunch took off for Jackson, Miss., and by the night of September 8th we were in the midst of a sham battle that rarely got around to being sham. That night Lieut. Davey Jones, who was to be an important member of the Japanese trip, broke us in on night-formation flying and gave us all a scare by slipping now and then to within a few feet of our wing tips. We were going to see a lot of Davey before we were through.

The maneuvers were close to the real McCoy. We were on alert 24 hours a day. Other bombing squadrons would come over, night or day, and litter our hangars with sacks of flour, while our fighting planes buzzed around them. We tried to bomb Shreveport before the P-38s and P-39s could intercept us. We worked and sometimes slept in steel helmets, and carried .45s. General Arnold was on hand, working harder than the rest of us and sore as hell every time the "umpire" failed to give us the nod.

I got a little time off, but it wasn't relaxing. My plane needed repairs, so I flew it to Patterson Field, Fairfield, Ohio, then on to Washington. Secretary of War Stimson was at Bolling Field when I put it down. He told me that the government had offered the Russian aviators their choice of ten U. S. multimotored planes, under Lend-Lease. The Russian general at his side, he explained, liked the B-25 but wanted to give it one more test.

The Russian general, an interpreter, Lieutenant Bailey and I got back in the plane. The general asked us—or told us—to let him take the controls just after we got off the ground. He wasn't kidding. He took us for a ride I'll never forget. When we were just a few feet off the ground he banked the ship and laid it over at a 90-degree angle. I was a passenger, standing up but with the side window just in front of my face. The general insisted on staying right over the city of Washington, and not very high, while he gave that B-25 a test that would frighten a test pilot. He was a wild man, that general, but one hell of a flier.

Cheating the Undertaker

Back at Jackson, Bob Gray was nearly killed. And he nearly took me with him. The B-25 he was using that day had a bad left wheel brake. I landed just ahead of him and rolled to the end of the runway and turned off to the right. I braked my ship and stopped, for there wasn't any more room for me to roll, and Bob was coming in.

I was cornered. As soon as Bob put the brakes on, his plane swerved toward my parked job, because only his right wheel was slowing down. So he revved his right engine and that straightened him out on the runway again. Then he braked again, and once more he headed for me. Then he revved the right engine again.

It was a good idea, but those B-25s like to roll on forever. He was rolling much too fast to turn to the left, for that would have rolled off his tires and tipped him over. Finally his right tire blew out from the uneven pressure put on it. The B-25 swung around, just short of my hemmed-in plane, and then fell to pieces. You should have seen those fellows pouring out of it!

It was close, but just not our turn. Bob went on to Japan, got through that one all right, and then was killed in India. He was a fine pilot and a wonderful guy. If he had to go, I hope it was a bad crash. I mean I hope there was nothing lingering about it. The very bad ones are the best for the men. I know.

Lieutenant Butler, another man from our class, wasn't as lucky on those maneuvers. He was killed near the end of the tests. His B-25 went into a "slow roll" while taking off the short Augusta, Ga., field. Its 100 octane went all over the place and ignited. There wasn't much left of anyone or anything by the time the ambulance and fire apparatus reached it.

Those maneuvers were rougher than a cob. We worked with and against tanks, with and against truck concentrations. We bombed and got bombed. I had a left brake go bad on a landing and got out of it by Gray's method of braking and revving, braking and revving. We flew endlessly on observation work, spotting distant objects, and we had to bring back the right reports. About the only relief we got was the night in Augusta when one of the boys was turned down by a lady cashier when he tried to cash a check, made some remark about the South, got slapped by

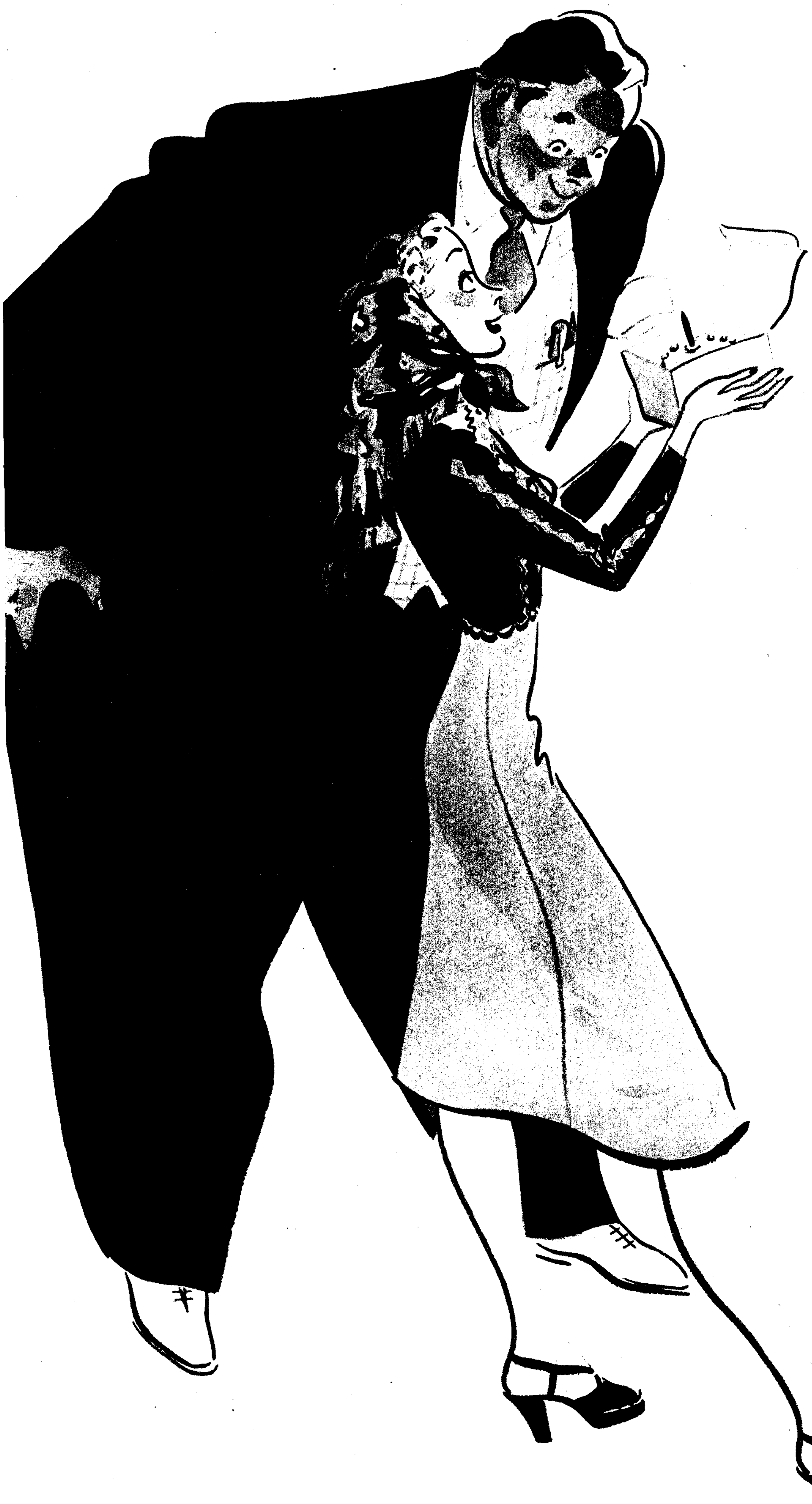
(Continued on page 77)

TRYOUT FOR LOVE

By Mosser Mauger

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Beano controlled the fate of untried dramatists—but couldn't control their laughter. The romance of a boy who believed he was too funny to be loved



Then Maria folded back the lid, disclosing a white cake with rosebuds and a single pink candle in the middle. "I guess I ought to light the candle and make a wish," Beano said awkwardly

"THE Army doesn't want me. Nuts," Beano said, "I'm too big for the Army." He made a large gesture with his hand. "I went down to 45th Street again today and guess what? They know me. They yanked me out of line before I got to the sergeant. And you know what I told the character that yanked me out?"

Carefully Jake shook his head.

"I said, 'Listen,' I said to that character, 'I'd make a good soldier. Soldiers are supposed to stop bullets; me, I could stop twice as many as anybody else.' "

Jake chuckled, poured vinegar over his turnip greens and gave himself seriously to the task of eating. Being cook of the establishment, Jake had to do his eating before the customers arrived.

Beano Winthroph shifted his large self on the edge of the kitchen table. Beano looked very sad indeed. "Nobody understands me."

"You're kidding," Jake said. "You're the luckiest guy alive and you know it. Nobody really wants to stop bullets. You got all the best girls in town running after you."

"For a laugh," Beano said. "For a meal. What girl would take me seriously? I'm just a figure of fun."

Jake did not refute arguments. Jake speared up turnip greens. "You got a business," Jake said. "What kid of twenty-two can you name that's got a business like you got?"

"Listen," Beano said seriously. "I'm nursemaid to a bunch of crackpots. I put on their plays. I feed 'em rotten food. I listen to their stories."

He got to his feet. Standing he was an enormous man. It was not only that he was fat; it was that he was big everywhere—his bones, his hands, his face with the deep lines etched across his forehead; all of him loosely put together, awkward.

"I even begin to think you got an enemy," Jake said. "There's been a man snooping around here in the kitchen, last two or three nights, asking questions."

"Tell him I won't take less than a thousand a week."

Jake chuckled. "Might be a movie scout at that," Jake said.

A waitress stuck her head in at the door. "Lady to see you, Mr. Winthroph."

THE large room outside was packed tightly with small round tables; Beano had to squeeze between the chairs pushed under the red-checked tablecloths. At one end of the room there was a stage with the curtains drawn.

The girl stood just inside the door. She held herself, her arms close to her sides, her chin very high, as if she expected the worst. She was not pretty. She did not know how to dress. She wore her hair in a tight brown braid around her head. Yet there was something about her—her mouth was a delicate, sensitive line that softened the rest of her face.

Looking at her, Beano was touched; and against his better judgment he asked her to sit down. She did not relax.

"You are—?"

"Maria," she said. "You must call me Maria. No one can pronounce my last name. I have quite given it up since I am in America."

Not looking at her, he said, "Would you like beer? Or coffee perhaps?"

"I must not trouble you."

"No trouble."

"Coffee, then. Coffee would be very nice."

She drew off her gloves and sat back a little in the chair. She was very young; he had not realized that she was so young. The waitress, consumed with curiosity, brought coffee and Maria sipped the steaming liquid without sugar or cream.

Beano said, putting his cup down, "You have not been here long?"

"I am Polish. I am lucky to be here at all." She looked up at him fully. "You have read my play?" Maria asked.

"Yeah."

A moment's hesitation. "You—you did not like it?"

Beano said, "Listen, kid. There's enough trouble and tears in the world without people seeing more in plays. It's one act. It hasn't a plot." He leaned with both hands braced on the table. "The husband is killed by the Nazis and then the wife is killed, too, before their baby is born. That's all."

The girl said, "You actually read it," as if that was in itself the greatest astonishment to her. She smiled. A faint color came in her cheeks.

"I'm in the business, kid."

She nodded.

Beano's embarrassment went away. He had told her the truth and she had been sensible. He could be himself now; he wanted to talk to her.

He said, "I wanted to write plays once myself. But there wasn't any place to get them tried out. So I thought up this idea. We produce plays for one hundred

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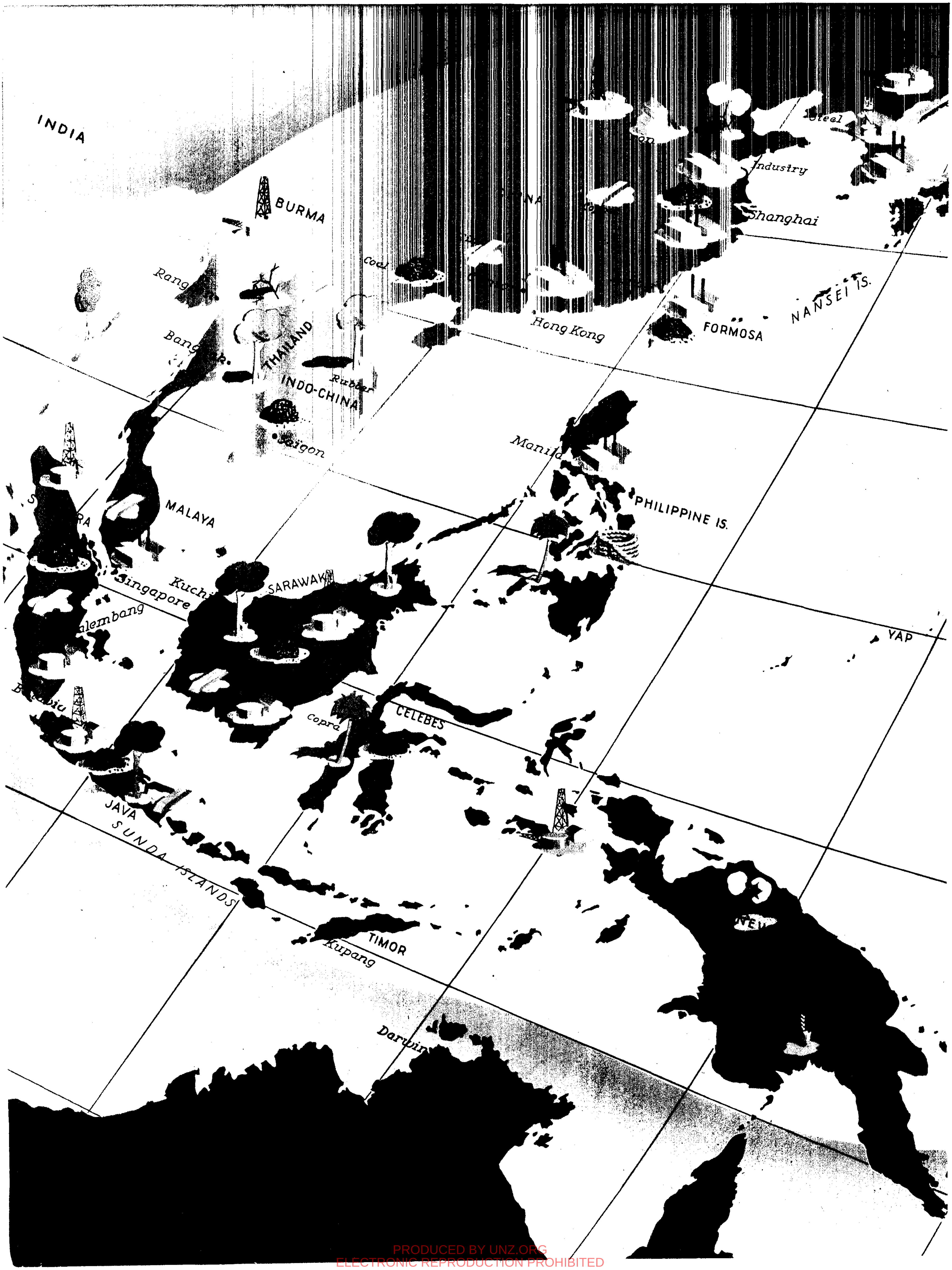
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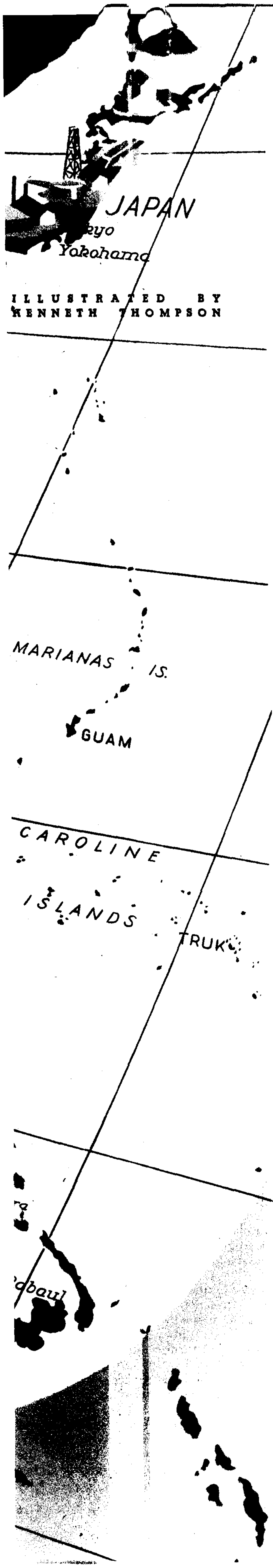
HOW JAPAN PLANS TO WIN

BY CLARK LEE

ASSOCIATED PRESS PACIFIC CORRESPONDENT



ILLUSTRATED BY KENNETH THOMPSON

Having accomplished every one of her major objectives, Japan is satisfied that she has won the war in the Pacific. All that remains, as she sees it, is to complete the unassailable wall of land, sea and air defenses she is building around her huge, rich new empire—a wall behind which she can grow fat and strong as she welds her "liberated" peoples together for the coming war of extinction against the white race. All she needs is time—just a little more time, please. . . .

THE big former transpacific liner of Japan's NYK line backed away from a dock in Kobe and headed down the Inland Sea on a voyage to the great seaports of Emperor Hirohito's new and vast empire. As the liner edged out through the breakwater, she passed a long line of incoming ships, a convoy bringing vital war materials from the conquered countries to the busy, undamaged factories of Japan.

There were few outward signs that Japan was at war. Unfavorable news of ship losses in New Guinea disturbed some of the passengers; but all of them could see with their own eyes that their leaders had spoken truthfully when they said that the months since Pearl Harbor had been "comparatively peaceful" for the Japanese homeland.

When the liner docked in Shanghai, ten passengers disembarked to work in a new factory for airplane magnetos. Seventy-five others were to leave the ship at Hong Kong to assume administrative and economic posts there.

A party of 150 consisted of English-speaking educators assigned to teach the Japanese language, customs and beliefs to Filipinos. Five hundred men, with their families, were being sent to Malaya as permanent settlers on rubber plantations. A group of 200 fishermen were en route to Sumatra to fish the bountiful waters of the former Dutch island.

On its return trip, the liner was to bring young men and women from Java, Singapore, Thailand, Indo-China, Manila and Hong Kong to Tokyo, to be trained to take their places in the "Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere."

The ship and its passengers were symbols of a long-conceived and carefully worked-out plan which, if we allow it to be carried to fruition, may eventually lead to the invasion and destruction of the United States.

Some public leaders in America and many newspapers have stressed forcibly the great, historic menace that faces us in the Pacific. Many have pointed out the peril inherent in the policy we have followed up to the present, of attempting to wear Japan down by attrition.

Few, however, have dared to state the whole startling truth about the Pacific. The truth is that Japan has already won *her* war.

The light area shows Japan's new empire, its rich natural resources, its population of 300 million, its 3¼ million square miles. She is now working all out to consolidate it

With the exception of Midway Island, and despite her defeats in the Solomons and New Guinea, Japan has captured every important objective she set out to take. Japan has seized all the territory and all the resources she needs. Japan now rules 300,000,000 people and an empire of 3,250,000 square miles.

We have not yet started in earnest to fight *our* war—the war to retake the great areas Japan has captured. That will be a new war and, because Japan will not be caught unprepared, it will be incredibly more costly than the lightning campaigns by which Hirohito's army and navy took over the great wealth and territory the United Nations had left virtually undefended in the Far East.

Unless we start to fight Japan soon with every weapon at our command, and unless we keep China in the war on our side, we may find this second war impossible to win.

Japan, embarked on a deliberate program of world conquest, sees this struggle as a racial war which may last a century, and in which, backed by the limitless manpower and resources of the Orient, she will win the final victory. All that Japan needs to make her the world's greatest power is time—time to exploit and develop her new empire and to unite the people of Asia under her leadership.

Consolidating the Orient

Until today, Japan has had that time. Japan is under no real military pressure from the United States. Behind a solid network of defenses which we have not yet begun to penetrate, Japan is using her time wisely and efficiently to achieve her immediate objective: the military, economic and political consolidation of the Orient.

Having underestimated Japan's skill, preparedness and determination before the war, we should not make the same mistake again in assessing her ability to carry out her present program. The men who are leading our fight in the Pacific (the admirals and generals) believe that our road to victory will be much shorter if the American people are given a realistic picture of the job ahead of us and if they understand clearly the importance of the time element in our fight against Japan.

Japan today is highly vulnerable to air attack. Most of her heavy industry is still concentrated in four areas located along a 400-mile strip of coast extending south and west from Tokyo. More than 30,000,000 people live and work in the great seaport cities of Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagoya, Kobe, Osaka, Shimonoseki and Moji. If those cities were heavily bombed now, Japan would be severely crippled.

Six months from today, however, that may no longer be the case, for Japan is becoming a continental power through a program of dispersal of heavy industry. Since seizing Manchuria in 1932 and establishing the army-controlled state of Manchukuo, Japan began to build up new industry there, and now Manchukuo is referred to as "the arsenal of empire." Elements of heavy industry have been and are now being set up in North China, Korea, Shanghai, Manila and Singapore. Japan's fundamental aim is to scatter key industries over so wide an area that many thousands of airplanes would be needed to inflict vital damage.

With the seizure of Tientsin, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila and Singapore after the Pearl Harbor attack, Japan came into possession of tremendous American and British industrial facilities. From non-Japanese as well as from Japanese sources comes proof that Japan has for many months been cashing in heavily on her conquests, and that the rate of dividends is going steadily upward. More and more products from the occupied areas are reaching Japanese factories.

The economic resources of the conquered territories are being exploited under a plan which Japan has been perfecting for the past decade—a master plan for control of labor, transportation, shipping, public works, agriculture, finance, industry and all other functions in captured areas.

From the Philippines, Japan is getting chrome and copper—the latter especially vital to her industry. Malaya is contributing tin and rubber. Coal is coming out of the Selangor mines. All the major rubber plantations, with the exception of Kedah, are reported to have been restored.

The Sumatra oil fields, Japan reports, are producing great amounts of petroleum suitable for cracking for aviation gasoline.

In Borneo, the Japanese report finding large supplies of coal and almost limitless sources of high-grade petroleum, in addition to gold, copper, mercury and cinnabar. From the Andaman Islands come lumber and fish. French Indo-China gives rice and coal. Java contributes rubber, quinine and petroleum. In Shansi province of North China is all the iron ore that Japan could conceivably ever use. Coal is equally accessible in Shansi.

All the occupied territories are paying tribute to Japan in the form of rice, and rice production and distribution is one of Japan's most powerful weapons in maintaining "peace and order" and winning the friendship of the "liberated" peoples.

Even Japan's Axis allies are being sent valuable raw materials from captured areas. Australian naval units operating south of the Netherlands East Indies captured an Italian freighter, bound from Kobe to Bordeaux, carrying considerable quantities of rubber, quinine and whale oil for Germany. From members of the crew, it was learned that the Italian vessel had made three round trips, and that since the fall of 1942, at least 26 vessels had run the blockade. Likewise, Japan is selling rubber and other products to Russia.

Problems in Transport

This traffic is not all one way. Returning from Europe, the ships carry German machinery to Japan, including materials for the aviation industry. The Japanese announced recently that they were manufacturing German Stuka dive bombers.

Japan has suffered serious shipping losses from our planes and subs. With far-flung communications and supply lines to maintain, Japanese leaders are certainly worried about the shipping situation. However, Japan's losses have in part been offset by ships salvaged or captured in the early days of the war. Here again, the claims are Japanese but they are certainly at least partially true.

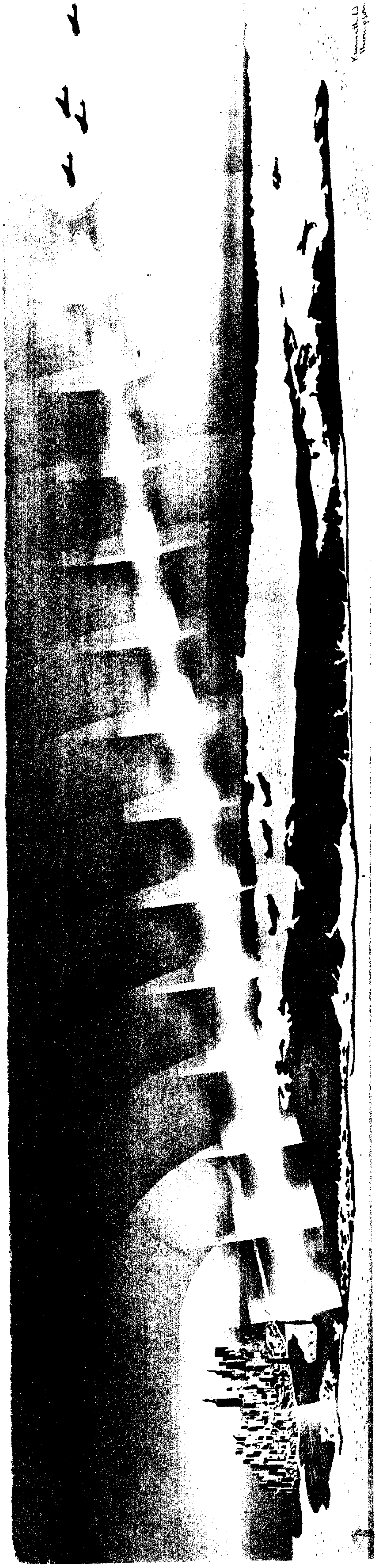
They have announced that at the Netherlands East Indies port of Surabaya they salvaged more than 30 sunken ships, including Dutch warships, passenger-and-freight vessels, freighters, tankers, and

(Continued on page 73)

RADAR, THE SUPERSLEUTH

BY DONALD WILHELM

DRAWING BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON



Radio emanations issue continually from the radar station. As hostile aircraft approach, these emanations bounce back and are picked up, enabling our fighters to intercept them long before they reach a vital area

Here's the vital story of the greatest secret weapon of the war

IN 1940, the R.A.F. pilots, outnumbered more than 10 *to* 1, gave the Luftwaffe its first defeat. Wherever Hitler's planes attacked, at whatever altitude and from whatever direction, "The Few" were always waiting for them. Even in the dark, they found his big black ships and destroyed so many that he had to accept defeat.

Radar saved Britain. It might have saved Pearl Harbor. The U. S. Army Signal Corps radar installation did its work dependably, as a monitor that never lies. At dawn that fateful morning of December 7, 1941, it detected, located, instantaneously reported, a large number of planes first spotted when more than half an hour away. Private Lockhard (now Lieutenant Lockhard, wearer of the D.S.M.) promptly flashed word to his lieutenant, remained on duty to see the planes in. Knowing, as probably the Japs also knew, that a large number of American planes were due, his officer suspected nothing. As a result, our Navy suffered the worst disaster in its history.

Hitler's spies are known to have tried desperately to solve the mystery of radar.

Back in 1935, when they were free to roam England at will, they could have found a clue in a quiet English lane near Daventry early one cold March morning.

A battered old truck stood parked on the frozen ground at the roadside. In the sky, an R.A.F. plane kept appearing and disappearing. In the truck were two young women laboratory assistants who could keep a secret, and a 43-year-old Scot named Robert Alexander (now Sir Robert) Watson-Watt, a descendant of the Watt who revolutionized industry with the invention of the steam engine. Several other physicists and technicians were present. All leaned over, tensely watching crude, hastily improvised electrical instruments. Then, the test over, they straightened up and excitedly discussed the marvel they had witnessed: Their instruments, crude as they were, could detect the approach of the distant plane and, like a moving finger, follow it wherever it flew.

This was the birth in Britain of radar—the greatest "secret weapon" of the war. America already had a well-developed device utilizing the same principles, but in those days, nations were not sharing their military secrets.

In 1938, Watson-Watt was put in the Air Ministry as Director of Communications Development, and in 1940, he became Scientific Adviser on Telecommunications. He headed a brilliant group. They made much of their early apparatus with their own hands. Scarcely two years after they went to work, their first radar apparatus was in night-and-day production behind the barred doors of a factory. All this while, few knew that any such apparatus had been developed, and those few never spoke of it save in a three-letter code word. It was one of the war's best-kept secrets—until July 17, 1941.

A Coup by the Commandos

On that day, the curtain was lifted for special reasons. By that time, the Germans had captured some of the early radar apparatus and had developed a similar—though much inferior—system of radio detection. The British watched the enemy build a radar station on the Channel, at Bruneval, and when it was ready, they sent over Commandos who took it, lock, stock and barrel.

But the real reason for breaking secrecy was that Britain desperately needed radio technicians to operate and service the system. Lord Beaverbrook, Minister of State, broadcast an appeal for radio volunteers throughout the British Empire and the United States, saying in part:

"It is the radio that destroys the enemy in the darkness, that seeks him out through the clouds. It is the radio that sends the avenging fighter to the place where he will meet the lurking enemy and bring him to destruction. . . ."

How does this magic secret weapon work?

Though radar apparatus is so intricate that it can be operated only by experts, the principle on which it works is as simple as an echo.

As early as 1922, American scientists discovered that a ship, passing between a transmitter and a receiving set, interfered with reception. Investigating further, they discovered that an object need not pass between a transmitter and a receiving set to be detected; a ship or plane would reflect, "bounce back," high-frequency radio waves striking it. It was therefore possible to have the transmitter and the receiving set at the same location. This could be on a ship, for example, and conceivably on an airplane.

Utilizing this knowledge, our research engineers contrived apparatus with which they could detect a plane in flight as early as 1930. By 1934, their apparatus could tell not only the direction of the plane but its distance. Our Navy had already installed radar on a number of warships and shore stations. Much of the basic research, however, was done by the National Bureau of Standards' radio division, under Doctor John H. Dellinger.

As now developed, radar continuously sends out short radio waves that travel with the speed of light, filling the air with them for miles up and all around. But unlike light waves, radar waves are unaffected by fog, smoke, rain or snow. Like light waves, they cannot penetrate water.

When these radar waves strike a ship or plane they "bounce"—are reflected back—and are picked up by receiving apparatus. Today, radar location stations instantaneously flash their findings to a plotting room. Here each plane or group in the area is detected, located and tracked, with altitude, speed and course. This data is entered on a huge plotting board. Officers can instantly advise their gunners or send up fighter pilots to positions where they can intercept the enemy, long before he arrives over the target.

The Deadly, All-Seeing Eyes

Within the range of radar, no ship or plane above water and under heaven can escape detection. And when the radar waves "report" one, they provide data by which, instantly, guns and searchlights can be accurately aimed, though the targets may be above clouds and invisible.

By obviating the need of air patrols, what radar has saved in airplane wear-and-tear, gasoline, oil and general maintenance is beyond calculation.

"The magic eye" recently described in British and American newspapers as being able to locate U-boats on the surface is radar. Many of the instruments advertised in American magazines as being able to "see, hear and think " are radar instruments.

With radar to help, men on a warship can "see" many miles, day or night, regardless of weather conditions; they can "see" an enemy vessel, and with uncanny precision, send planes or fire a salvo at it—this, perhaps, without anyone on board the target vessel ever hearing gunfire or knowing where the projectiles or planes came from.

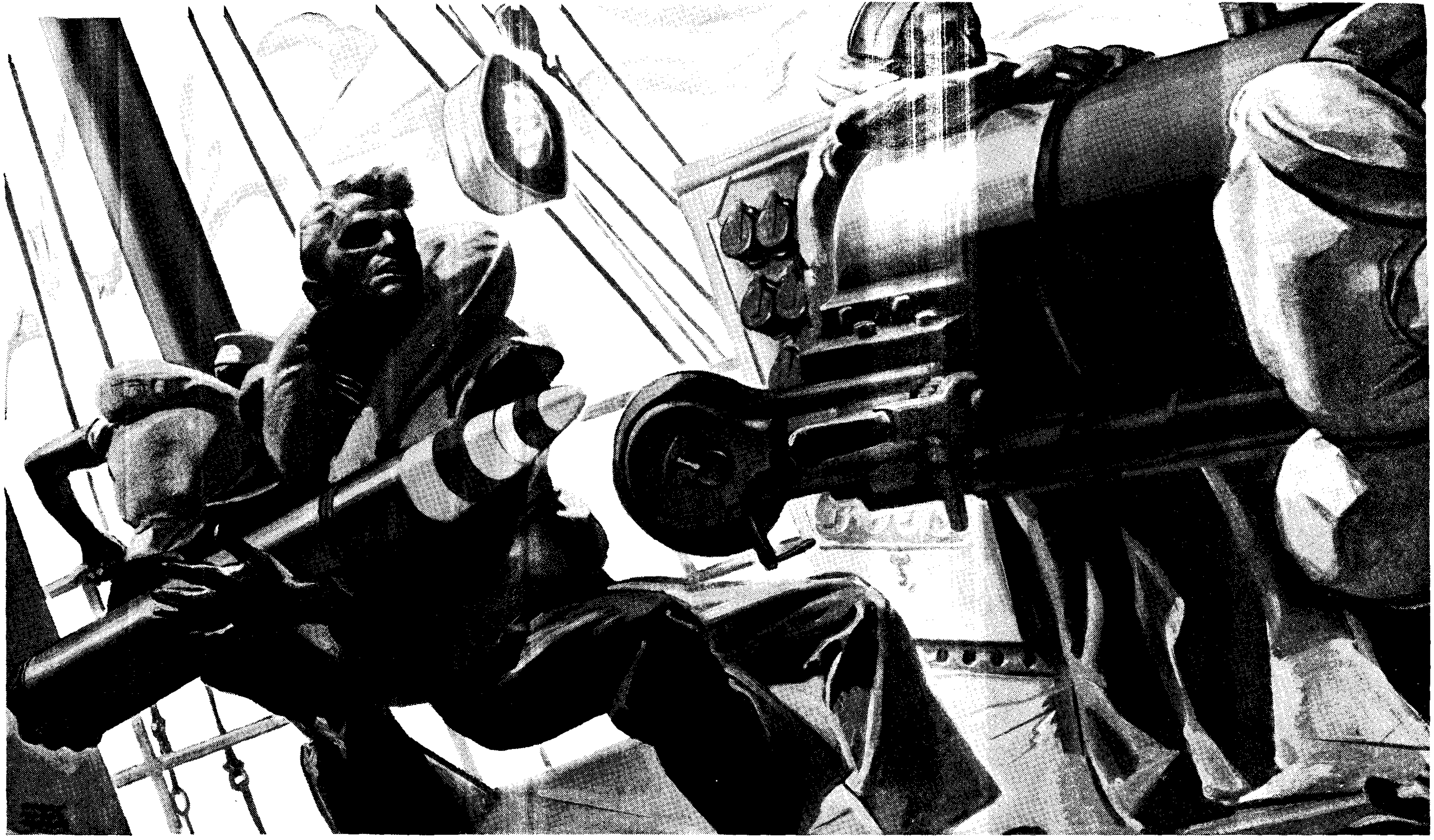
When Luftwaffe planes returned to attack London in force on Sunday night, January 17th of this year, in reprisal for R.A.F. raids on Berlin, they took a disastrous beating. Co-ordinated with searchlights and radio locaters, new antiaircraft guns no longer sought to saturate the skies with shells, but fired to kill.

Radar saved Britain. Without it, the Air Ministry said, the Battle of Britain, one of the great decisive battles of history, must have been lost. It saved the war. possibly saved our civilization.

As rapidly as radar apparatus can be produced it is being put to work to guard our ships, shores and bases. The training of radar men and women is now the main bottleneck.

In the early days of the war, the Armed Services needed lots of radar equipment, in a hurry. Radio companies were called in to help with development and production problems. They did what at first seemed impossible in creating and turning out new equipment. Radar is useless without skilled operators, and now industry is training thousands of radio technicians, some of them women, compressing a two-year course into twelve to sixteen weeks.

First beaten by it over England, Hitler, with Italy and Japan, unfortunately now has and is widely using radar. A race for supremacy is under way, and America—the peacetime home and GHQ of radio—has thrown all her scientific resources into winning that race. ★★★



They were hit amidships. The shock as it ripped ship plates found Sammy with two hands to the loading, none for himself

SHE'D DO THE SAME FOR YOU

By Betty de Sherbinin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

To Sammy, "coming back" meant coming back to her. Sammy was a good little guy, but dumb, so his shipmates had to let him down easy

GEORGE LEVAK had leave and the plane fare. He was going to Chicago. He and the rest of the gun crew knew Sammy Williams' wife was in Chicago. And George asked Sammy before he went, "If you like I'll go and see your wife . . . tell her you are all right . . ."

Sammy hesitated. "You don't have that long," he stalled. "It'll take your time."

"It's no trouble . . . You've been away over six months, she'll want to hear from you." George meant it. George was a right guy.

Sammy didn't really want George to go. But George said, "I am going to check up for the fellows and see if she's as good-looking as her picture."

"Okay," said Sammy, "if it don't put you out . . ." He gave George the address of the Sandwiche Shoppe. "She's behind the counter," he said, "you can't miss her."

"You bet I can't," said George.

"Tell her I'm okay. Tell her there's no danger. Tell her the old Astra floats around in a circle of destroyers, that I look good and feel swell."

George said sure he would.

Sammy had a beautiful wife. He showed her picture sometimes to the rest of the gun crew, and they agreed with him. She was a knockout. It was not the kind of picture you cut out of a magazine, not the kind of girl you find standing on the shiny page with her hands where the photographer arranged them, her smile gauged to sell something. Sammy's wife was soft and round, pretty and cute . . . all those adjectives would do. But there was something else in that picture. Sammy saw it, perhaps the others did and perhaps they didn't. It wasn't to talk about. It was something in the eyes and about the mouth, something intimate and warm, a look that bridged everything and told something of the story of loving, waiting and being a woman. Sammy never looked at the picture long enough.

It was just like Meg. Some of his mates didn't believe it. They'd look at the picture and they'd ask, "Does she really look like that?"

"Sure." He'd sound cocky.

And then they'd look at him. He knew what they were thinking. He didn't look like the kind of guy that could get a girl like that to marry him. He wasn't a big fellow; he looked more like eighteen than twenty-two. His eyes, skin and hair all shaded into neutral sandiness. Before the war had made him into a sailor he had been a stock clerk in a big department store. He'd been good at it. He was good at most things, quick, good-natured, and he prided himself that he remembered things on the job. It made up for muscle.

"Kinda young to be married," they'd say sometimes.

"Longer to be together . . ." And in his heart Sammy was always trying to believe that. He tried to put it in the letters he wrote her. He always said he was fine . . . tried to make out that nothing could possibly happen to him. He'd say they were always convoyed and he never said how the Astra lagged, how she was just about as warlike as an old dowager with a six-shooter hanging from her stomacher. He didn't want Meg to worry. And he tried to guess if she did, but he couldn't judge much from her letters.

MEG wasn't the kind of person who could make much with written words. The things she wrote never said as much as the picture did. Same words, same sequences . . . she missed him all right. The weather was cold or warm or hot. She was sending him the funnies and the sports section which she hoped would arrive in good condition. She would be glad to see him again. She loved him as ever. The words in the letter made no pattern at all.

Now and then one of the fellows would ask, "What does your wife do, with you away?"

"She works," he'd say. "She's got a job."

"Keeps her busy," the other fellow would say. He knew the thought behind that. A young man can't leave his wife for six months, twelve months, and not worry about that. It was not doubts, it was not jealousy. It sprang up like a bad dream out of his loneliness, an unreasonable vision of someone else coming to take what he had left unguarded.

George got back the night they sailed. Sammy didn't see him until mess; he pushed the next fellow out of the way and sat down beside Levak. "How'd it go?" he asked.

George didn't look so hot. "Oh, it's you," he said.

"Sure. You saw Meg, didn't you? You didn't forget?"

"Listen, kid, this is kind of embarrassing . . ." Other eyes were on them up and down the table. "This is embarrassing," George repeated. "I wasn't myself in Chicago, see. I got with some fellows I used to work with. We drank more than was good for us . . ." George reached for his coffee cup. "And I didn't want to give your wife the idea that your pals were the kind to load up . . ."

Sammy's face was uncertain. "Okay," he said, "if you couldn't make it." He looked down the table and no one was looking at him.

And it was the first time Sammy had heard of George getting fried.

"D'ye hear from her while you were in port?" George asked, his casualness—if Sammy had analyzed it—was a little faulty.

"Yeah, I got a letter." Sammy put a hand on his pocket, it was there, the same kind of letter. "She don't have much to say." Something about George made him uneasy though.

"She worked in that restaurant long?" George asked.

"Right along," he said.

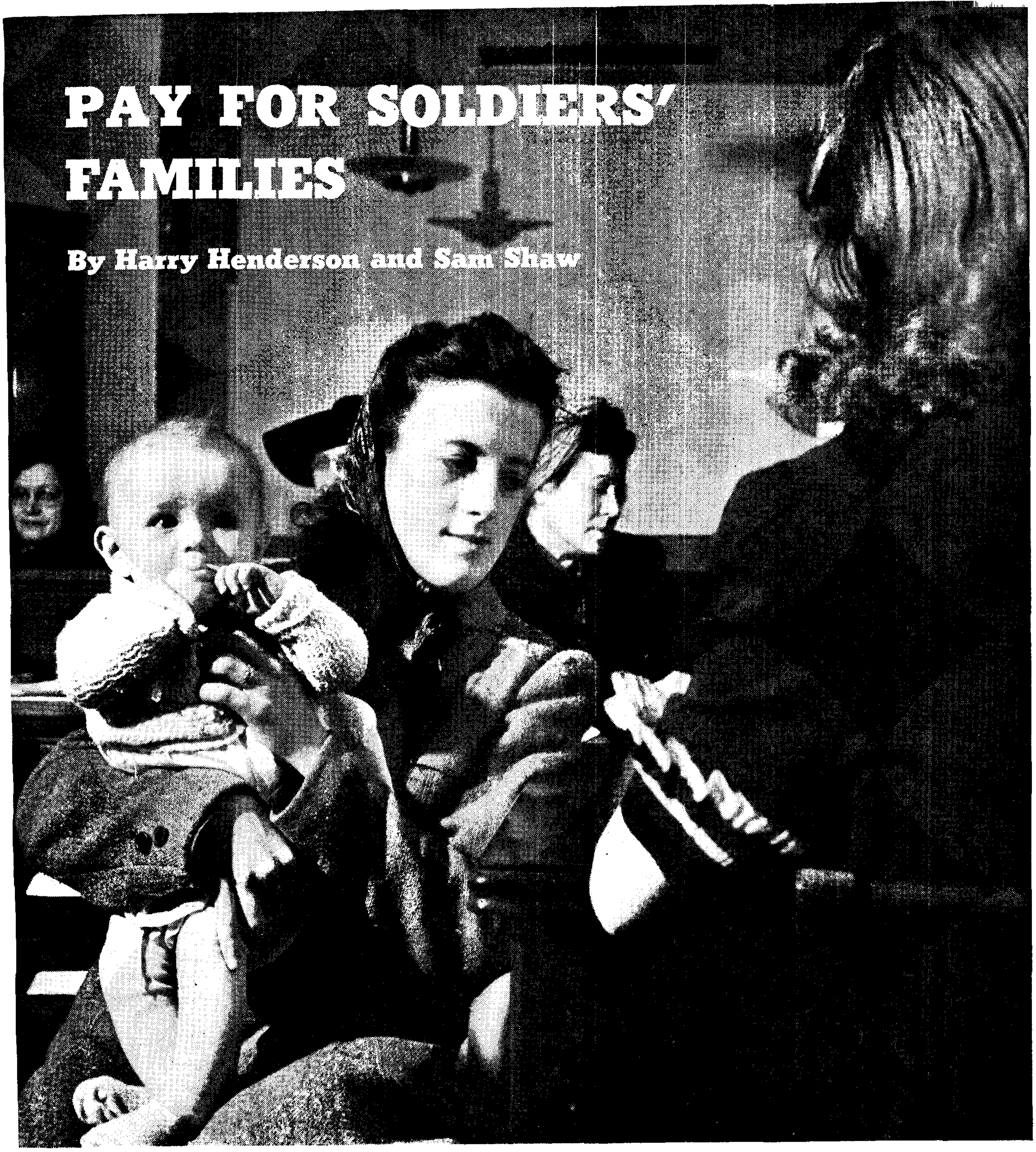
There was silence after that. Eyes met across the table. Sammy, to everyone's relief, made no inquiries.

He got up and left the room as soon as he could. Eyes followed him. Joe Runion who sat at the end of the table liked to look at the optimistic side of things.

(Continued on page 84)

PAY FOR SOLDIERS' FAMILIES

By Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw



Mrs. Connie Gschweng, whose husband is a corporal, and daughter Kathleen inquire about procedure in obtaining benefits paid to soldiers' dependents at the War Dept. Office of Dependency Benefits in Newark, N. J. Applications come from wherever American boys are stationed as well as from their families

The Army Office of Dependency Benefits is paying out $5,000,000 daily to families of Uncle Sam's fighting nephews. The drafting of fathers will make it one of the most important government war agencies

NINE thousand girls, working in two shifts in a towering unfinished skyscraper in Newark, New Jersey, are mailing out Uncle Sam's checks at a rate of five million bucks a day, and if you are a soldier's wife or child, you can probably get on their mailing list.

Since September, they've paid out $778,000,000 to backstop our national morale with cash for groceries, rent, medical care and War Stamps. But don't jump to the conclusion that our soldiers' wives and children are wallowing in some newfangled wartime pork barrel. Two thirds of the money comes from the soldiers, the rest from the U. S. Treasury. Many soldiers' families have refused to file applications for allowances.

Wrote the wife of a California sharecropping migrant: "I think we can get along the way we are without any Government Family Allowance. Who knows? What you would allow me might be the straw to break the Japs' back. If George wants to send us a little to help along, okay, but we don't want your allowance, dear old U. S., and when and if we ever have more to spare, we will put it in some more bonds to help all we can.

"P. S. We are what they call migratory, looking for this seasonal work. In the spring I will take the boys and probably go to Pendleton, Oregon, and start harvesting peas, later beans and hops. In the spring, everything will be nice all right."

Officially, these payments are made by the War Department's ODB (Office of Dependency Benefits) which was organized last June when President Roosevelt signed the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act. This, you'll remember, makes it possible for the newspapers to print those wonderful stories about guys with thirteen kids being drafted and pulling in millions. Under the Allowance Act, a soldier may have the Army deduct $22 a month from his pay for his family, to which the government adds $28 for a wife, $12 for the first child, and $10 for each additional child.

Before we are tongue-tied with red tape, let us get some of the facts of life, as ODB sees them, off our chest.

The act provides that benefits are payable only to the first four grades in the Army, namely: private, private first class, corporal and sergeant. Staff sergeants, lieutenants and generals are supposed to provide for their families through straight deductions from their pay known to the Army as Class E allotments. Promotion to staff sergeancy automatically stops a family allowance.

A wife and child are classified legally as Class A relatives. This means that all they have to do to get their check is to prove their relationship to the soldier. They need not be dependents; they can have a bank roll a mile high and still get it. Nor do they require the soldier's authorization to deduct $22 from his pay each month; the government will do this upon proper application and proof of relationship.

All this would be fine and dandy but for the fact that Congress saw fit to include divorced wives to whom alimony is payable among the Class A relatives. This is a source of much grief and fury to certain characters in the Army who went into the service to stop paying their alimony. But they are virtually helpless, for all the alimony collector has to do is apply and she may get up to $42 a month. There is evidence, however, in one or two cases, of these characters getting their promotion to staff sergeancies (automatically ending such benefits) overnight.

Parents, grandparents, brothers and sisters under eighteen or incapable of work are also eligible for ODB checks, although smaller in amount than those received by Class A relatives. They must prove both their relationship to the soldier and the degree of their dependency upon him.

Right now ODB checks are the main support of about 2,900,000 persons. In the vault where the checks await mailing, we were allowed to look through a stack of them. They were addressed to people in Yuba City, California; Denver, Colorado; Enterprise, Florida; Templeton, Pennsylvania; Roseburg, Oregon; Old Town, Maine; Silver City, Idaho; Baton Rouge, Louisiana; and Detroit, Michigan.

These checks are big props in maintaining morale overseas and here. A soldier worrying whether his wife and child are eating regularly isn't ready for battle, and a boy getting letters from home saying his aged parents can't afford necessary medical care just doesn't care about fighting. By providing for the dependents of our soldiers, the government bolsters civilian and soldier morale.

Uncle Sam—Good Provider

That's the theory, and if you saw the holiday cards ODB gets from soldiers, wives and parents you'd know it works. By the time our Army reaches its maximum strength, ODB expects to be helping to support close to eight million people. Since the Army's future inductees will be almost wholly married men, ODB is geared to handle applications at the rate of induction—12,000 a day.

ODB is already the largest and most unique mail-order business ever operated. It is the War Department's only branch in direct contact with the public, yet its operations are conducted almost entirely by civilians—girls of every size, shape and age. This is, of course, an unreal situation for many of the folks who stop at their office to inquire what held up their checks. Often they refuse to accept the answer of one of the girl interviewers. When this happens, one of ODB's 150 Army officers is brought forward, and he generally gives the same answer as the girl. But this is okay with the taxpaying citizen who feels that if he is talking to the War Department, he ought at least to see a uniform.

In the eyes of the War Department, the ODB is "the heart of the Army." We asked some of the girls about this, and they said they are also "the sweethearts of the Army." Nearly all of them have a brother, sweetheart, husband or son in the service. Some have brothers and sweethearts. Thousands—like Eleanor Olich who has two brothers in North Africa and who reads letters of application—are working there only because they want to help win the war.

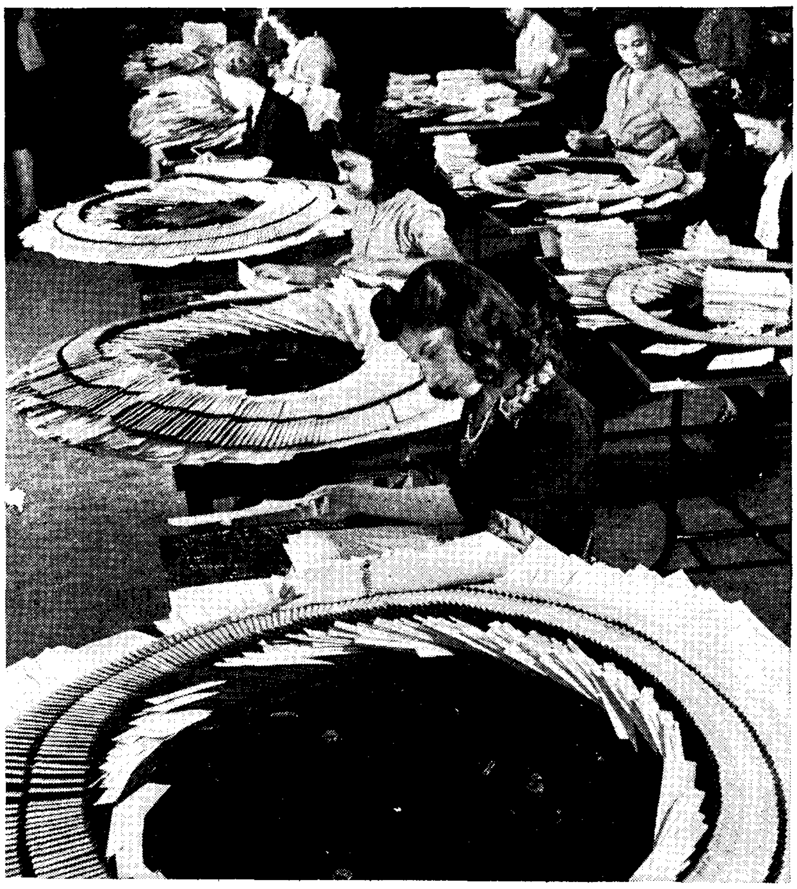
They come from every section of the country, getting their jobs through Civil Service examinations. We found a girl from Spokane, Washington, sitting beside a Negro girl from Washington, D. C., and beside her, a Duke University girl from the deep South. On their identification badges is the slogan "Get 'em Paid," and the girls, 31 per cent of whom are Negroes, work with an impatient speed.

Their speed is the most impressive thing about ODB. You notice it the minute you walk into the giant building which was to

(Continued on page 76)

ODB's mail staggered Newark's post office. Exclusive of three million monthly checks, its mail equals that of a large city

Working swiftly, these girls sort out 60,000 letters daily. Applications become cases and move into a production-line process of verification and accounting immediately



Sortagraphs speed filing. All cases are filed by the soldier's serial number. This solves the problem of the Army's 700 Smiths

Girls in the authorization branch are awarded flags for exceeding old work records. Once payment is authorized, the check is made out, signed, then mailed by machine

Elsie Mitnow of Newark checks work with Jean Davison of Wheaton, Minn. They belong to ODB's bottleneck-busting "Flying Squad"

G SQUADRON
L TASKS FORCE
VICTORY
GET EM PAID!

Tap-dancing Ruth Feiertag (below) entertains her co-workers during lunch hour. Officials find that noontime entertainment stimulates production—and the girls like it, too

JEEP OF ALL TRADES

BY RALPH WALLACE

Military history is being written by America's jeep—the tough little warrior which can do everything but cook

A little thing like an exploding shell doesn't faze this jeep while on reconnaissance duty in North Africa. The soldier shown at the left is laying communication wire

With a boat hull around it and a propeller in back, the jeep takes to water like a duck—which explains why soldiers call this new-type amphibian a Quack

ONE night just before last October's battle for Egypt exploded in all its fury, a fleet of rough, tough little four-wheeled vehicles growled quietly out of British headquarters at El Alamein. Traveling only by dark and hiding by day, the motorized caravan swung in a wide westward arc which finally brought it to a point far back of the German lines.

Here, concealed in the night shadows of a friendly hilltop, the invaders lurked until they heard the sound for which they were waiting—the panting of a score of tank trucks, lumbering up to refuel German Mark IVs still engaged at the front. Not a moment was wasted. Down on the Nazis now dispersing on the valley floor, the marauders raced crazily in a mile-a-minute attack. Heavy machine guns spat incendiaries into every truck before the drivers could even leap from their seats; many of them failed to see the raiders at all.

When the battle-scarred Mark IVs clanked into the valley at dawn, gas tanks virtually empty, their crews suddenly prickled with cold fear, for every drop of fuel they needed to continue their fight against the onrushing British—even to withdraw and save themselves—had gone up in flames.

Behind this daring and destructive raid lies the impudent shadow of what General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, has called America's main contribution to modern war—the hell-roaring, hair-raising ubiquitous jeep. How many of the scores of German tanks captured undamaged in Rommel's retreat toward Tunisia were left stranded by such jeep attacks, only Military Intelligence knows. But the number is impressive—so impressive, in fact, that United Nations commanders have been consistently crying: "Send us more jeeps!" And they'll get them.

Last year, some 100,000 of these blitz buggies rolled out of our factories; this year that figure will probably reach the quarter-million mark.

Little Warrior in Combat

One of the jeep's most sensational uses, both in Russia and in our own campaign against the Germans in Tunisia, has been to tow antitank guns into position to smash tank attacks. Another important role for the jeep has been to mop up Nazi parachutists in Africa and Russia, often on terrain which no other vehicle could traverse. Its latest adaptation is the most startling of all. By building a boat hull around the jeep's frame and adding a propeller, the jeep has been transformed into an amphibian, equally at home on water or on land.

The jeep has proved as indestructible as it is bull-terrier belligerent. In India last fall, a liaison officer of the Highland Division and his driver, racing across the hills, were unfortunate enough to be spotted by a Jap plane circling overhead. Seconds later, a 500-pound bomb exploded ten yards away. The driver was killed, the officer blasted into a ditch, and their jeep knocked windshield over wheels. Yet when near-by troops picked up the Highlander and righted the jeep, its engine grunted tentatively, coughed aggressively, and then roared into full throttle as the officer leaped behind the steering wheel and shot on his way!

Actually, the jeep looks—and acts—like no machine created anywhere, for any war. It is only eleven feet long, around five feet wide, and a little more than three feet high; half the height of your conventional motorcar and a full yard shorter. With more than 60 horsepower surging under its hood, it can do 73 miles per hour. Its 2,200-pound frame makes it the lightest of all Army vehicles except the motorcycle—light enough to be flown in Army transport planes even in amphibian

(Continued on page 64)

JUST ELEVEN HOURS ON EARTH . . . WITH HITLER!

When Hitler launched his merciless air-blitz on England, 42,000 civilians were killed. The youngest was only 11 hours old . . . only 11 hours of life on the same earth with Adolf Hitler.

America bows her head in horror and sorrow for that child . . . *and then goes forth to fight.*

We fight with all the strength of our youth . . . our sons and brothers who are crossing the seas to get within range of the axis gangsters.

We fight with all the might of our industry. Machines that once formed the comfortable things of peace now shape the cold, hard steel of war.

It is grim business. But we must do it. We of The Texas Company know how grim it is to turn the petroleum that might have been used for transportation and warmth into toluene for high explosives, into Diesel oil for deadly submarines, into lubricants to speed the manufacture of huge projectiles.

But we are glad we had the oil wells, the refineries, the plant capacity, built up in time of peace, to accomplish this stern task.

There is no other way . . . no other way to assure for the children of the future a world where never again can savagery take the place of government.

TEXACO REG. T.M.

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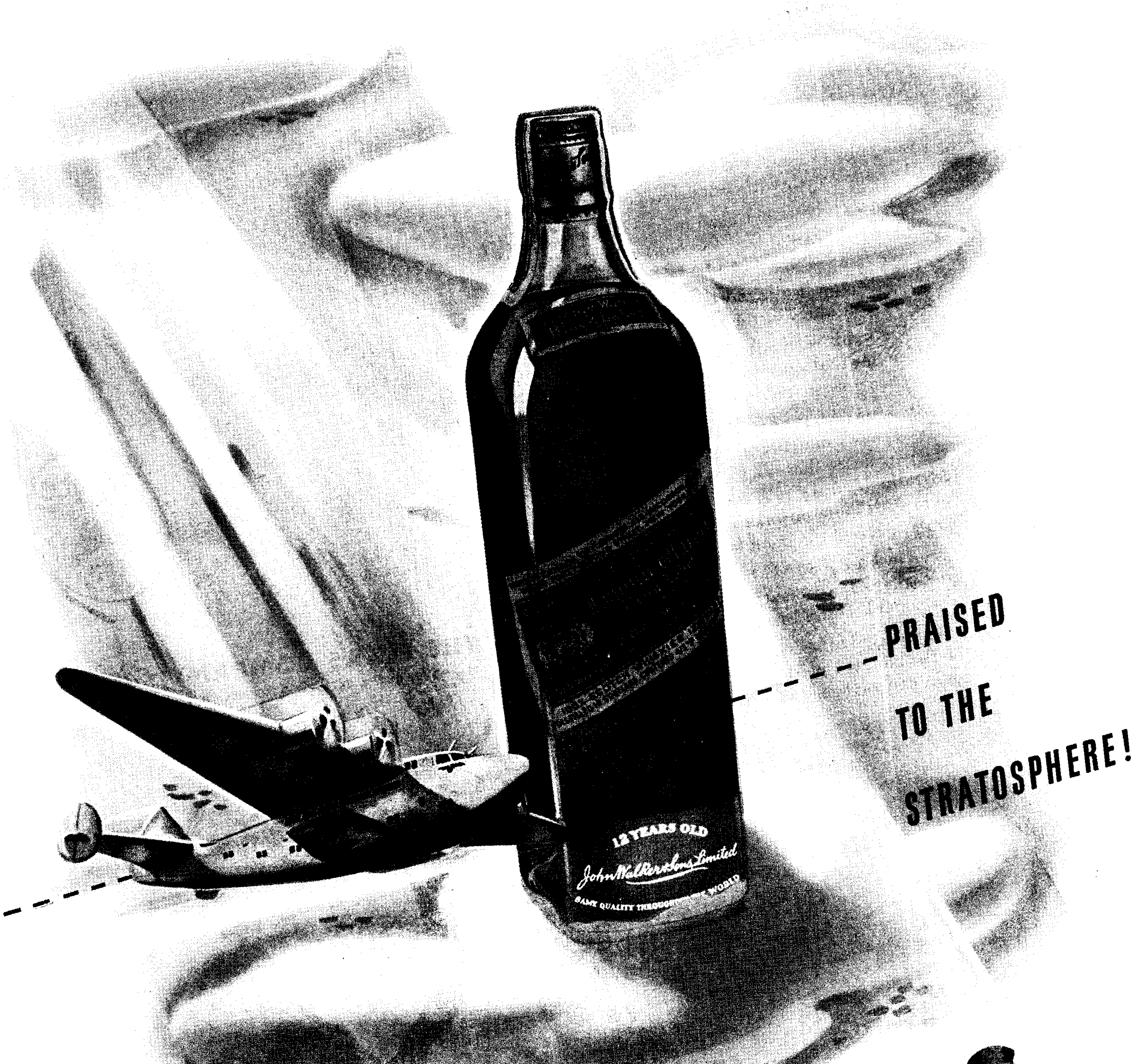
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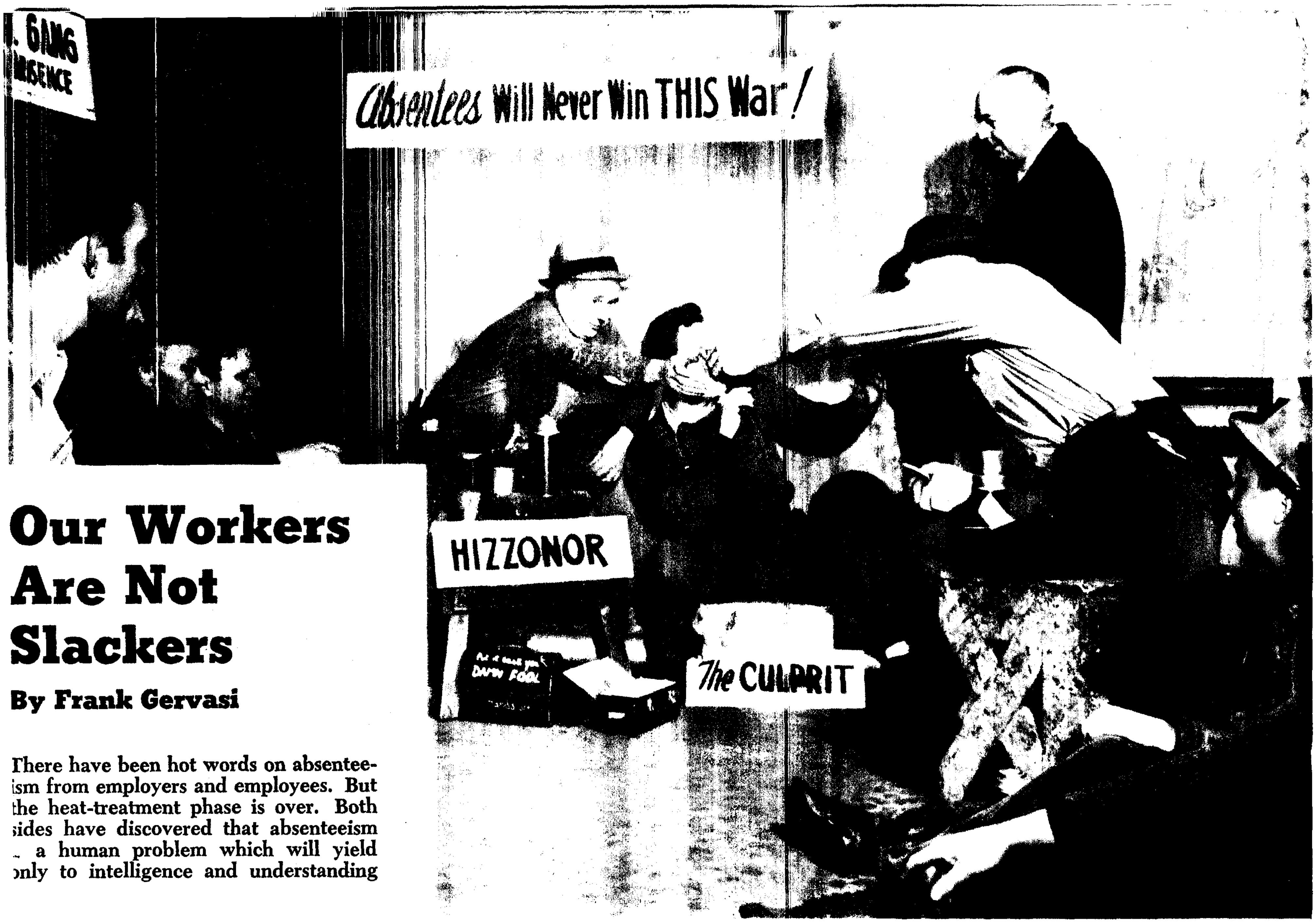


Our Workers Are Not Slackers

By Frank Gervasi

There have been hot words on absenteeism from employers and employees. But the heat-treatment phase is over. Both sides have discovered that absenteeism is a human problem which will yield only to intelligence and understanding

At a shipyard near Seattle, this kangaroo court "tries" absentees. "Convicts" may be fined cash or a round of cigars

EVERY night, usually between eight-thirty and nine o'clock, somewhere in the hold of an incompleted ship at the Lake Washington shipyards near Seattle, a kangaroo court sits.

It's probably the only court of its kind in the nation, but if there were more of them, it might be possible materially to reduce the dimensions of one of our biggest manpower problems: absenteeism. This is the name of a disease as old as industrial man: absence of workers for any one of about 250 reasons, from unavoidable illness down to thoroughly avoidable hangovers.

The judge of the shipyard court is a former storekeeper from near-by Bothell. The clerk is an ex-bank teller from Omaha. The members of the jury are some 20 Americans who left good jobs in gold mines, the feed and grain business, law firms and lumberyards, and went to Seattle to see what they could do to win the war. Few had ever seen a ship bigger than a Mississippi River flat-bottomed boat or had smelled salt water, and about all they knew about electricity was that it was used in light bulbs. But they're all electricians now.

They learned all they know about electricity from Jack Scott, who is 49 years old, a power-transmission expert from North Dakota and about as American as apple pie with cheese. Jack had never seen the sea either, until two years ago. He is boss of the gang and prosecutor of our kangaroo court. He opens each session with praise for work well done.

Then he looks around and says, "All right, you fellows, who pulled a Brodie tonight? Okay, you birds, confess your crimes or I'll call on witnesses to indict you."

It's a rule of the court that if a man refuses to admit his poor splice of a cable, his failure to solder a joint properly or his error in reading a blueprint, he may be exposed. If indictment by someone else is necessary, the punishment might be twice or three times worse than if he had confessed. He might have to buy three rounds of cigars or candy bars instead of one, or he might be called upon to pay a sizable cash fine—especially if his crime was lateness or absenteeism. And if he can't take it all good-naturedly or shows congenital disinterest in his job, he is welcome to quit and try to find work elsewhere. There's no place for him in Jack Scott's gang.

The shipyards throughout the nation have the worst absentee record in the country. Absenteeism in the Lake Washington shipyards area averaged about 11 per cent, an almost irreducible minimum. This record has helped to bring down the company's average to well below the national average of approximately 6 per cent for all industries.

Absenteeism isn't new. Industry has always suffered from it. In the last war, according to the Journal of Political Economy for May 1919, the absentee average in the steel shipbuilding industry was 18 per cent, much higher than now; but absenteeism isn't peculiar to shipbuilding or wartime. In peacetime, there has always been some, due to accident, illness, death and just plain laziness. Some employers estimate that the national average due to those and related causes was about four per cent.

In wartime, absenteeism produces matériel loss, which might mean the difference between a short war and a long one, perhaps between victory and defeat. If absenteeism continues at the present rate of about 6 per cent (assuming that 1,200,000 of the twenty million Americans employed on war jobs continue to be habitual truants) 2,800 million hours of work will be lost by the end of 1943. With those man-hours you could build fifty battleships or about 8,000 freighters, and astronomical equivalents in tanks and guns and planes. Absenteeism must, obviously, be reduced.

Yellow Slips Discarded

It's one disease, however, that sulfa drugs won't cure. It won't yield to nostrums and panaceas and it won't budge with bullying. That has been tried. In one Middle Western plant, an employer tried to reduce absenteeism by putting little yellow slips in absentees' pay envelopes, identifying the recipients as slackers and conveying the thanks of Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito for lying down on the job. Too many slackers had good reasons for their absences. One of them, who'd been away from work for several days, had just buried a wife and child, dead from pneumonia. The yellow-slip method was abandoned.

The best minds say that absenteeism can't be cured. It can be arrested and remedied, but it can't be entirely eliminated from industry's blood stream. When absenteeism burgeoned in epidemics all over the country, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and irate congressmen decided there ought to be a law. They concluded that all absenteeism was basically due to lack of patriotism, to selfishness and to wage avarice. They blamed organized labor's insistence on high wages and the union shop. Congress moved to legislate the absentee phenomenon out of existence.

The labor unions retaliated with charges that Rickenbacker and the congressmen were using absenteeism as an excuse to abrogate the Wagner Act. They saw hard-won social gains of the past eleven years endangered by what they called, in the shopworn language of the labor movement, a minority of "vested interests." They reminded Congress, among other things, that absenteeism in the House and Senate is seven times as bad as in industry. Neither side at first bothered to determine the real causes.

Then investigations and researches and surveys began. With the same energy with which they had previously denounced one another, government agencies, labor unions, the industrialists themselves, Congressional committees and independent agencies hurled themselves into the job of finding out what causes absenteeism. Labor admitted that there was considerable gold-bricking and leaf-raking among its members. Industry confessed it had made mistakes which contributed to absenteeism, such as failing to provide sufficient housing. Both sides discovered that there were not two or fifty but at least two hundred and fifty direct and indirect causes. On one thing all parties seem to have agreed: American workers aren't slackers and traitors.

It wasn't lack of patriotism, for instance, which had kept a Detroit woman at her workbench seven days a week every week since April 1942. She was often sick but

(Continued on page 68)

1. Boy, I've got a thankless job! Kay Roberts is a working girl and I'm supposed to get her up on time! Huh! I ring my head off at 7:30, but—

2. She gets up, muzzles me, and plops back for more shut-eye. I know what's wrong. Why, she doesn't fall asleep till the roosters rouse! I've discovered—

3. She's one of those people whose nerves are jangled by the caffein in coffee! Even a little coffee makes her so jittery she can't sleep. And it's making her a wreck!

4. Gosh, Kay, if you like coffee so much, switch to the coffee that can't make you jittery and can't keep you tossing all night. Switch to the coffee that's 97% caffein-free . . .

SWITCH TO SANKA COFFEE!

5. It's Sanka Coffee! It can't jangle anyone's nerves! It's all coffee, real coffee, delicious coffee—nothing is removed but that sleep-robber, caffein!

6. Ah, yes, Kay, you'll like Sanka Coffee. Easy on the palate and easy on the nerves. And it's so good for an alarm clock's morale. Start today.

SANKA COFFEE

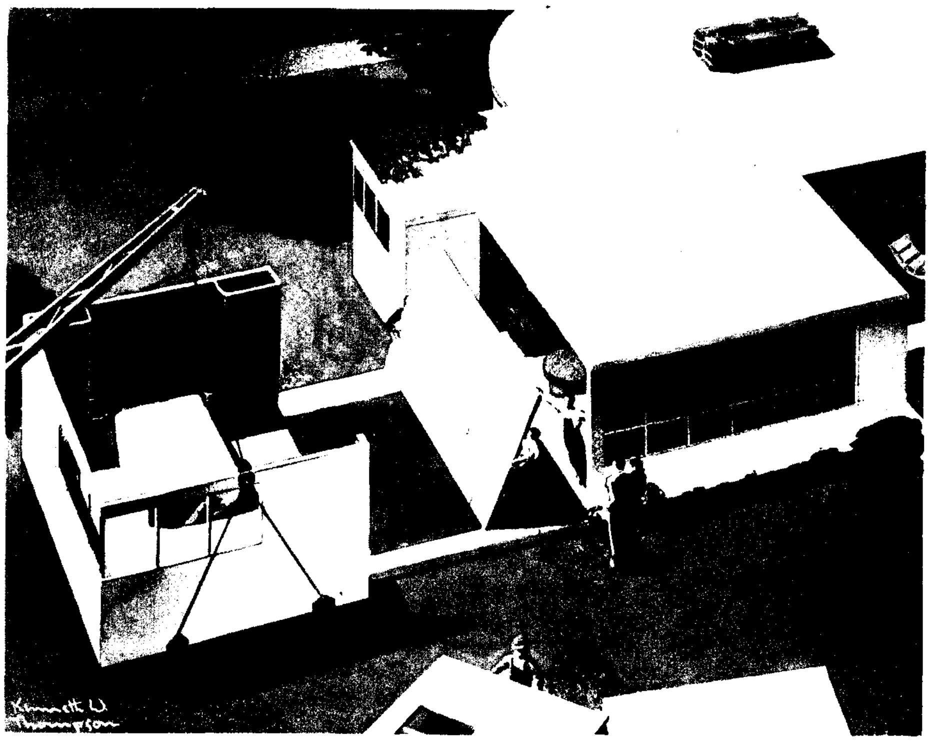
97% CAFFEIN FREE
SANKA
COFFEE

NOTE: Your grocer probably has the new "all-purpose" grind Sanka, swell no matter what kind of coffee-maker you have! And it's *vacuum-packed!*

BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS!

SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

TUNE IN . . . 5:45 P.M., New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you **William L. Shirer,** famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.



KENNETH THOMPSON

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

By David O. Woodbury

New Homes for Old

WHEN your home of tomorrow gets old and battered and out of date you will not have to sell it and move away. You will merely turn it in for a new one with all the latest improvements. Built-in furniture, lightweight material and standardized shapes will make the small houses of the future as simple to replace as automobiles and gas stoves.

Every community will have its rival house agencies competing for your spring trade. You will only need to drop in some Saturday afternoon to pick out the model you want and close the deal. A few days later, workmen will come and pull down your old house and set up the new one in its place. The cost of the exchange will probably not exceed a thousand dollars.

"Used" homes will go back to the factory for overhaul and will soon be on the market again at secondhand. There may even be home-service stations in the larger cities where turn-ins can be refurbished and set out in a vacant lot for display.

If you don't need a complete new house, "spare parts" will be available at small cost. Thus, when a wall or ceiling is damaged, or an extra room is needed for the new baby, you will simply order the structural sections by number and have them sent out. If you are handy with a screwdriver and wrench you can easily install the replacements yourself.

Mailbox Telegraph Offices

Sending a telegram tomorrow will be not unlike mailing a letter today, and the message will be received just as you send it, in your own handwriting. If you wish you can include sketches and fancy doodling, too. You will have all the freedom of a sealed letter transmitted at the speed of the electric current.

The system will be based on the present "facsimile" method of transmitting pictures by wire and radio and will possibly do away with small telegraph offices altogether. Automatic telegraphing machines will stand ready to receive your messages in the foyers of office buildings, hotels and stations, perhaps even in the corner drugstore. You will merely write out your telegram on a prepared blank, drop it in the slot, follow it with a coin and go away. Delivery at the other end will be by messenger, thereby saving much time and trouble.

In China, where writing is in picture words, facsimile is likely to replace all conventional telegraphs as soon as machines are available, in order to eliminate the army of operators now required to translate each picture word into code and then back again.

Plastic Dishes of the Future

Dishes and other utensils will be made of a plastic that won't crack when they are dropped; nor will it absorb foods or liquors and become discolored.

Already General Marshall carries a set of this plastic tableware in his private plane. The pieces are so light and strong that they save him many useful pounds of pay load. The clippers are using them, too. In a plane of that size, these plastic dishes save as much weight as that of one passenger.

Pin Things up with Magnets

The annoyance of sharp-pointed thumbtacks will be forgotten tomorrow. Your bulletin boards of the future will be made of steel and you will pin things up on them with small magnetic "tacks" that will damage neither paper nor board, and will not lie around on the floor to be stepped on. A new alloy of aluminum, nickel, cobalt and iron, many times more magnetic than steel alone, has been developed to solve the Army's pin-up problems. The war's end will bring it into general use.

Bulletin boards in schools, churches, hotels and factories will simply be sheets of steel, enameled in tasteful colors, while the tacks may be of any desired shape or size and will stick to the boards anywhere, firmly gripping the papers to be displayed.

Your kitchen will have one of these bulletin boards so that you can quickly fasten up shopping lists, menus and memoranda and take them down again without breaking a fingernail. The new magnetic material is so powerful that hooks made of it can be attached to metal strips in closets and on walls, strong enough to hang up pictures or clothes. Such hooks can be moved from place to place without leaving a mark of any kind. ★★★

"It's still the best bed in the house, son"

▶ Private First Class Bill Morris is home on furlough.

In the past few months, he's stormed gun emplacements. He's been mixed up in some pretty hot bayonet work. He's lain in jungle brush under tropical downpours. He's caught his sleep when he could . . . between enemy bombing raids.

No wonder he's interested in that bed in his old room. He's been looking forward to some real comfort for a long time!

Of course, bed springs and innerspring mattresses aren't being made right now with coils of Premier Wire. The machinery which once turned out that famous spring wire has been turning out steel for Bill's weapons.

But innersprings will be back when peace comes, better than ever . . . improved by what we've learned in making wartime steels.

And the U·S·S Premier Spring Wire tag on a mattress or bed springs or piece of upholstered furniture will be better proof than ever before that "the softest thing you can sleep on is steel."

AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY
Cleveland, Chicago and New York
Columbia Steel Co., San Francisco, Pacific Coast Distributors
United States Steel Export Co., New York

★ ★ ★

"The softest thing you can sleep on is STEEL"

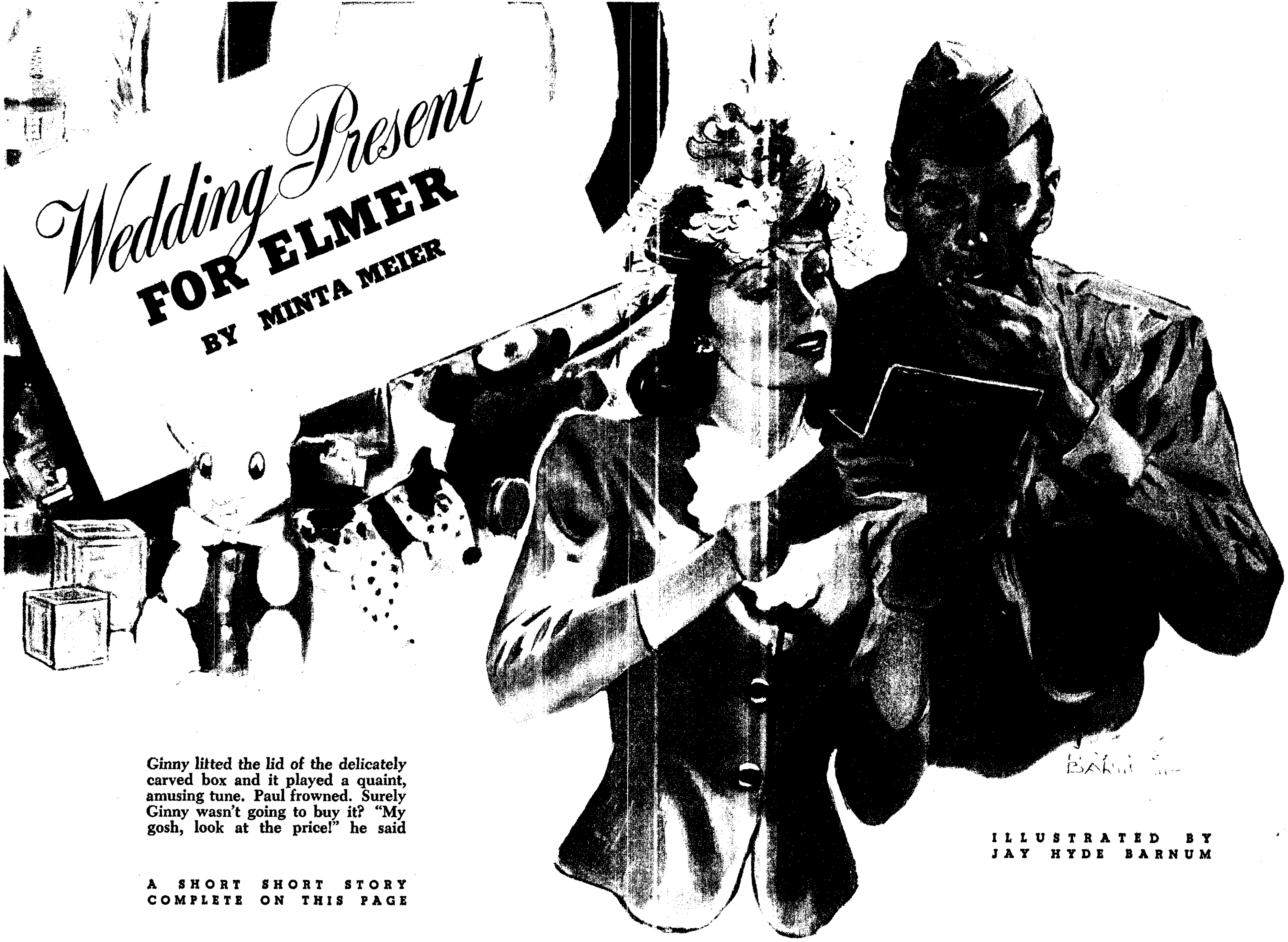
★BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY

The money you loan builds America's war strength. Yours again to spend in years to come . . . for new comforts, finer furniture, better living.

USS
PREMIER
SPRING WIRE
UNITED
STATES
STEEL

Wedding Present FOR ELMER

BY MINTA MEIER



Ginny lifted the lid of the delicately carved box and it played a quaint, amusing tune. Paul frowned. Surely Ginny wasn't going to buy it? "My gosh, look at the price!" he said

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THEY were married by a justice who yawned in the middle of the ceremony because he was tired of marrying soldiers and their girls.

Paul didn't like it. He'd always planned things differently. A lovely ceremony, a fine gift for his bride, a house ready to move into, a good job.

Ginny had come to his embarkation point to spend his leave with him and before he'd realized what was happening he'd stopped arguing and was holding her in his arms and shutting his eyes to the future and saying "yes" to what she wanted—about getting married, at least. He wasn't going to let her have a baby until after the war.

As they left the shabby office, Paul's conscience began its first attack. He should have made Ginny see it his way.

When you were born poor, when high school and college had come the hard way, you didn't believe you could have your cake and eat it too. The war was something Paul had to face, but having Ginny, in spite of it, seemed wrong. Mom always said a man had no right to marry a woman until he could take care of her properly.

He thought of Mom, working like a slave all her life and never seeming to get much happiness. She said it was because Pop had never planned ahead. Pop had always worked, but if he wanted a good cigar sometimes, he had it. If he wanted to go fishing on a spring day, he did. Pop said there might never be such a day again. He said life ought to be lived as it came. A fellow with a small job like Pop's was never going to get rich anyhow.

The thought of Pop, happy and pleasant, and Mom's tired, strained face, always mixed Paul's emotions. He flushed. Was he putting Ginny in the spot Mom always said she was in? .

Paul fought with himself and held Ginny's arm tightly.

"Let's go shopping," said Ginny. "I want to buy a wedding present."

Paul stopped walking. They had agreed not to buy wedding presents for each other.

Ginny laughed. "For Elmer," she said. "It's his first wedding and I'm so happy I simply have to give somebody something."

Paul grinned. A puppy wouldn't appreciate a wedding present.

Elmer had come west with Ginny. Paul had wanted her to get rid of him right away. Ginny said he was something for her to keep for Paul until he came back. She was cute but firm. She said she'd support him if she had to scrub floors.

"We can't start building our lives around a dog," said Paul, too firmly, for Ginny's eyes dimmed.

"You have to build around something," she said. "I'll have him to cuddle and pet while you're gone, especially since you won't—" She stopped.

Paul was relieved. Ginny had promised not to bring up that business about having a baby, again. He guessed they'd better go shopping.

It was hard to understand Ginny. She'd worked every inch of her way through college but she'd always seemed to have a heck of a good time.

Paul clutched her arm and they headed into a store. He wished he had made Ginny see what she would be up against, waiting, working, worrying. Maybe he wouldn't even come back—

A clerk came toward them. "So you returned for it, Miss?" She took a delicately carved box about the size of a book from the shelf. The lid lifted when you reached inside for a cigarette and it played a quaint, amusing tune.

Paul laughed. He couldn't help it. Then he frowned. Surely Ginny wasn't going to buy it.

"My gosh, look at the price!" he said.

"Yes, I know," Ginny said. "They're awfully expensive. Once I saved enough to buy one, then I got measles and couldn't work for two weeks." She laughed. "I always listen to them when I find them, though."

GINNY opened her purse and took out a dime. "I came in for the little toy," she said to the clerk.

Paul took the small package and pushed a path through the shoppers to the sidewalk. He put his arm around Ginny. "You know, honey, I've been able to save more than you'd think. I want it to be your emergency fund."

Ginny said, "You're sweet," rather absently. Then she turned her face up to his and her eyes were tender and young but very knowing. "Look, Paul, I understand what makes you afraid to live life as it comes along, to seize happiness as it flashes by—but there's something you must understand about me. I know what it will be like when you leave, but I'll be able to take it. Being with you now will carry me over the tough spots. You'll never be sorry, Paul."

Paul walked beside her, quietly.

When they opened the door to the hotel room, Elmer rushed at Ginny, licked her, shed hair, barked and yelped at sight of the package.

Ginny untied the string and unwrapped a funny little tin mouse and wound a key. She set it on the floor. It turned and jerked and played a scratchy tune.

Paul watched the puppy's uncontrollable joy and listened to Ginny's childlike laughter. It was beautiful and precious, something to hear now, and carry with him, forever.

His heart swelled with joy and pain, too, for he wanted to be a part of it. Suddenly he realized Ginny didn't give a hang about an emergency fund. She was young and strong. She'd manage, with courage in her eyes and laughter in her heart. It was wonderful to be able to live in the moment, to take things as they came.

His thoughts flashed to Mom, living bitterly for some perfect future that never came, and then to Pop, who accepted the joy each day could bring, humbly, freely. For a minute, Paul saw Pop, clearly, lovingly.

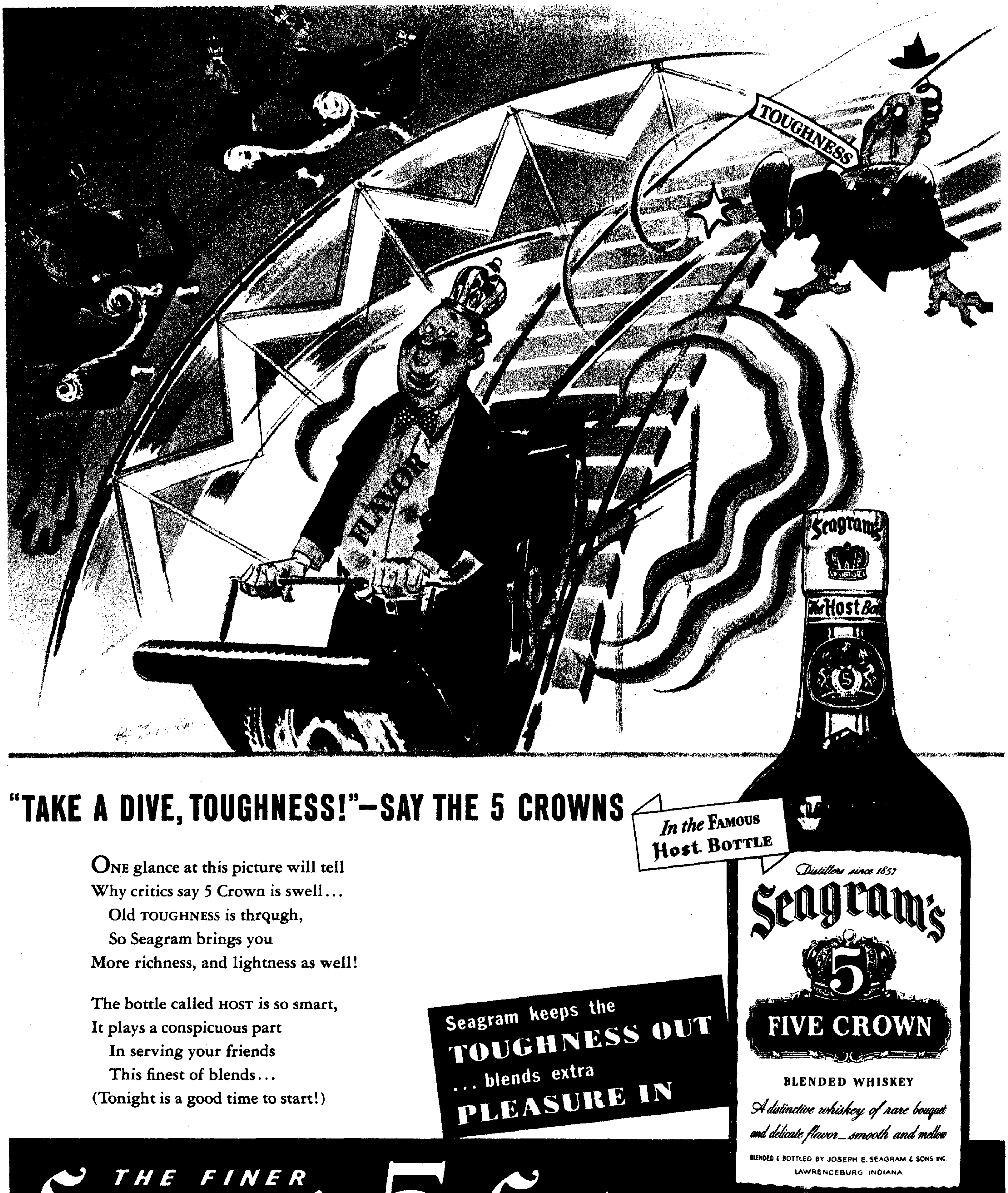
After a little, he slipped out the door.

In the store he found the clerk and gave her almost all the extra money in his pocket.

In the street he unwrapped the package she gave him and lifted the lid on the box. He held it to his ear and let the tune play to the end. He began to chuckle.

He knew now why he'd never had much fun. Happiness didn't wait on a man's convenience.

He shut the box and tucked it under his arm. He tilted his cap over one eye with rakish grace. He felt swell.


TOUGHNESS
FLAVOR
Seagram's
The Host Bo
In the Famous Host Bottle
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and delicate flavor—smooth and mellow
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA

"TAKE A DIVE, TOUGHNESS!"—SAY THE 5 CROWNS

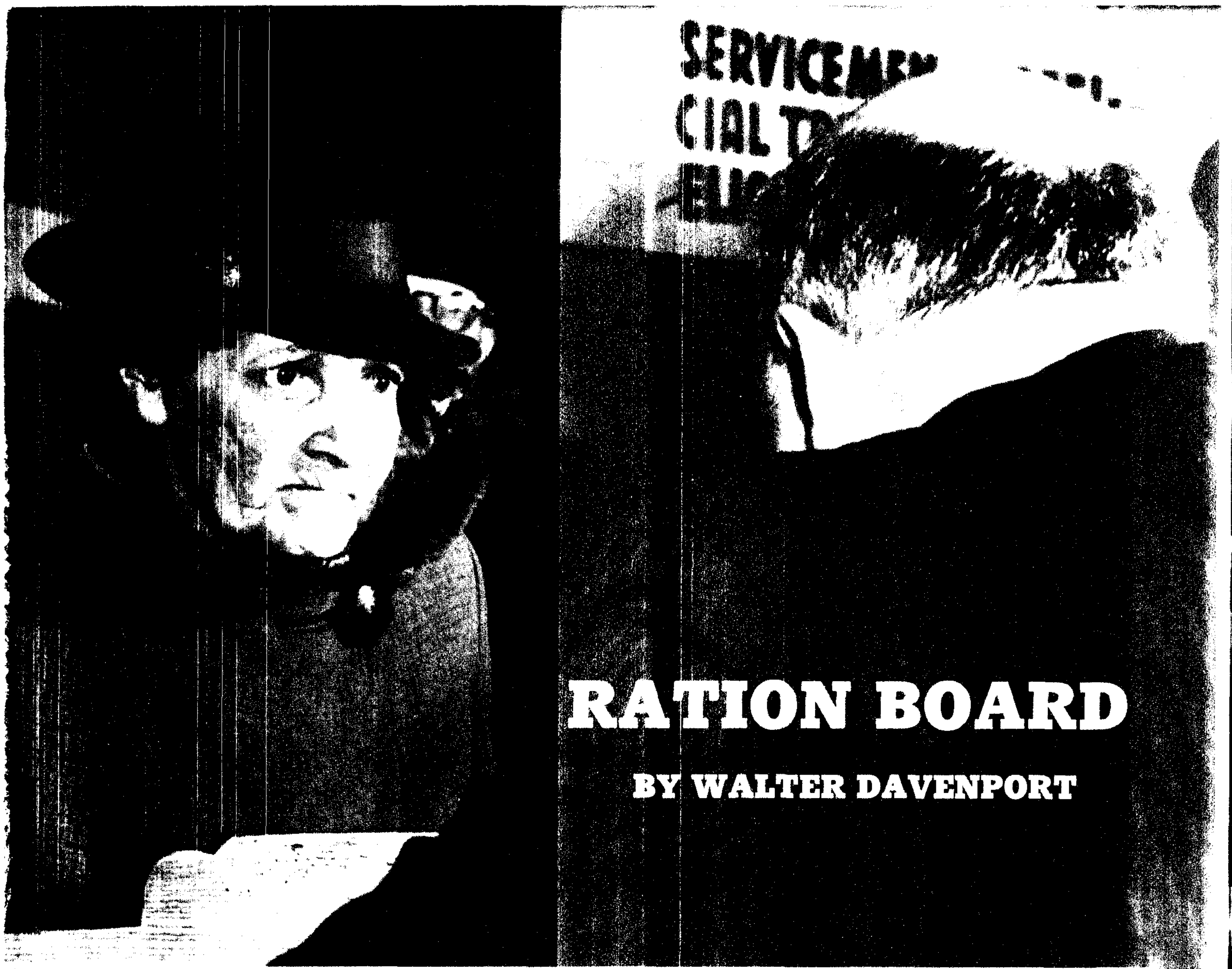
ONE glance at this picture will tell
Why critics say 5 Crown is swell...
  Old TOUGHNESS is through,
  So Seagram brings you
More richness, and lightness as well!

The bottle called HOST is so smart,
It plays a conspicuous part
  In serving your friends
  This finest of blends...
(Tonight is a good time to start!)

Seagram keeps the TOUGHNESS OUT ... blends extra PLEASURE IN

THE FINER Seagram's 5 Crown

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK



RATION BOARD

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

LOFMAN-PIX

On Adelphi Street, Brooklyn, is the world's largest ration rodeo. Besides being patriotic, giving their time freely and without pay, board members have to be linguists, psychologists, diplomats, detectives and as tough as black-market steaks. Five thousand people crowd in daily. Some are tricky, some very decent but very confused

After eighteen hundred highly diversified citizens of Brooklyn had trudged through the Adelphi Street rationing center, Mr. Tilyou suggested lunch. Before he enlisted without pay in the service of his country, Mr. Tilyou (first name George) was the resourceful impresario of Steeplechase Park at Coney Island, New York.

There every afternoon and evening many thousands of ladies and gentlemen of all ages eagerly paid their good money to be whirled on merry-go-rounds, hurled off revolving floors, whisked through caverns and tunnels, flung through the air by mechanical zombies, and otherwise entertained in one of the world's great carnivals. For two bits, you could shoot ducks, Nazi chutes, dive bombers and occasionally one another. Mr. Tilyou was celebrated for his ability not only to satisfy the demand of the recreation-hungry but to keep ahead of their appetites.

But now Mr. Tilyou is the rationing and war-price administrator for 2,750,000 Americans in the teeming county of Kings, New York City. Today he is being taken for the rides, he is getting the bumps, he is the guy who asked for it—and he is having a whale of a time. Of course he's not doing it singlehanded. Like him, hundreds of patriotic citizens are giving their time without pay, defraying their own expenses, supervising the rationing of fifteen (thus far) commodities necessary to the life and happiness of his fellow citizens. Thousands more Americans are doing likewise throughout the country.

Even in whistle stops, the job of rationing boards is not simple. But in Brooklyn, New York, it's as complicated as the mind of a French politician. Everything that could possibly happen between Toe Hold, Wyoming, and Back Scratch Junction, Alabama, happens in Brooklyn. Moreover, it happens in more than thirty languages and dialects, and according to the whims and manners and mental processes of almost thirty nationalities.

You get all of it in the dismal brick, brownstone and pine building in Adelphi Street that once was a school wherein children who had never heard an English word were patiently led toward good citizenship—some, of course, slipping en route.

So we went to Adelphi Street because there was the cross section, because there was the whole story of rationed America, the condensation of all the trickery, tragedy, humor, bewilderment, frustration and sacrifice that you'd find in all the fifty-five hundred (thus far) rationing boards in the United States.

In George Tilyou's rationing area, a baby is born every two minutes. The moment the child is born, it is eligible for ration books and points for everything rationed except coffee. Every two minutes or so (the edge being in favor of births) somebody dies, and Mr. Tilyou's overworked forces try to get books and points back.

The Adelphi Street board gets fifteen hundred letters a day. Some are well considered, well written, even if not successful. Others, for example: "I ain't shoes and meat so must die. Come quick with goulash. Maybe die, starve, freeze without shoes so no work. Good American citizen with wife and six babies weight 157 pounds quick. Don't send no woman." We have changed nothing but the spelling.

To Adelphi Street's switchboard come more than a thousand calls every day. We pause as we pass the flash-fingered girls at the cords.

Listen to this one as a sample: "Help, help. Burglars have stolen my ration book. We are dying. Listen to my children crying for food." We wait a few moments. The woman marshals her children, gives them the signal, holds the transmitter before them like a microphone. A shrill, unintelligible chorus of agony comes through, Mamma helping. It stops and the woman's voice comes again: "You hear that. Burglars stole my ration books. Last night they come and steal the books. We are starving and freezing. The landlord is a thief. Listen to my children." But we've heard the children and, anyway, there's lots more to see and hear.

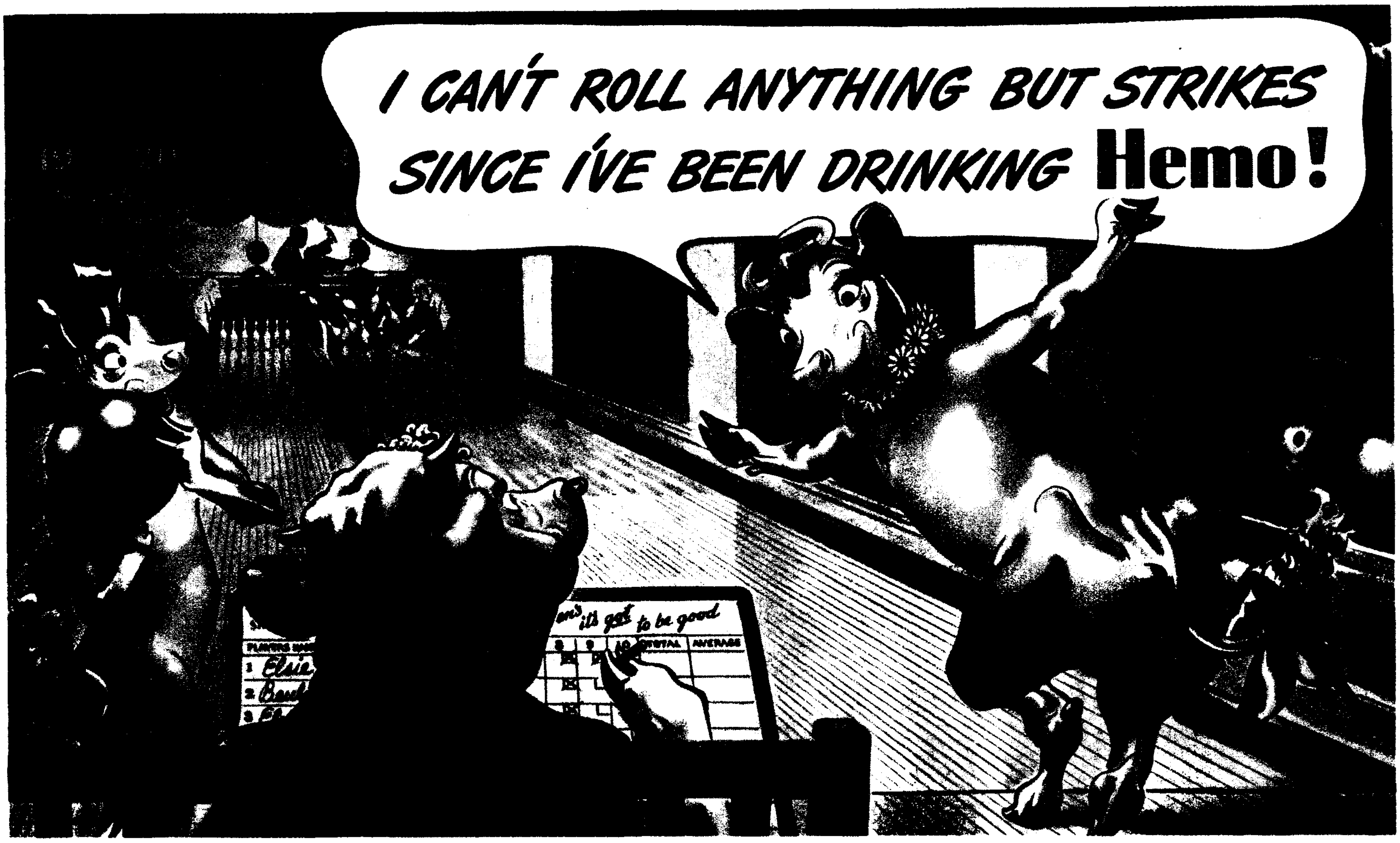
"Steeplechase Park," we remind George Tilyou.

"It wasn't a circumstance," says he. "Let's make the rounds."

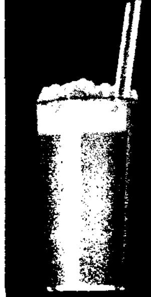
In what was once the school gymnasium, long lines of humanity were taking their first steps in rationing, applying for Number One Book and Number Two. Some were indignant. This was regimentation. This was dictatorship. Was this a free country or was it Germany? This was all unnecessary—That Man's fault. This was an insult. Wait until next election.

Some were mousy. "Please, miss," they say to the girls on the government side of the pine counters, "do I sign my own name or my father's? He's dead. Please, miss, I ain't sure. I'm all confused.

(Continued on page 62)


I CAN'T ROLL ANYTHING BUT STRIKES SINCE I'VE BEEN DRINKING Hemo!
it's got to be good
TOTAL
AVERAGE

Hemo...grand and glorious way to drink your Vitamins and like 'em!



JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!
PLUS
Significant quantity of Niacin.

"IF I HAD one wish," dreamed Elsie, "I'd wish I could put up a HEMO fountain alongside of every water fountain in town!"

"Why don't you include the *whole* country, while you're at it?" asked Elmer sarcastically.

"That *would* be perfect, dear!" Elsie's eyes lit up at the suggestion. "You know, our government nutrition authorities say that 3 out of 4 Americans may not get enough vitamins with their meals!"

"Don't talk of food!" groaned Elmer. "I want to go home and EAT!"

"Just a minute, dear!" smiled Elsie. "I want to tell *everybody* that just one glass of HEMO (mixed in milk) supplies half your daily needs of Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, (G), D, and Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus. Plus a significant quantity of Niacin...We purposely omitted Vitamin C from HEMO—you can get it easily if you drink fruit and tomato juices."

"Now, LOOK!" wheedled Elmer, "can't that wait until after supper?"

"Speaking of supper," beamed Elsie, "HEMO is wonderful with supper, or lunch! Grand with snacks, too!"

"Darling! I'm saying *PLEASE* can't we go home and eat?" begged Elmer.

"Why, certainly, dear!" agreed Elsie. "Just as soon as I remind folks that HEMO costs only 2½¢ a serving. You can get a full-pound jar—enough for 24 delicious drinks—at any drug or grocery store for 59¢...And when you lunch at fountains, you can have HEMO made up in any flavor you prefer! And—What *are* you waiting for, Elmer? Let's get home to supper!"

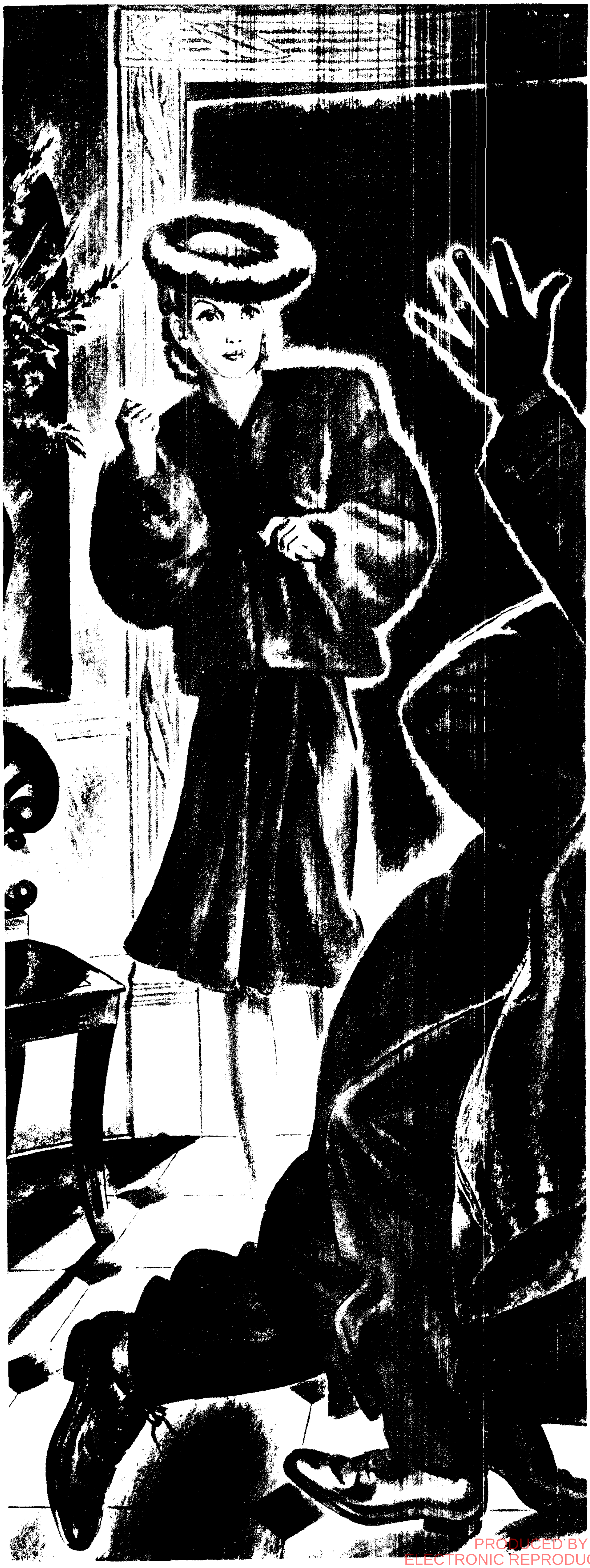
© Borden Co.

Borden's

Hemo

Borden's
Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!



Something moved toward me in the darkness. I reached out. I got my hands on an overcoat. It was a very live overcoat—with a man inside

SOUND OF REVELRY

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

IN LOVE with each other, Steve Harrison (the narrator) and Judy Morgan teach dancing at the Don Rinaldo Studios, in New York City. One evening, while resting after giving some lessons in a Fifth Avenue penthouse apartment, they step out on the terrace.

Babs Willard—who has hopes of taking Steve away from Judy—follows them. The terrace is dark—Judy and Steve hide in the shadows. While they look on, Babs goes to the railing of the terrace, stares at a near-by apartment, which is occupied by Jonathan Tate, one of Judy's pupils. Suddenly they hear a shot; it appears to come from one of Tate's rooms.

A few seconds later, a man in dinner clothes comes out on Tate's terrace, and a woman—a beautiful blonde whom the man addresses as "Claire"—joins him. Seeing Babs, they tell her that a gun had gone off accidentally.

The man and the woman re-enter Tate's apartment, and Babs makes a pass at Steve, kisses him. Judy, incensed when she learns of the kiss, goes home—alone. Then the party breaks up and Babs insists that Steve let her drive him home in her car. But they do not reach Steve's place. While driving up Fifth Avenue, Babs is murdered, shot to death by someone in another car.

Lieutenant Max Gold, Andy Sullivan and George Ballard, of the homicide squad, question Steve. When they have heard his story, they inform him that the shot he and Judy and Babs heard had killed Jonathan Tate! . . . Tate's will is read. In it, he bequeaths everything he owns (including the "Torrid Zone," a night club) to Judy!

Judy takes possession of the club. Late one evening, Steve is looking over the patrons when he sees the blonde who had been in Tate's apartment, when he had been killed. He points the woman out to Judy. Judy astounds him by insisting that the blonde is not the one they had seen!

Certain that Judy is lying, that she is hiding something, Steve sends for Max Gold. Accompanied by George Ballard, Gold meets him in a restaurant. Steve tells them about the blonde. They listen and evince little interest. They refuse to interrogate the woman. They refuse to do anything!

Completely mystified, Steve leaves the restaurant. *"I'm going to meet that blonde," he promises himself. "And I'm going to meet her soon."*

IV

DURING the next few days, things happened. Things that weren't as upsetting as murder, but still meant something.

Judy and I were not getting along very well. We were being polite to each other, and that's bad for lovers.

I was sore because she wouldn't trust me. She was holding out, and I knew it. I was angry because I was afraid something might happen to her. Maybe if she had told me the whole story I still wouldn't have been able to help, but it would have been nice trying. As it was, I was going in all directions at once and it made me feel foolish. I didn't tell Judy that. It would have been too much like handing her the right answer.

She was mad because she figured I wasn't being reasonable. Whatever her reasons were, she probably thought they were pretty good reasons. She wasn't afraid for herself, so why should I worry? I figured that somebody had buttered her up, made her think that nothing could happen to her. Well, I believed different. I figured that if there was only one chance in a hundred of anything happening to Judy I didn't want to take that chance.

So we were polite. "Good morning, Judy" . . . "Good morning, Steve" . . . "Shall we run through that new routine?" . . . "Why certainly, if that's what you want . . ." It was the sort of stuff that could strangle the best of romances, and it certainly wasn't doing ours any good.

Neither was Gregg Martin.

The first time I noticed Martin, Judy was sitting at his table between shows. She seemed to be enjoying it, and I tried to make myself believe that she was putting on an act for my benefit. But I didn't do a very good selling job. I couldn't quite concede that Judy was that good an actress.

I didn't know anything about this Gregg Martin. I didn't even know his name then. But I was honest enough to admit that if I were a girl and I had a choice between Martin and me, I'd pick Martin. He looked like something out of a romantic movie, only more so.

He was tall and neatly put together. The way he walked and danced, the easy set of his broad shoulders, the clear, straight look of his gray eyes . . . you knew he could handle himself in any company. He had light brown hair and I pegged him as about my age.

I did a lot of wondering about Gregg Martin. I wondered why he wasn't in uniform. Later I found out he was doing something more valuable than wearing shoulder bars. He was a research chemist, working on government stuff. He was chock-full of education. My two years at N.Y.U. didn't look any bigger than the little red schoolhouse.

Maybe, under other circumstances, I could have liked the guy. I wouldn't be knowing for sure. But with Judy seeming to go for him, I couldn't join the cheering section.

When this mutual-rapture stuff happened the second night in a row, I had to find out something. There was a waiter named Paul who clicked with me. He wasn't the best waiter in the place, but he was a smart lad and I liked him. Maybe it wasn't cricket to turn to a waiter for information, but I never was keen about cricket. I put it to Paul straight. I said, "Look, I'm jealous. I'd like to find out something about this handsome brute Miss Morgan is sitting with."

Paul knew how it was with Judy and me. The whole club knew it. I wasn't telling him anything except that I was jealous, and that wouldn't have been hard to guess. I knew that Paul could find out things, and he did. He gave me the original dope on Gregg Martin—including his name—and later supplied me with other information, all of which made me feel unhappy. He picked it up by listening in, and by getting other waiters to listen in. He said he hadn't mentioned that I was the person interested, and I believed him. That's how I knew about the college degrees, the European background and the way Martin had met her.

It had been very simple. He had sent his card back with a little note. I don't know what was in the note, but I could guess. It's practically a formula in the better night clubs. You want to meet a girl, you write a gentlemanly letter. You invite her to join you for a drink. You're very careful to give the impression that you're not a wolf. And in nineteen cases out of twenty, the girl will join you. Then if you shape up wrong she simply says thanks and drops you. Gregg Martin obviously shaped up all right.

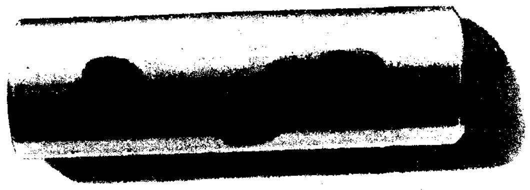
(Continued on page 56)

The hand with a telltale touch

THOSE SKILLED, SENSITIVE fingers belong to one of Packard's finest precision craftsmen.

Just the man, you'd think, for the most exacting work—like finishing the microscopically-accurate wrist pins for Packard-built Rolls-Royce aircraft engines and PT boat motors.

You'd be right, except for one thing. This man's perspiration happens to be slightly acid. Even a fingerprint from his touch is enough to ruin a wrist pin.



Engine wrist pin—ruined by an acid touch

For these vital engine parts are polished to such incredible smoothness that the slightest touch of acid will spoil their mirror-like finish. Sooner or later, that blemished part will fail.

This is only one example of the unbelievable care that governs every step in making these magnificent engines. From beginning to end, they are machined, inspected and assembled like the finest watches—yet today, Packard is turning them out in *mass-production quantities, by mass-production methods!*

To the men who fight for freedom *in the air*, Packard's output of Rolls-Royce engines means better planes . . . *more* planes. For this versatile engine powers not only Warhawk and Hurricane fighters, but multi-engined Lancaster and Mosquito bombers.

To the men who fight for freedom *on the seas*, the output of Packard marine engines built with the same precision care means more PT boats—more "mighty midgets" to send more enemy tonnage to the bottom.

And to you, this Packard combination of superb craftsmanship with mass production, solidly founded on precision-trained manpower and supervisory personnel, means finer, better Packard cars when this war is over.

Ask The Man Who Owns One

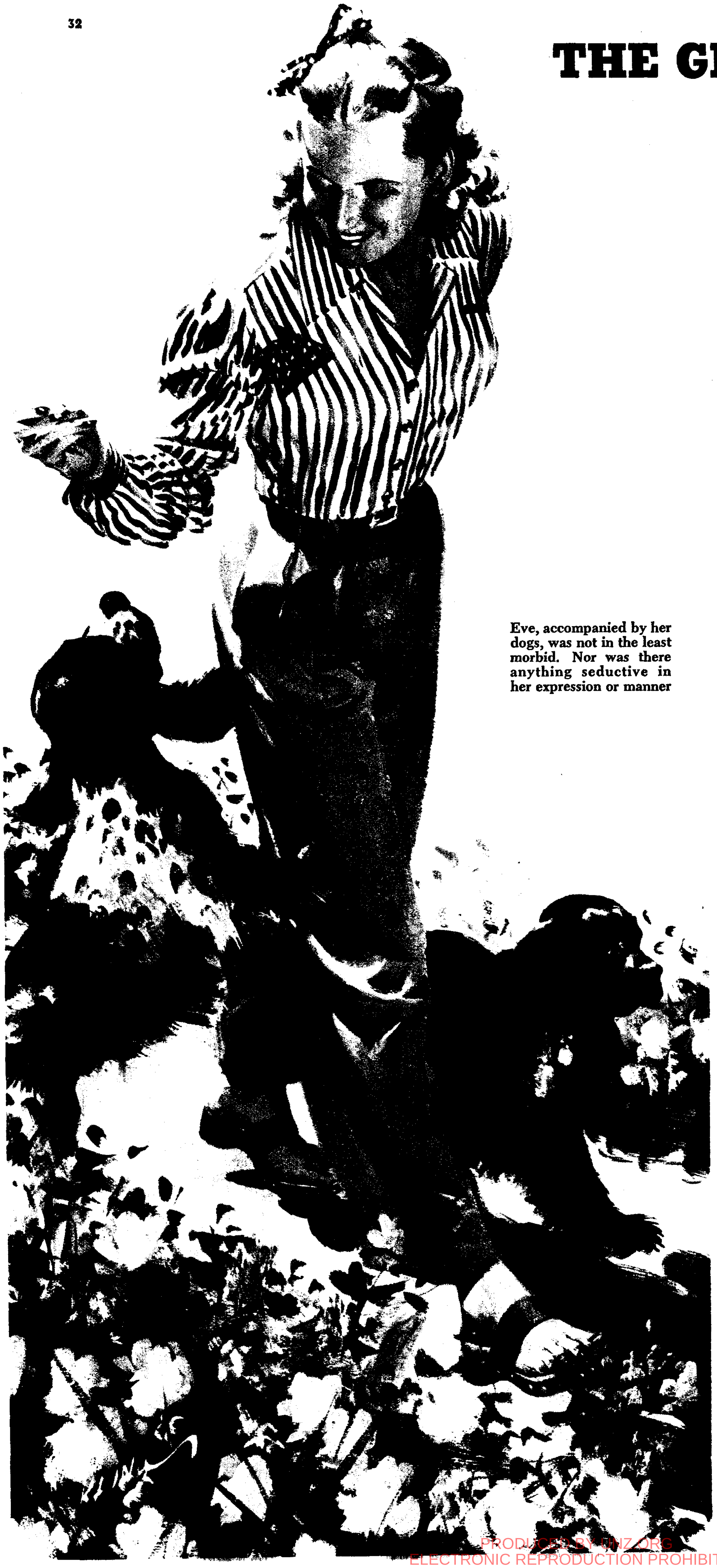
. . . keep your car up to par

See your Packard dealer for a "car health" check-up. He has an ample supply of spare parts and skilled mechanics, proud of their ODT badges.

For qualified buyers, under OPA's recent liberalized rules, brand-new 1942 Packard Clippers are still available—also fine used cars not subject to sales restrictions.

PACKARD

Precision-Built Power



THE GIRL LEFT BEHIND

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Eve, accompanied by her dogs, was not in the least morbid. Nor was there anything seductive in her expression or manner

The Story Thus Far:

OBEDIENT to orders received in New York City, "Kip" Galloway, an American flier, goes to England. He is engaged, on the verge of marrying. But he promises a superior officer to wait, postpone the wedding, until his return to this country.

His fiancée—Pamela ("Pam") Neill—works as women's and girls' personnel director in an airplane plant. Kip's cousin, Alec Fraser (who is secretly in love with Pam) is one of the big men in the plant. . . . Another man who is strongly attracted to Pam is an important governmental official: Jerome Hayes, co-ordinator of airplane production. His wife—Julia—is suspicious, jealous. . . .

Together, in New York, the Hayeses give a dinner party. Pam is one of the guests. In the course of the dinner, a Miss Denham—an Englishwoman who has just come over—suggests that Pam go to England and learn by personal observation how the women there are carrying on in the great war plants. Pam does not wish to go; and Alec Fraser is strongly opposed to her going. But when Hayes insists that she act on the idea and makes the necessary arrangements, she goes—on a clipper.

In bomb-torn London, she finds an invitation from one of Kip's friends—Eve Kennedy—awaiting her. Eve Kennedy, a wealthy widow, is well-known in America where she has appeared as an entertainer in various night clubs. The invitation is to spend an afternoon at her place in Kent.

Pam and Kip have a joyous reunion. Then they go down together to Eve's home—an impressive country house, where she lives with her father. There Pam meets Eve, her father and various distinguished guests. And there—observing Kip and Eve closely—she suddenly realizes that she may have a rival in the Englishwoman; a far more dangerous rival than Jinx Buchanan, an American girl who, in love with Kip before his engagement to Pam, is still in love with him.

But Kip reassures her. While they are alone in one of the gardens, Pam remarks that she likes Eve. Kip is irritated. "Let's forget about her," he says harshly.

And in that moment Pam sees quite clearly that—*forgetting Eve Kennedy,* the rich and fascinating widow—is what Kip is trying to do!

VI

THERE were long hours without sleep for Pamela that night, when she felt that she had done utterly wrong to come to this house. She should have followed her instinct of resistance and made Kip stay in London with her. This place was abnormal, and the mood of Eve Kennedy, whether she was hostess or rival, subtly cruel. When Pam and Kip had gone back to the house after that baffling hour in the rose garden and joined the others in the beautiful, shabby library, where fitted wooden shutters held in the dim light of lamps and fire, Pam had felt that she was in a kind of prison.

They had listened to the late news and failed to get a transatlantic broadcast. There were decanters and a siphon on one tray and a little pot of cocoa, regarded as an enormous treat, on another.

To Pamela the enemy seemed within, in this dim old room which was used to generations that warred and loved and died. This was no place for her, for Kip. They belonged to something more simple, more clarified, more modern. Yet as she had looked at him, he seemed older and stronger than she had ever seen him before.

She was no longer sure, lying there in the bedroom full of its accumulation of old possessions, that she could make Kip happy. Always before she had thought that when they were married and had a home of their own, he would come into a series of satisfactions, and a steady happiness that would develop him into the man he was meant to be. She wasn't so sure about that man tonight. Not quite so sure.

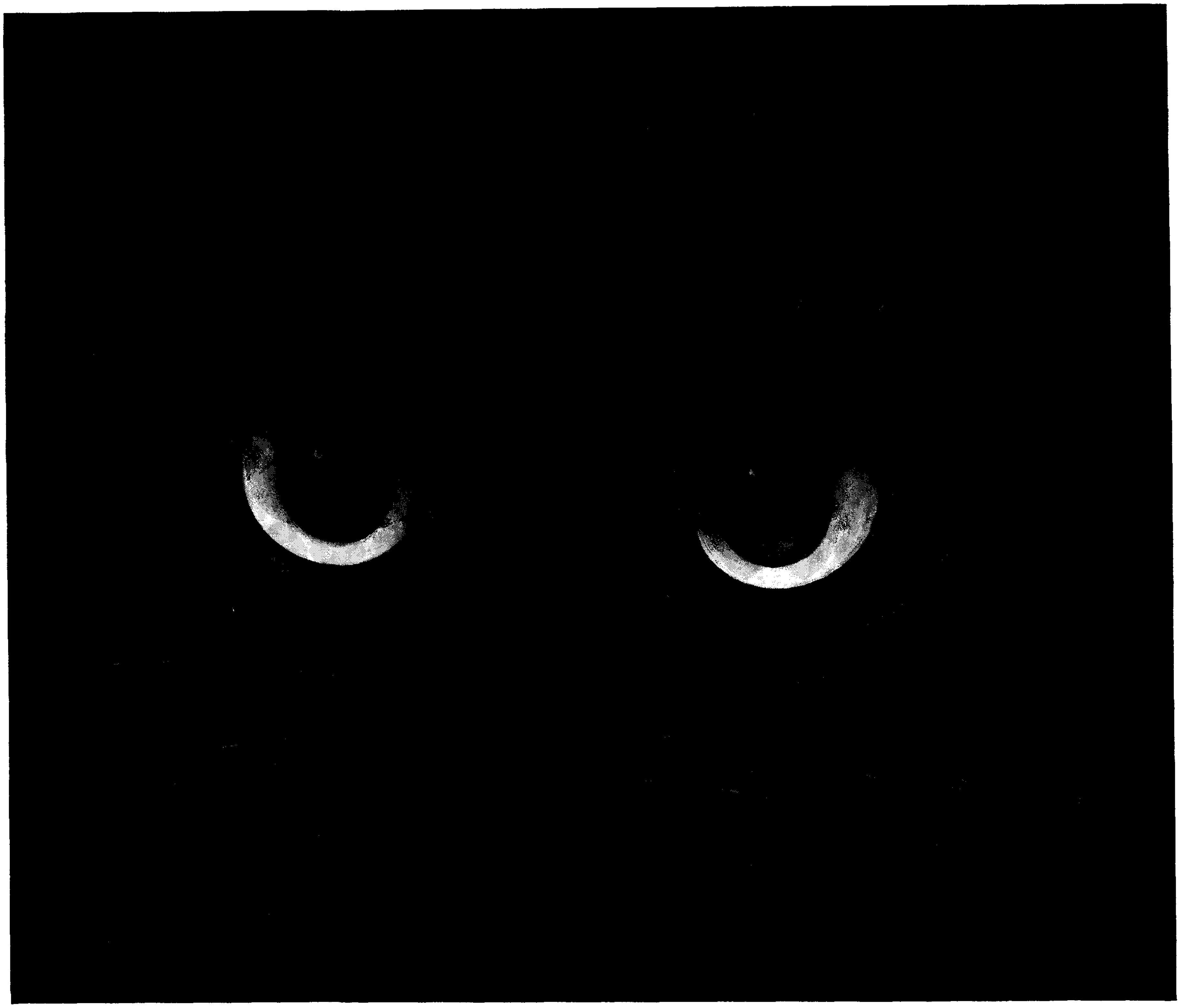
Planes drummed again through the sky, going to or coming from death and destruction. Pamela thought, when a man undertakes such adventures, when they are his job today or tomorrow, when he sees what he must see, how remote the ordinary pattern of living must be. Kip lives in a different world now. He comes out of it, back to me. Why can't I give him the hours, the days, generously? Why can't I share them if I have to? Perhaps I should not go back to the United States if I can manage to stay. I could find a room near here and let him come back to me when he could. He might like that.

It would be cheating on her work. That wasn't what they had sent her over here to do. But work seemed so remote tonight. A little job that someone else could do, that was all it was. That was all that Eve Kennedy would think of it certainly. The important thing was to do all you could to sustain the fighters.

Does Kip still love me, she asked herself, or is it Eve Kennedy he wants? Is she just another one of the girls who are always attracting him and always will attract him because he's interested in women? I knew that when we decided to be married. I wasn't in the least bothered. I was sure that I could mean more to him than anyone else. It's still true. We shouldn't have come down here, and it would have been as true as it ever was.

She's rather morbid. She's not the right person for him. Is that true or am I just jealous? Her thoughts ran on in an unorganized pursuit of some peace she must find before she could sleep. And all the time she was listening. For steps, for sounds she would recognize when she heard them if only for the first time. But all she heard were the creaks and groans of the old house, restless like all old houses in the thick dark and the wind that was rising.

The people who slept under this roof didn't believe in the things she believed in. They were the kind of persons *(Continued on page 50)*



Equipment for Combat

To see in the dark and to see at a greater distance...to push back the clouds and fogs of ignorance has been since the beginning of time one of man's greatest aspirations.

Spurred by war, the scientific laboratories of the nation are making tremendous strides toward meeting this aspiration.

In every branch of the services our fighting men are now armed with electrical devices which enable them to pierce the black of night, the depths of the ocean and the clouded skies. Already much of our success over our enemies on land, sea and in the air has been achieved through the use of these "electrical cats."

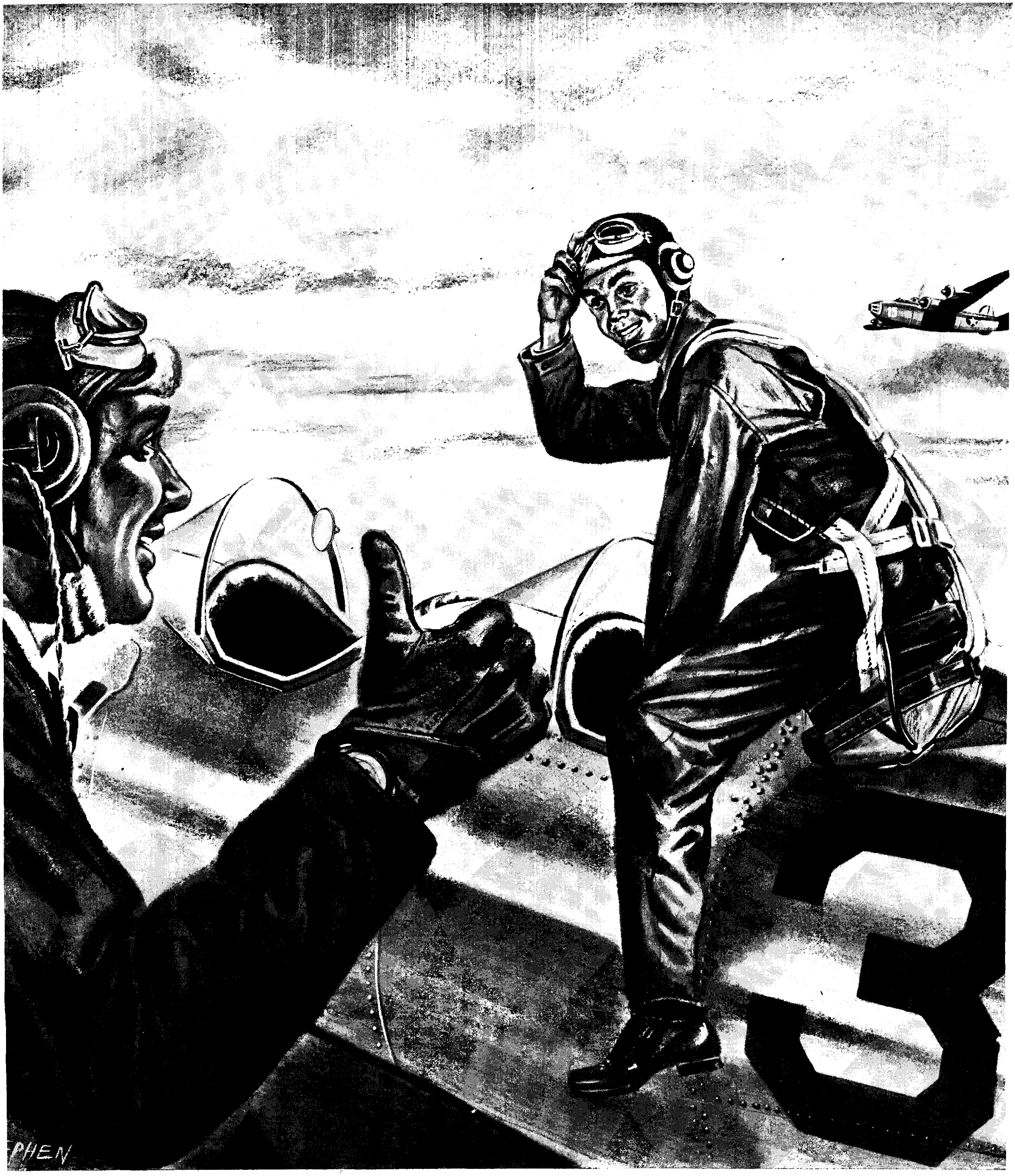
The peacetime possibilities of these devices which pierce the darkness are limitless.

In the very forefront in the design and manufacture of these developments stand Western Electric and its engineering organization, the Bell Telephone Laboratories.

Western Electric

IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.

ARMY E NAVY



CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

TO A BOY WHO IS LEARNING TO FLY

Congratulations, Jimmy, on your first solo flight!

As we watched you roar down the strip and climb confidently into the sky, we knew we were seeing an airman born.

Now, because you have known the glory and freedom of flight, and have reached out toward the sky's limitless horizons, the earth will never again seem to you as it was.

You are more than just a boy winning his wings, Jimmy. You are carrying us to a better future – just as surely as our forefathers in their covered wagons. You are a symbol of a fighting nation on wings, a living promise of a new and better world to come.

We do not know exactly what that world will be like, even though we see it beginning to take form and shape. But we do know that you and your plans are part of the pattern of Victory, and of the Peace we must secure.

We are learning, along with you, what it means to wage a global war in this Air Age. And we are trying to learn, this time, how we can *nail down* the things we are fighting for, because we came too close to losing them forever.

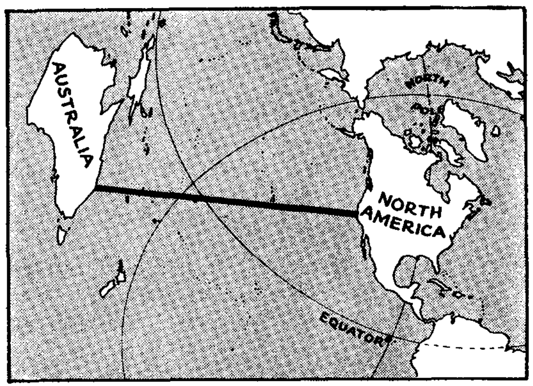
Soon, when you have completed your training, you will go forth to add to America's might in the sky over Africa, Italy, Nazi-occupied Europe, India, China, the Aleutians, or the Solomons.

When the war is over and you come back again, Jimmy, don't let us ever forget that the far-off places you've been are no longer distant. Don't let anyone, ever again, sell us the idea that a nation halfway around the globe is too far away to be feared – or that aggression against a helpless nation thousands of miles from our shores is no concern of ours.

The world today has shrunk into one small global community, because of the plane. Today, and from this day on, *no spot on the globe is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport.* Every nation on the map is now, and will henceforth be, a close friend of ours or a close enemy. Because of you, there will be no such things as barriers and protective walls – neither oceans, mountains, nor time itself.

So, to you, Jimmy, we say: "Good luck – and safe landings, until you come back again!"

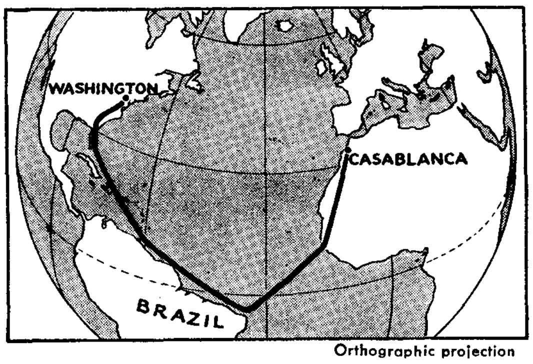
In the meantime, the tens of thousands of us who make up the U.S. aircraft industry will continue to see to it that the planes you get to fly are the *finest* planes that human ingenuity and effort can speed to completion. This is our promise to you – the best way we know to show our determination that you *shall* come back again!



Azimuthal equidistant projection—centered on San Francisco

The critical supply line *to Australia is a ship voyage requiring about 3 weeks. Today, Liberator Express transport planes fly regularly to Australia, ferrying military personnel and equipment over the 7900-mile airline route in less than 40 hours*

On an April morning *in 1865, President Lincoln boarded a boat at the Washington wharf and steamed down the Potomac to visit General Ulysses S. Grant's Union Army in the field, a short distance from Washington. He returned to the Capitol 18 days later.*



Orthographic projection

In approximately the *same length of time, in January, 1943, President Roosevelt traveled from Washington to Casablanca, North Africa, to confer with British Premier Winston Churchill. Most of the 16,000-mile round trip was made by plane. The longest leg of the journey, the 2,400-mile hop from Brazil to Africa, was merely an overnight flight.*

• • •

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE
AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

San Diego, Cal. • Vultee Field, Cal. • Fort Worth, Texas
New Orleans, La. • Nashville, Tenn. • Wayne, Mich.
Allentown, Pa. • Tucson, Ariz. • Elizabeth City, N. C.
Louisville, Ky. • Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

What is believed to have been the longest round-trip bombing raid in history was made by a large formation of Liberator bombers. Starting point: "Shangri-la." Target: Wake Island, 1100 miles away. Every plane returned safely to its base.

• • •

In addition to the 4-engine Liberator, Consolidated Vultee also builds the Catalina Navy patrol bomber, the Coronado Navy patrol bomber, and the Liberator Express, giant transport version of the Liberator bomber.

• • •

On March 17th, two of the country's largest aircraft companies – Consolidated and Vultee – merged.

Said Tom M. Girdler, chairman of the board: "Winning the war calls for maximum aircraft production. Merger of these two companies – which together cover the entire range, from basic trainers and 'Flying Jeeps' to the largest bombers and transport planes – will permit use of the combined plants and personnel for all-out production of military planes."

• • •

The Liberator bomber in which Winston Churchill flew to the Casablanca conference was the same Liberator, manned by the same crew, which flew the Prime Minister to Moscow last August.

Later, in this same plane, British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden flew to the U.S. and back. This Liberator has flown over 200,000 miles in 29 countries, is now flying on its fourth set of engines.

• • •

In its huge New Orleans plant, Consolidated Vultee is now swinging into production on the new twin-motored Corregidor Navy patrol bomber, which has been described as "the world's fastest flying boat."

• • •

The Consolidated Vultee Liberator bomber has the greatest speed, bomb capacity, and range of any American 4-engine bomber now in action against the enemy. It has a range of 4000 miles and has carried out bombing missions at a ceiling of 35,000 feet.

• • •

Because teamwork will win the war faster, Ford, Douglas, and North American are also building the Consolidated-designed Liberator bomber. The Consolidated-designed Catalina patrol bomber is also being built in the United States by the Naval Aircraft factory at Philadelphia and in Canada by the Canadian Vickers, Ltd., and Boeing.

LIBERATOR (4-engine bomber)—CORONADO, CATALINA, and CORREGIDOR (patrol bombers)—LIBERATOR EXPRESS (4-engine transport) VALIANT (basic trainer) — VENGEANCE (dive bomber) — SENTINEL ("Flying Jeep") — RELIANT (navigational trainer)

On Land, Sea, and in the Air
WHEREVER WHEELS TURN OR PROPELLERS SPIN
Delco-Remy

Delco-Remy
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT AND DELCO BATTERIES
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS
Automotive
★ Aircraft ★
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INVEST IN AMERICA BUY WAR BONDS

Tryout for Love

Continued from page 13

dollars. The actors get hardly anything out of it. We haven't much scenery. The plays run two or three nights. If they're good."

She said breathlessly, "You said a hundred dollars?"

Beano stared into the muddy depth of his coffee. He knew what was coming next. He hated what was coming next. "That's right. A hundred bucks."

"But I haven't that much!"

"Okay," Beano said, "then I won't have to refuse it."

Finally Maria said, "I can wash dishes."

He did not get the connection. He shook his head, still determinedly not looking at her.

"There's a sign in your window," Maria insisted. "It says wanted, a dishwasher. I am a dishwasher."

That brought his head up. Their eyes met. She was perfectly serious. "I have a job downtown during the day. I am what they call a monitor of foreign-language broadcasts at a radio station. I listen in and translate what is said. But you would want the dishwashing at night. I could easily be here in the evenings." Maria paused. "How long would it require to earn a hundred dollars at dishwashing?"

Beano said, "But I've told you the play won't go."

"I know."

"And still you want the thing produced?"

She said, "Still I want to hear it and see it, and when I have heard it and seen it with other people it will be out of me. Perhaps—" her mouth trembled; it was the first show of emotion. "Perhaps then I will be able to forget it. You know—surely you know how that is?"

He swallowed. All the things he could say were useless. That was the devil of it: he knew. Something of her life, her experience, her development was in that play and until it was out in the daylight she thought she could not be free of it. His first play had been like that, too. His play had not been written for other people but for himself, but having it produced had helped him not at all.

He wanted to tell her this. Instead, he heard himself saying, "You serious about this dishwashing stuff?"

"Yes. Oh, yes."

"When could you start?"

"Now."

That was another thing about her: she did not talk too much. Beano Winthroph kicked a chair out of the way. "Okay, kid," Beano said, his voice noncommittal, "you got yourself a job."

She followed him silently to the kitchen and was introduced to Jake, who raised his eyebrows, and, looking very pleased, gave her an apron.

"I can't make any promises," Beano said. "We'll get around to your play as soon as we can. And you'll have to take the lead."

She was astounded. "I?"

"Nobody else'd play it," Beano said.

BEFORE midnight everyone knew that Beano Winthroph had solved his personal labor shortage in his own unique way. Trust good old Beano. People howled with glee.

Beano heard many quips on the subject; and he knew that the girl must hear the story also. But he was too busy; he did not care what she thought.

The sign above the door in red neon read:

GENIUS, LTD.
Eats Plays
Fill yourself while you hear yourself
Laughs

This last was Beano's forte. He did a comedy routine after ten every evening, never the same thing twice, always improvisations based on whatever happened to be the accidents or incongruities of that particular occasion. People came night after night and, no matter how bad the food or how poor the plays, people went away feeling fine because of Beano.

But the play that night had been exceptionally rotten, and Beano was sick of everything, especially of laughter.

He excused himself politely and made for the kitchen. There he saw the girl, sleeves rolled up, still bent over the sink. He did not see Jake.

"What gives?" Beano inquired.

Grace in every move, she turned around to face him. Wisps of hair had come loose and her blouse was open at the throat and the mouth was lovelier than he remembered. "Jake went home," Maria said. "I told him I'd finish. He—Mr. Winthroph, he has a wife in the hospital and he wanted so much to see her and I hope you won't mind."

Beano shrugged. "Go home yourself. It's after midnight. Jake can finish this up tomorrow." He had not known about Jake's wife. Nobody told him things like that.

Reluctantly she untied her apron. She rolled down her sleeves and pushed back her hair, and in the heavy heat of the kitchen Beano thought of a breezy mountaintop and that that was where this girl ought to be.

Nevertheless, his voice sounded rough: "Be here at five tomorrow. We'll start rehearsals of your play."

She showed no elation, but looked at him gravely. "You are very nice," Maria said.

"I told you. It's business."

THE rehearsals went easily. The play called for three actors besides Maria, men to play middle-aged Nazis subduing a Polish town, and Beano had plenty of middle-aged actors hanging around, so casting was not a problem. The scenery consisted of some chairs and a rough wooden table.

"You acted before?"

Maria looked up from the script. "Yes," she admitted.

"You're doing good," Beano said.

She was not flattered. She told him nothing about herself. She was sedate and willing and quick; she answered questions when asked and her gentleness made her a friend to everyone. But she was entirely unaggressive. That was something new for Beano; all the people he knew were demanding people, especially the girls, always on the lookout for number one, a nice clan of self-promoters.

But Maria had been through a great deal, Beano guessed, and desire had been wrung out of her. She had no emotion left.

They set the opening night for her play two weeks away. Meanwhile, Maria came each night and after the half-hour of rehearsal worked with Jake in the kitchen.

Beano worried about her. He wondered if she got enough to eat. Not kindly, he made comment about her strong resemblance to a string bean. Maria merely regarded him soberly. But little improvements began to show. She appeared in a green dress with fullness at the right places. The hair was shortened and waved and tiny golden glints were in it under a certain light. Beano cursed roundly for half an hour trying to get the light onstage just right for her.

"You know what, Beano?"

"What?" His mind was elsewhere.

"That kid's a beauty."

Beano snapped his head up and stared incredulously at the actor. "Maria? You're crazy."

"Look at her," the actor said.

Beano didn't; he knew already; he wasn't going to think about it either. It was going to be all right. He had everything under control. As long as Maria was unaware of him he could pretend to be unaware of Maria.

SATURDAY nights were always good nights, so that Beano was in his stuffy little office straightening out the accounts long after everyone else had gone and the café was quiet like the inside of a drum. Beano heard someone banging on the front door. Grumbling, he went to open up.

Maria stood there in the early dawn light, hugging a bakery box to her. She smiled, this time with her eyes, as well as her lips. "Happy birthday," she said. "I found an all-night bakery open," she went on, a little breathlessly. "But they only had a child's cake left. I—" She floundered. She said, "Please, I hope you won't be angry."

"Why should I be angry?" Beano managed out of his amazement.

She shrugged and smiled again and then folded back the lid, disclosing a white cake with rosebuds and a single pink candle in the middle. "You hate sentimental things."

He had no answer for that. His whole attention was on the cake. "I guess I ought to light the candle and make a wish," Beano said awkwardly.

"Oh, yes."

Beano fumbled around in his pocket for a match. "How did you—?"

Maria said, "Jake knew."

He found the packet of matches. He struck two or three and none of them caught; his hand trembled and he was ashamed of the trembling.

Maria said, "Let me."

So Beano held the cake and Maria lighted the candle, standing there in the doorway, together.

"Now you make a wish," Maria said.

He looked at her. He could not get done looking at her, in the candle glow. "Aloud?" Beano asked.

"To yourself." Maria tilted her head eagerly. "Don't you remember?"

Beano said: "I never had a birthday cake before."

Pinkness flooded her face. She said, "But you have a mother. You have—"

"My mother has eleven children besides me," Beano said. "I guess—I guess she'd get awfully mixed up if she tried to remember all the birthdays." He grinned.

Maria stood on tiptoe. "Wish," Maria urged, "wish before the candle burns down."

Closing his eyes he wished and then he made a great show of blowing out the single candle. To anyone else it would have seemed an extremely funny gesture.

Maria did not laugh. Beano put the cake down on a table inside the door and turning back toward her, he bent slightly and kissed the tip of her nose.

"I hope you get your wish."

"I have," Beano said. "That was it."

The longing was so clamorous in him that it woke an echo in Maria, too. Straining upward, she touched her mouth to his, and for the instant there was only that, only the two of them in the world, magic caught up in joy and forgetfulness. Beano steadied her with his arm and for a little she was against him, soft and clinging and everything that he had ever wanted, there in his arms.

Remembering, Beano pushed her gently away. Her crystal-clear eyes were startled. All the words he knew had taken flight.

"Happy birthday," she whispered again.

"You must not take that seriously."

"That?" The word held a faraway ring, a reluctant sadness. "Of course not."

"I'm a funny guy. Don't forget."

"Yes."

"Always reaching for a laugh." Beano spread his hands. "You know."

"Yes."

"Darn it," Beano said, "go away."

"I cannot," Maria whispered, "I cannot. You are so wrong. You are so afraid and there is nothing to be afraid of."

"I'm a big hunk of fat."

Tears came. Tears rolled down her cheeks. "There will be someone. You must know," Maria said. "There is someone for everyone."

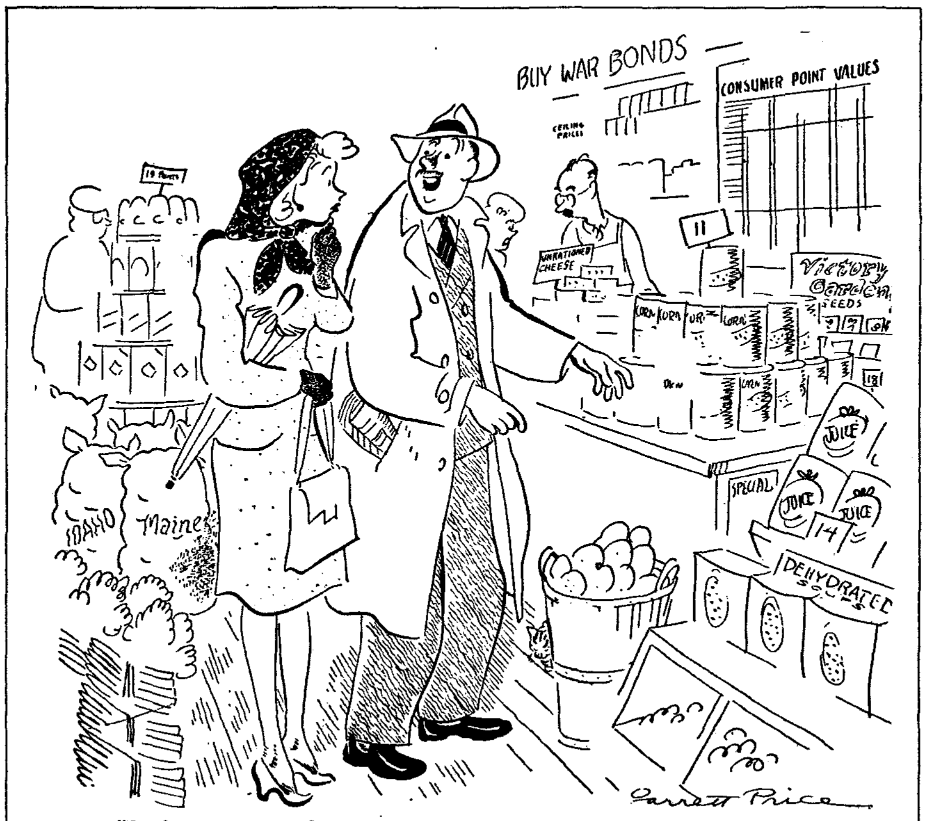
Beano said savagely, "Do you want me to slam this door in your face?"

"Yes!" She was frenzied. "Yes!"

So he slammed the door in her face....

NEXT evening when Beano saw Maria they were quite as withdrawn and controlled as they had always been before. Nothing was between them. He shut his mind against her. It was like that; it was as simple as that.

He had a feeling that everything he did was ridiculous, doubly ridiculous. He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IDAHO
Maine
Garrett Price

"Let's get a can of peas and a can of corn—we only live once!"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

Somebody Stole My Gal!
EVERY TIME I FALL FOR A GAL IT'S THE SAME THING! SOME OTHER GUY OUTMANEUVERS ME!
THAT'S TOUGH, SOLDIER — BUT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BY NOW THAT DAMES JUST CAN'T TAKE IT!
MEANING WHAT?
MEANING IT'S NO MILITARY SECRET THAT YOUR BREATH COULD STAND IMPROVEMENT! WHAT YOU WANT TO DO IS REPORT TO YOUR DENTIST — BUT QUICK!
TED REPORTS TO HIS DENTIST!
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LATER — THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STEAL YOUR GAL FOR A DANCE, TED?
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IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Take an empty tube with you when you buy.

tried to occupy himself with other girls; they made him a little sick. One whole day he stayed home and tried to sleep, but sleeping was not the answer. Nothing was the answer. He could not escape the way he felt about Maria.

She must not know; that was his one concern. He could not bear the thought of her laughter. Unconsciously he took refuge in Jake. He could talk to Jake about Maria before she arrived in the evenings.

"You sure she gets enough to eat, Jake?"

The cook ladled bean soup into a small thick bowl for tasting. "Sure," Jake nodded. "I'm smart. I'm always coaxing things into her." He leveled expressionless eyes upon Beano. "Why?"

Beano went brick-red.

"She's a nice kid."

"Yes."

There was a pause.

Beano said, "How's your wife?"

Grinning, Jake said, "Took her home last night. Yep! Home," Jake said. He reached for the salt box. "The two things a man can depend on is his taste and his wife. And come to think of it, maybe they're the same." He dumped the salt into the bean soup and stirred vigorously. "She sure liked those roses."

"Roses? What roses?"

"Go on!" Jake growled, "don't look so innocent."

That was the night of her play. Beano Winthroph got a sinking sensation every time he considered that this night was probably the last time he would see Maria. And he did not even know all her name.

Slightly paler, but otherwise very calm and normal, Maria arrived. Beano avoided her; and then he realized that that was silly, and just before the curtain rose, he went back to her and wished her luck.

Maria smiled. "Mr. Winthroph, you are good," she said. "Thank you."

Lights dimmed and there was a single plump white candle on the table in the center of the stage. The play began. A fog of cigarette smoke hung everywhere. Talk continued and then gradually ceased.

It was not a new story, but Maria's words held the audience by their simple expression of despair. These Nazis were lonely and driven fairly mad by the hostility of the people of the small Polish town. They came to the girl's house for conversation—her husband had been shot as a hostage, and she was defenseless. Then the Nazis discovered that she was to have the dead man's child and they killed her. In a rage they took her out and shot her.

The girl was pleading now, pleading for the child. She did not cry; she spoke quietly saying, "A child is such a little thing. A child is tomorrow and surely you cannot hope to stop tomorrow."

REMEMBERING that soon there must be the sound of relentless machine-gun fire offstage, Beano started forward from the shadows in front of the stage to remind the props man about it.

At that very moment Maria, forgetting herself, leaned over the table, too close to the candle. The candle tipped; the flame caught at her dress. She wore a voluminous peasant skirt and the material flared wildly.

Her back was to the audience and partly turned upon the Nazis on the stage, so that no one quite understood what had occurred. She kept her head. She did not run. Perhaps she was too astonished. At any rate she stood perfectly still.

Beano swung himself upward over the four-foot edge of the stage. He was never clear afterward how he got to her. But he did get to her.

He yanked at the skirt with all his might and now everyone saw the danger and there were screams and general confusion. Beano concentrated, yanking again, and the skirt came away a flaming mass at his feet. Hiding her face in her hands Maria ran offstage.

There was a howl of amusement. It was incredible, but it was true: the audience laughed.

Beano tramped on the skirt, kicking out the flames. He fostered the laughter by looking even more stupid than he felt. His heart was in his mouth. He swallowed and after a moment, "Well," he drawled loudly, "I'll bet that's the first time a play ever burned itself out."

More laughter.

"I guess that's all for tonight. Curtain, boys. Let's have the curtain and some music.... Nobody's hurt."

BEANO made for the little dressing room. Maria was there wrapped in a quilted gown of some pink stuff that made roses in her cheeks.

She looked up and her eyes beseeched him. Beano understood. Several people were there exclaiming and talking and Jake had the first-aid kit.

"All right," Beano said, "all right." He could be abrupt when he wanted to be. "I'll handle this. Everybody back to work."

They melted away, and Beano and Maria were alone.

First Beano closed the door. He crossed to the dressing table and looked down at her hands. Maria was smearing ointment gingerly along her fingers.

"Is it bad?" Beano asked.

She drew a breath. "It's nothing, really. I—I should not have touched it at all."

He saw that she was shaken. Without words he took the tube and the tiny pat of gauze and began dabbing the inflamed places himself.

Valiantly Maria tried for control. But she was gone inside. She trembled violently, all of her, her lips and the hands he tried to steady. She put her head down on the dressing table and sobbed.

He was afraid to touch her and yet it was impossible not to make some gesture toward her. There was no one to see, there was no one to laugh; Beano touched her hair.

"It's all right, kid. It's perfectly all right."

She struggled. She said wildly, "You don't understand."

He had her braced against him and something of the shivering was stopped. She was like a child. He said, "I've known all along. I've known from the first day that you are the girl in the play. Only the Nazis did not kill you. But you wish they had."

Slowly her head came up. Her eyes were round and wide. "You thought—?"

The look in her eyes made him say, "I suppose the baby died."

Maria gulped. "But no! But no! That is my sister in the play. And it did not help— It did not help at all to have the whole thing played out again."

It required a little time for Beano to understand. Not married? Not emotionless? Beano stared, and for this situation he was inadequate. He was speechless, because suddenly things became possible; suddenly she was beautiful and he was nothing and he was in love.

She said, the words somewhat lost against him, "Mr. Winthroph, you have been so kind. I cannot tell you . . ."

"Cut that Mr. Winthroph stuff. I'm Beano."

The sobbing was past. She lifted her eyebrows. "I do not like Beano."

Hesitating, Beano said, "The real one's funnier."

"It would be real at least."

Taking courage, Beano said, "It's Jeremiah."

"Jeremy!" She smiled faintly.

So they were equal; it was quite simple. It was wonderful. For the first time in his life he was completely at ease.

He told her, without thinking, naturally,

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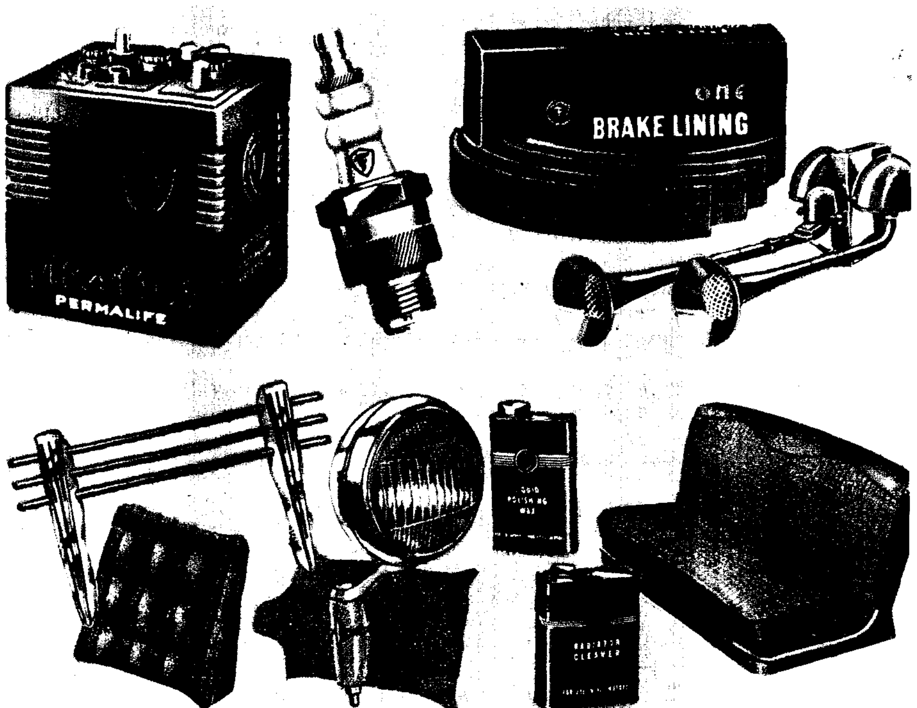

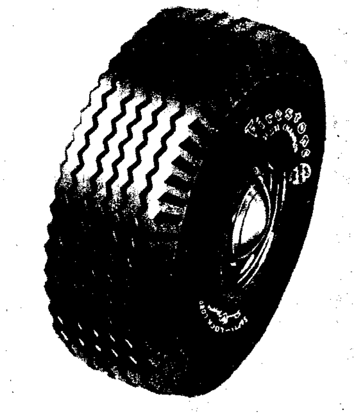

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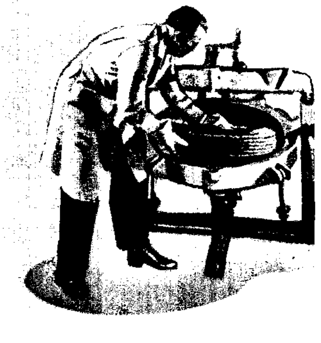

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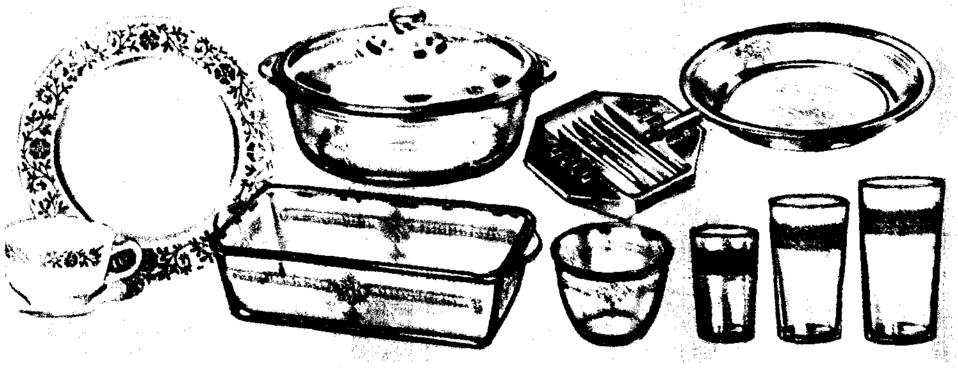

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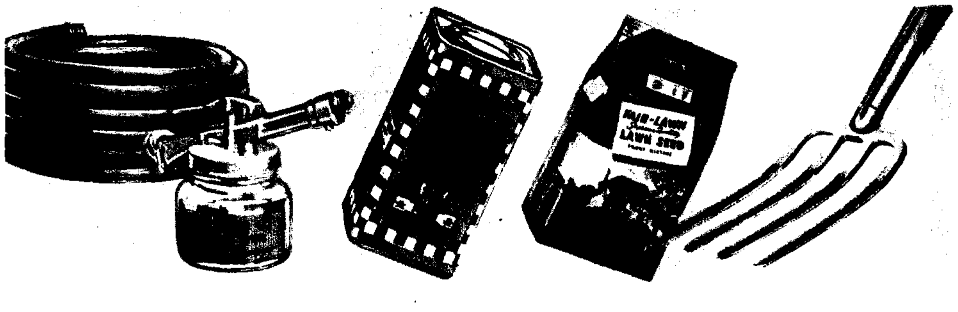

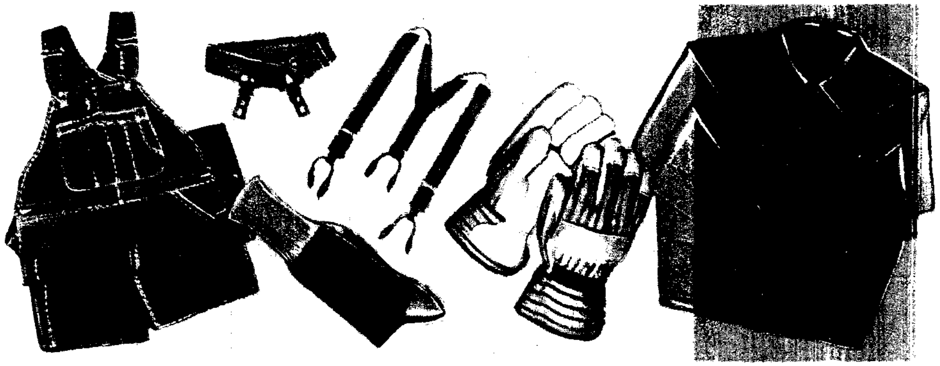

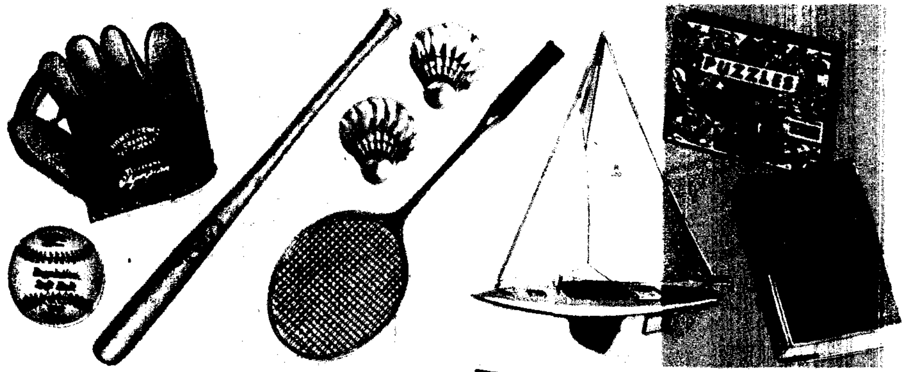

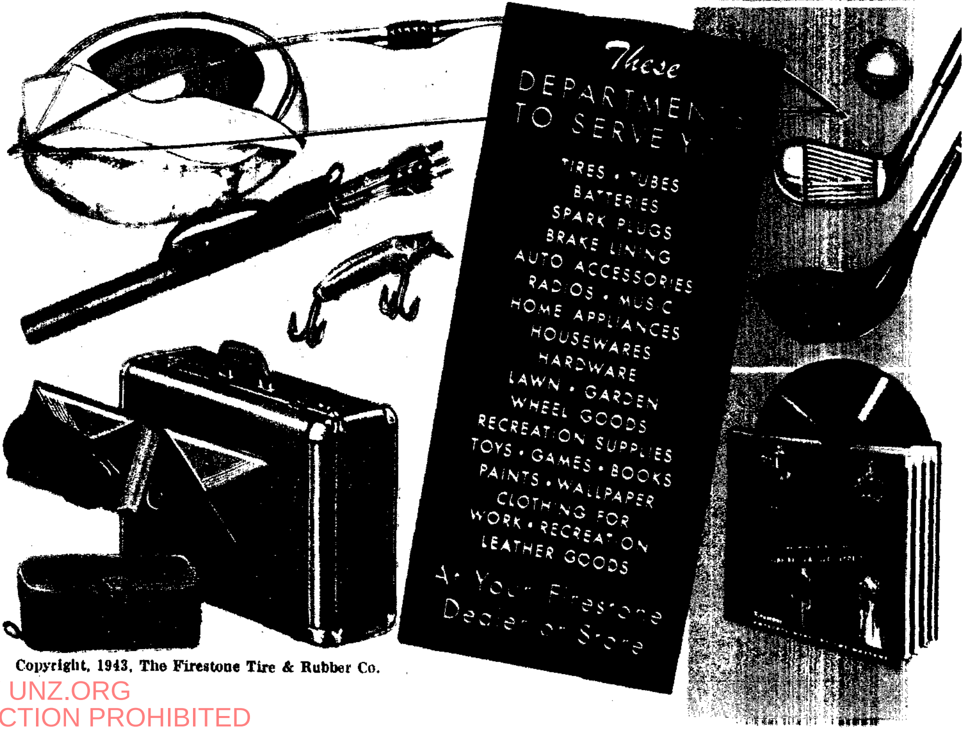

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Quality tobaccos... Multiple Blended make REGENT The milder, better-tasting cigarette!

giving her at once the smallest and largest gift he possessed, the sum total of his experience: "I wrote a play once myself. It did not help. I thought that if I told other people they would have the burden. It did not help. I could not escape myself."

Maria pressed her lips together. "And I cannot escape." He felt the shudder go through her. "I will have to live with myself."

He said, "It was called *Fat Boy.*"

He waited. He watched. Nothing changed in her face. The old familiar shame did not overwhelm him. The long, long minutes dragged.

"You never laugh at me."

"I'm sorry. I have heard your jokes before."

"All of 'em?"

"All of them," she repeated.

He wanted to ask her, then. He wanted to say, "I love you, I need you. Could you be the one for me?"

A knock came at the door.

They were startled, both of them. He stepped backward and when he could trust his voice Beano said, "Okay. Who is it?"

Without answer, the door opened. It was not an impolite gesture. It was merely that the man who entered appeared deeply in a hurry.

"I've to ask your pardon, Mr.—er—"

"Winthroph," Beano supplied.

The other nodded. "Yes, Mr. Winthroph. I've been here several times and I admire the way you handle things. Johnny-on-the-spot." The man was well-dressed in a blue suit and black derby. He had the appearance of authority. "I have to catch a plane in about three minutes or I'd like to go into things more thoroughly. Particularly about tonight. That was masterly thinking." He paused. He got his breath. "I'm representing USO camp shows."

Beano began to see light. "Gosh! You're the man who's been snooping around my kitchen."

"Well, yes." The other dug around in his pockets for papers. "You're exactly the kind of fellow we need. You get laughs. We want," the man said, "to sign you on for six months to head a troupe overseas, doing almost exactly what you do here."

Beano caught at the one tangible thing. "Six months!"

"Maybe longer. But right now speed is important."

IT WAS almost too much to believe. This was what Beano had wanted. It was first of all the girl and secondly a place to belong. He needed to belong. All his life he had been lonely, an outsider, and loneliness had made him afraid, and this girl was the first person to know his fear. The man, the stranger, stood there and took the fear forever away, saying: *You belong.* Beano knew. A man is not a man until he is wanted.

Almost to herself Maria said, "To the battlefront and to Europe. To Europe?" Maria asked aloud.

The man nodded absently. "As soon as it's safe for us. I'm Frank Blackton and these are the papers." He put the papers down on the dressing table. "My assistant will drop by tomorrow and pick them up. He'll give you instructions. There is only one other thing—" The man frowned. "You don't speak any foreign language, do you?"

Beano looked at the girl and this was not the time to ask her. He got confused and lost in her eyes and finally he said in a voice that was not altogether his own: "Maria speaks several languages."

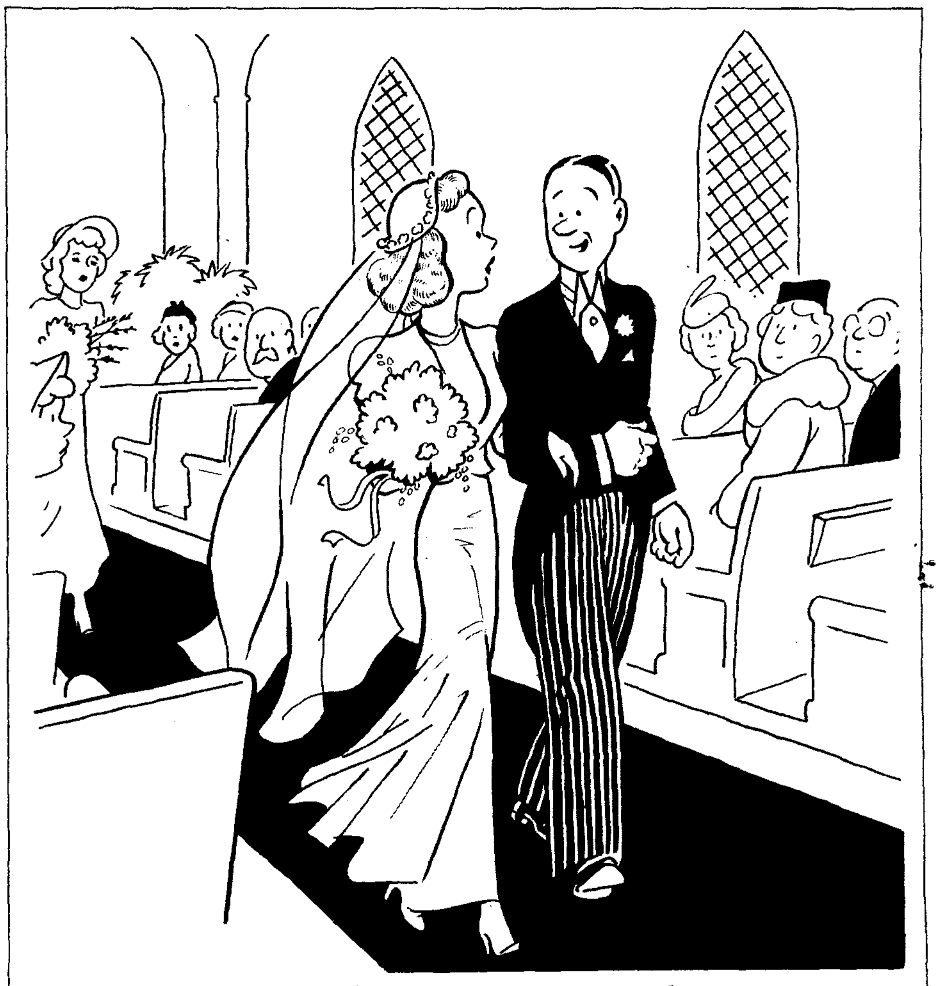
"Oh?" The man looked from one to the other. "I take it—?"

Beano's temper rose.

"Yeah—we'll be married. Just as soon," Beano said, "as you get out of here and I can ask her." He held himself straight, it was a new kind of dignity; it was a new confidence he had. He dared the man to laugh.

The man did not laugh. He regarded Beano intently, seemed completely satisfied, smiled tightly and with a great gentleness at Maria, and turning upon his heel left the room. The man in the black derby heard only the word *"Darling—"*

THE END


"Thank goodness—no more trips on those crowded busses out to your house and back!"

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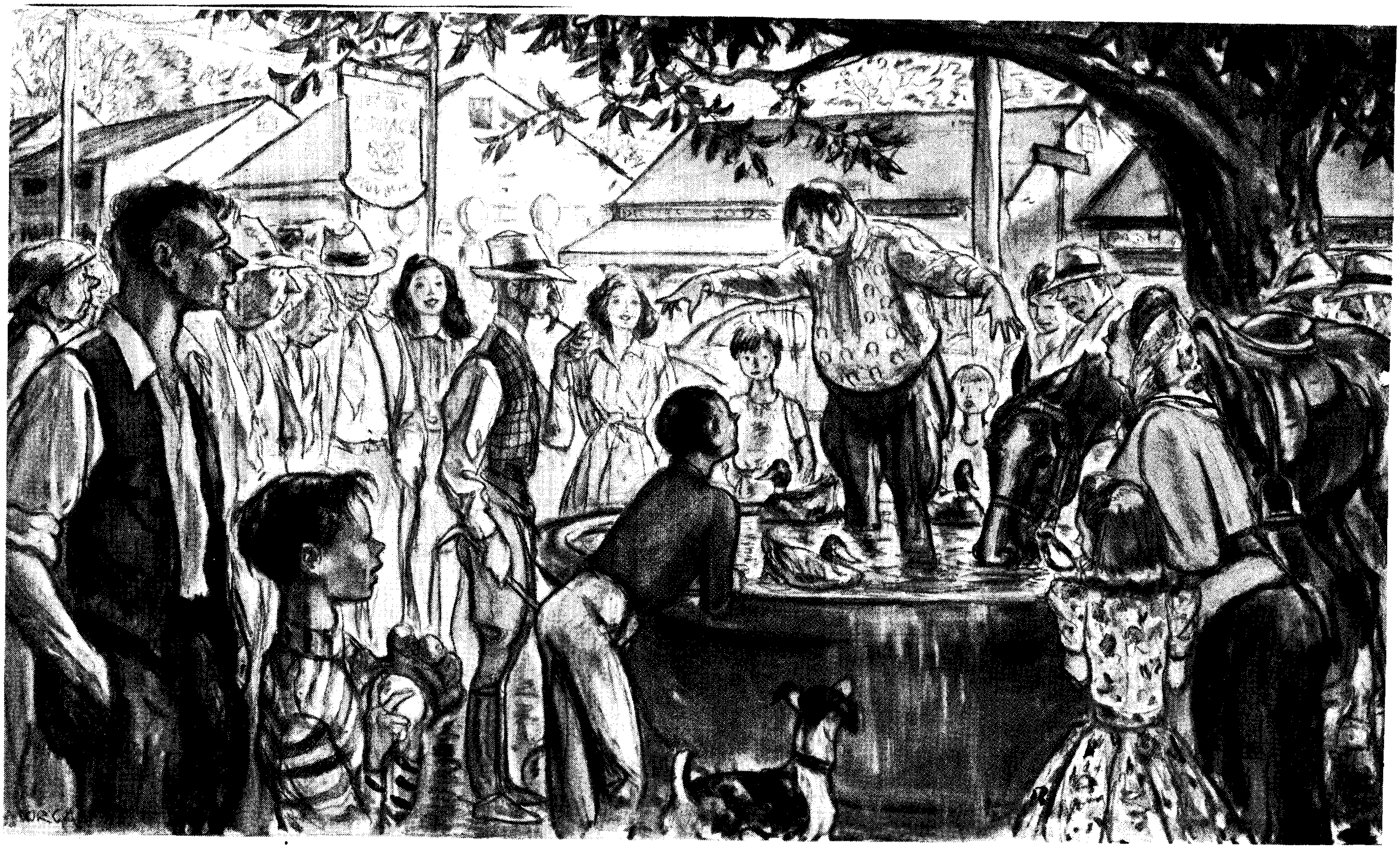

"Don't talk to me!" roared Mr. Reavis, pointing at Finis. "You know what you done. You cheated me"

NO HORSE IS A BARGAIN

By Walter D. Edmonds

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

About an old scalawag who was also a slick horse trader

FINIS WILSON turned into his stable yard and approached the open door. Inside the barn, he heard his helper, George, wrestling with a wheelbarrow. He did not enter the barn; he hadn't the heart to. Instead he sat down on an upturned wooden bucket and sucked dismally on a straw. Even his pale yellow mustache drooped with dejection.

The helper trundled the wheelbarrow past him into the yard.

"George," said Finis Wilson.

"Yes, Mr. Wilson."

"George, I'm in an almighty tight fix."

George swung soupy eyes on his employer.

"I guess that's right, Mr. Wilson."

"Look here, George. I wish you wouldn't keep a-saying that at me. Don't you never think of nothing else to say?"

"I guess that's right, Mr. Wilson."

George emptied the barrow.

Finis threw down the straw. "Folks don't buy horses these days. Not like they used to. Even the Army's not using many of 'em. Everybody wants to get somewhere quick—on wheels."

"I guess that's right," said George.

Finis picked up the straw again. "Man and boy, I've sold and bought every horse there is in this part of the county for forty years. You'd think a man would buy off me. And instead of that they go to pressing me. Steinbockle's pressing me for that feed bill, Harris is after me for the rent of the barn, Cavendell is asking me for the price of these boots, and here I've wore them for six months. You'd think a man that had wore boots six months could hold some rights to them. What's a man going to do, anyway, George?"

Inside the barn George parked his gum on the flank of the bay mare and scratched his head.

"Maybe you could pay me, Mr. Wilson," he said dully.

"You shut up! By golly," wailed Finis, "you're a heck of a helper!"

"I guess that's right," said George.

"They're talking about putting me out of town. Me, born and bred an Ava boy! This morning Mrs. Brown noticed me with my hotel bill!"

Finis rested his chin on his hands. His long nose hung in his face as lifeless as a pulled carrot.

"Ain't you got any ideas, George?"

"I just seen Mr. Reavis this morning," began George.

Finis Wilson swung round on his bucket. "Where?"

"At the depot," said George. "Him and his family was getting off the train."

"George," said Finis, "bring out that bay mare."

He sat around again to face the barnyard. In a moment, his helper shuffled out leading the mare by the end of her frazzled halter rope. She was an inch or so over fifteen hands, stockily set up, with fairly good legs that would have looked very well except for the scars they carried and the bend of the hocks.

Finis Wilson looked her over. "George," he said, "that mare's a saddle horse. She's five-gaited, but she's lost practice. She was raised in the bluegrass. We ain't got hold of her pedigree yet, but we've opened up a correspondence with the breeder, Mr. Harry Huntley."

George listened with gaping jaws. His dull face wore a look of pain. He said, "Prinny up to Boonville foaled her himself, you said, Mr. Wilson." His face flushed triumphantly. "You said he foaled her out of his gray percheron with that trotter of Bixley's."

Finis swore.

"I know I did. Blast Prinny! He's the most dishonest horse dealer I have ever had trading with. If it wasn't I swapped him that cross-eyed roarer, I'd consider he'd got the best of me." He pointed a finger at George as if it were a revolver. "But he don't come into this, George. You forget all about Prinny. We got to get a name for this horse. What's a good name?"

"How about Cowhocks, what we bin callin' her?" suggested George.

"Shut up!" Finis made his hand into a fist, then his eyes drooped and he contemplatively began to stroke one end of his mustache.

"Pearl, Ruby, Garnet, Paradise, Paradise. By gander, there she is"— he made a wave of his hand—"Huntley's Paradise, Kentucky bred, by the celebrated stud horse, St. John out of Huntley's Bathsheba. Rising five, a good age." His voice assumed the bland gentleness of the dealer: "A knowing critter, steady as stone, plenty of courage, a first-rate timber-topper. Mr. Hitchcock hunted on her behind a hound for a year and a half."

He swung around on the gawping George with a dry grin, became contemplative, and stroked his mustache again. "Hadn't that ought to bring that big-head Reavis onto a hook? Why not? He said he wanted a horse to ride. Ain't I supplied him?"

"I guess that's right," said George.

Finis Wilson put both hands in his pockets.

"Now, George," he said briskly. "Just you remember what she is. Don't clean her too good. But here's the thing. I'm doing the thinking; all you got to do is teach that brute how to get around the yard without falling down. And then learn her to jump."

NEXT morning, Finis Wilson, with his boots newly oiled and a new sack of Summertime Tobacco in his pocket, sauntered into his yard. He found George washing the back of his neck over a bucket of water.

"George," he asked, "how'd she go this morning?"

"Pretty good," said George in a muffled voice. "She done it all right after the second turn. Seems like that horse can get an idea if you hammer it at her good enough."

Mr. Wilson nodded. "You ain't doing so bad yourself," he said.

George flushed. "I guess that's right."

He retired into the depths of the barn to complete his ablutions, and Finis called

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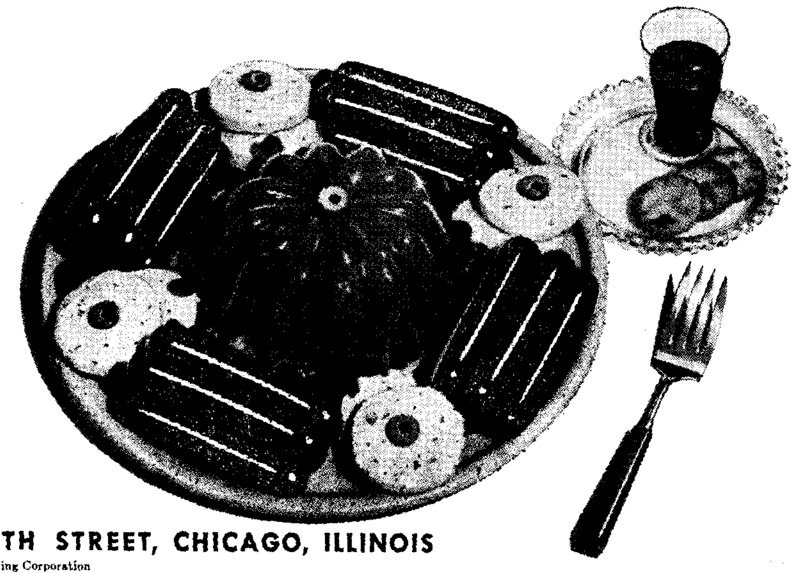

Dish illustrated at right. Start with a tomato juice cocktail with "saved" vegetable juices added. Serve SKINLESS frankfurters, sandwiches and a gelatin mold flavored with "saved" vegetable juices.

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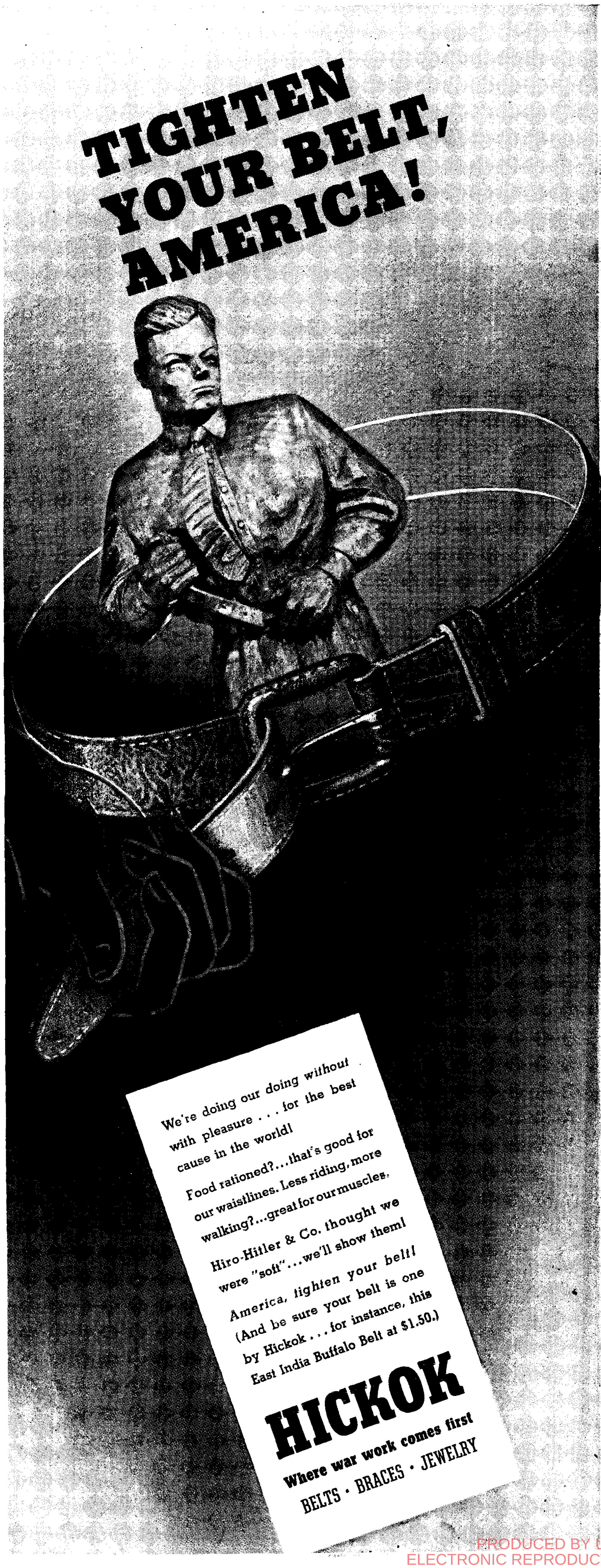
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America, tighten your belt! (And be sure your belt is one by Hickok . . . for instance, this East India Buffalo Belt at $1.50.)

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over his shoulder, "You just stay inside till I give you the signal, George."

George mumbled an affirmative and finished his slicking with a good go at his hair with the light curry.

It was another perfect day, and sitting there in the sunlight, Finis Wilson drooped his eyelids dreamily and began a plaintive tuneless whistling. His unseeing eyes became speculative; and anybody who knew him well enough could have figured out by the way he handled his pale yellow mustache that he was working out the exact amount he could stick a sucker for. Mr. Reavis had taken the reminder enthusiastically. He had said he would drop in at the yard on his way down to Rome—he was headed that way on business.

MR. REAVIS was one of that class of people who, in the vernacular, are called by various names of antipathetic character, but who are usually entomologically labeled Summer Resident. He had bought himself some thirty acres on the south slope of Tug Hill and turned the old stone farmhouse into a villa with a pink roof. The Boonville Herald, when it announced his coming and going every year, reminded its readers that he belonged to the noted New York law firm of Reavis, Reavis & Reavis.

When he was in his native state, as he took pains to inform a visitor, Mr. Reavis made a great play with the country folks. Plain folks, he liked to call them, and he said that it was one of the proudest aspects of his life that they accepted him as a plain man—one of them. He had a way of dropping *ain'ts* into his talk, and laughing a good deal, and making himself conspicuous at Grange meetings. Finis Wilson had often observed this in him, and wondered how he could slip one of his own fingers into Mr. Reavis' pocket. The time had come last fall when Mr. Reavis had announced that next year he would go in for riding. And yesterday he had told Finis Wilson that his plans were unaltered.

"Buy at home! That's my way," he said. "I'll be down in the morning, Finis, old boy. I'll take a look at your mare."

Finis Wilson closed his eyes and tilted his face against the sun. He could see some pleasant things with his eyes closed.

Outside the entranceway, tuned French horns made a blaring racket. Finis Wilson opened his eyes. Between the hotel and the post office came Rienzo Reavis in a tan tweed suit and tan shoes that winked like yellow diamonds. He wore a lavender silk cravat and a lavender handkerchief in his breast pocket, and his golf stockings were a conservative plaid in lavender and brown.

"Morning, Finis," he bellowed.

Finis got lazily to his feet. "Morning, Mr. Reavis," he said. "Hot day."

"Hot?" said Mr. Reavis in his big voice. "Heat don't bother me." He bared his bald red head to the sun and spread out his legs. "Heat's nothing. Up at eight with the lark, a cold bath, and I'm fresh as a daisy." He measured Mr. Wilson with a pale and rather bulging eye. "Well, where is this mare?"

Finis seemed to droop against the door. "You'll have to overlook her not being shined up, Mr. Reavis. We wasn't expecting you so early."

Reavis beamed.

"A man has to step smart to beat me," he acknowledged, and clapped Finis on the shoulder.

"I calculate," said Finis, and lifted his voice: "George! George!"

"Yeah."

"Bring out that mare, George, and trot her round the yard."

"Yeah. Which one?"

Finis chuckled. "Bring out Paradise. The only other mare is an Illinois plow-horse, Mr. Reavis." He made a gesture at his own forehead.

Mr. Reavis chuckled knowingly. "Have a cigar?"

He offered a morocco case.

"Don't mind if I do," said Finis, and took two. "Get a move on, George."

But at that moment George appeared with the mare. Finis reached behind him for his whip and punched her scientifically in the ribs with the butt end as she passed.

Huntley's Paradise, née Cowhocks, plunged into a trot. Mr. Reavis struck a pose.

"Throws her feet nice," he admitted, sucking at a straw and pursing his lips at the same time. "Pretty trim trot. You say she's bred well?"

"Bluegrass," said Finis.

"How's her mouth?"

"Just like a lady's."

"Is she kind?"

"Steady as stone."

George had stopped her now and she stood facing them. One look at that honest equine face reassured Mr. Reavis. It was as simple as the helper's.

"Well," he said, "I don't know. I don't know. She looks all right to me. You say she's a saddle mare?"

"Lord bless and protect you, Mr. Reavis. She ain't never lifted her tail to a crupper. Ain't it so, George?"

"I guess that's right, Mr. Wilson," said George.

"She's kind, honest. Born and bred on bluegrass, tender-mouthed. Educated to the hunting grounds. Ain't even gun-shy. Mr. Hitchcock rode her for a year and a half behind the hounds. Killed no end of foxes with her. Five year, rising. There she stands, a honey, Mr. Reavis, a honey of a horse! I've mentioned her pedigree. I aim to get the papers. There she is—Huntley's Paradise by St. John out of Bathsheba for three hundred dollars."

A KIND of amazement gleamed in Reavis' protruding eye. He strode slowly round the mare three times. The third time he touched her rump and started when she switched her tail.

"She's all right," said Finis. "You can set on her hocks if you've a mind to."

"I ain't," said Mr. Reavis, gaining courage, though, at every breath. He walked up to her head and hissed through his teeth, rhythmically, as he had read somewhere that hostlers did it, and examined her legs.

"What's them scars, Finis, old boy? Don't look too good to me."

"The man I bought her off of had her high-jumping at fairs. Exhibition work. Eight-foot jumping's too high for her." Finis stroked his mustache. "I don't hold with that kind of thing myself. She'd got knocked against the bars pretty cruel."

Mr. Reavis took a final look. "There it is," he said, "take her in, George. So long, Parry, old girl. Well, Finis, old boy, let's dicker."

"Three hundred dollars."

"I don't like her legs."

"Legs is fine. You won't complain of them."

"Well, they spoil her looks."

"Not a bit. Shows her history. I told you she didn't look very good, but wait till she's been polished up."

"I'll give you a hundred and fifty," said Mr. Reavis. "These war taxes are pretty high, you know—I don't want to put much into a horse."

"I'll call it two-fifty, seeing it's you, Mr. Reavis."

"Well now, let's split those last prices."

"You bear down pretty hard."

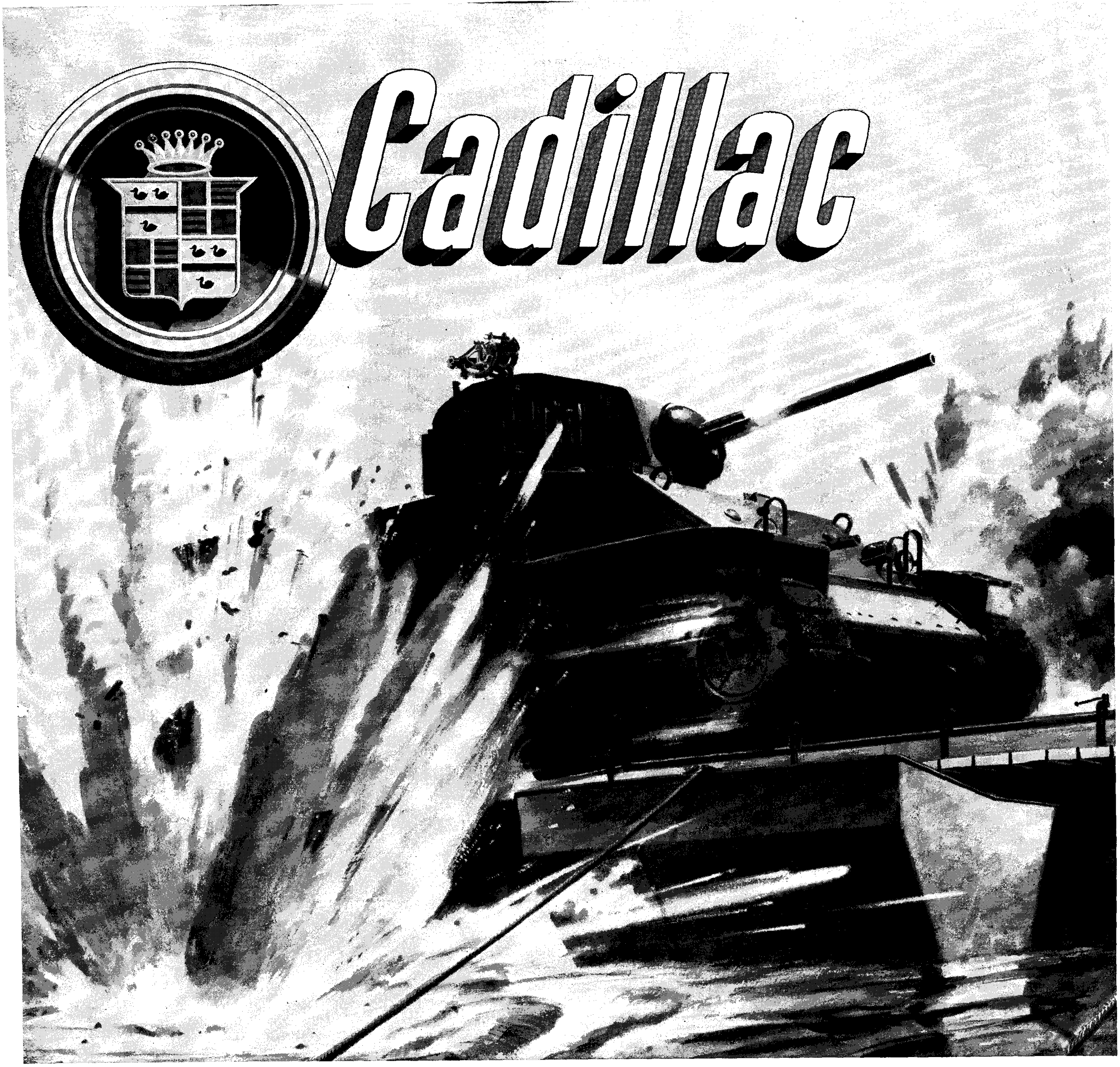
Mr. Reavis lifted his hand. "Can you swear to her age?"

"Not till I get the papers," admitted Finis, gloomily.

"There you are."

"All right. I'll let her go for two hundred."

Mr. Reavis felt like hugging himself. To bring a hundred dollars off Finis Wil-



It came out *Fighting!*

When American troops joined in to rid North Africa of its Nazi hordes, they were supported by the new M-5, an all-welded, light tank designed and built by Cadillac, in cooperation with U. S. Army engineers. Observers commenting on its appearance at the front said—"It came out fighting!"

Two Cadillac innovations—wholly new to mechanized warfare—endow the M-5 with speed and maneuverability demoralizing to the enemy. They are innovations which date back to peace—innovations that in other years contributed much to Cadillac's outstanding leadership among fine motor cars.

This departure from conventional tank design called for high confidence in Cadillac's peace-time engineering. But faith in building the M-5 around proved automotive units has been well justified. Exhaustive Army tests, both in and out of battle, have shown that the M-5 can decisively outperform light tanks not possessing its inherent advantages.

We are deeply grateful to the Ordnance Department for its encouragement and cooperation in developing this new light tank. We take pride in the knowledge that production of the M-5 and precision parts for America's most famous liquid-cooled aircraft engine are direct contributions to the Victory that must be ours.

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son was an achievement, he felt. The old boy looked mournful. Well, it was all in the game.

"I'll pay you tomorrow morning. Can you send up Parry tonight?"

"I can, I guess."

"All right. Looks like getting on to haying," said Mr. Reavis, remembering he was a country man, and he waved his hand and went.

FINIS WILSON came out on the hotel porch whistling mournfully, but his eyes had a contented droop. It was the third fine day in a row, but that was the way June was. He sat down in the first rocker and listened to the water trickling into the round trough that still stood in the middle of the street. Up the street, he saw Mr. Steinbockle peering through his office window. Harris was idling in the door of his law office. Yesterday Finis had given them the glad tidings, and he chuckled to see them now. They weren't going to miss their killing.

And sure enough, there it came! Huntley's Paradise walking soberly down the middle of the roadway, and on top of her, with very short stirrups, the red, perspiring bulk of Mr. Reavis. He was wearing a silk shirt with blue horseshoes and a red tie, and he had on the handsomest of pearl-gray whipcords and light tan boots. Mr. Reavis shone.

He had a riding whip in his hand, with a long lash, and this he swung with an idle effort at *savoir-faire* that sent anticipatory prickles up and down Finis Wilson's nose. But Mr. Reavis was unconscious of the word anticipation. His were fulfilled. As he came along, the whole town turned out of doors. He pulled up his shoulders and lifted his hands, and the mare raised her head with the bit and rested against it. She looked a bit weary.

When he saw Finis, he swung his arm in a salute, and the lash, following tardily, slid under the mare's tail. She clamped it down, suddenly and viciously, and before he could even blink his eyes Mr. Reavis found himself in the awkward predicament of being anchored fore and aft. He couldn't get the whip out with one arm, and if he dropped the reins to use both hands he had no way of telling what the horse would do. If he let go the whip, the mare might drop it of her own accord and he would have to bawl for someone to pick it up. He had already discovered that morning that once he was on the horse it was better not to get off. His broad face purpled with the complexity of it all, and he wondered how he had ever thought of riding anyway.

THEN the mare did an unexpected thing. She stopped.

"Git-tup," said Mr. Reavis, clenching his teeth, but speaking almost wheedlingly.

But the mare wouldn't git-tup; she planted her hoofs and stood there. Mr. Reavis became aware of another dilemma. If he dropped the reins to pull at the whip with both hands, the mare might bolt, and yet he could not make her move unless he got the whip. He decided to try a gentle twitching. It was the last straw. The mare bolted, lifting her tail, and the whip came out with a sweeping lash that ended up in three coils round Mr. Reavis' neck. It was a lucky thing. He could let go of it and haul on the reins with both hands. He did so, heroically. But the mare had the bit.

And then Mr. Reavis observed the trough—the last of a long series of incidents. He sawed desperately on the right rein, but the mare didn't answer. He sawed on the left, but the mare merely gained speed. And it occurred to Mr. Reavis that the mare was going to leap the trough, which was fifteen feet across and four feet high.

But he had no time for further thought. The mare thrust out her forefeet and slid—at the last minute she had heard the trickle of the pipe. But Mr. Reavis continued, he soared like a bird, his head went down and his feet passed over and he lit sitting up in a spirited burst of spray. And when he opened his eyes he saw the mare placidly sucking up a gulp not six inches from his cheek. For a moment that was all he could see, that wet nose dipping into the water, raised for a moment, while the drops trickled out of the nostrils.

Then Mr. Reavis became aware of the pretty sound of the water trickling out of the pipe; next he noticed that somewhere a robin was singing the rain song; thirdly, it was borne in upon his consciousness that something, somewhere, felt very cold. A shudder passed over his frame, beginning at the lowest point and ending vaguely among his chins; and little ripples were communicated to the surface of the water. He looked round him in a vague way and encountered the mild eye of Huntley's Paradise.

"You blasted beast!" roared Mr. Reavis. And he shook his fist under the mare's damp nose. She continued her passive contemplation of him. Something like intelligence flickered in Mr. Reavis' brain. He shook his fist again. She did not move. He threatened her eye. It made no difference. She regarded him with perfect trustfulness. Mr. Reavis understood. Roaring, he rose to his feet.

A cluster of men and women and children were hurrying toward him; four ducks ringed the trough and examined him, first right eye, then left. A dog, attracted by the singularity of it all, expressed himself briefly, and ran off.

The faces of all the people were serious, sun-flushed but decorous. He recognized some of them, but his eye roved until it discovered Finis Wilson approaching from the hotel.

"You fox!" roared Mr. Reavis.

Finis Wilson did not bat an eye. "What happened to you, Mr. Reavis? I thought the mare was going to leap. Some horses can't deny a water jump. And I seen you stop her handsome."

"Don't talk to me!" roared Mr. Reavis, floundering to the edge of the trough and pointing at Finis. "You know danged well what you done. You cheated me."

"I give you a good look at the mare," said Finis Wilson. "What's wrong with her?"

"Wrong? Wrong? Wrong?" Mr. Reavis' full voice almost broke. He appealed to the crowd: "He asks what's wrong with the mare. And just look at me!"

They were doing just that. And Mr. Reavis made a good argument for himself. The silk shirt was clinging to his middle and giving thereby the first good view of it they had had. It swelled like a full-blown bagpipe. The breeches molded him tightly, except for a bag at the rear from which small drops of water dribbled into his boots.

"What is wrong with the mare?" demanded Finis Wilson sadly. "Ain't she just as advertised?"

"Wrong?" screamed Mr. Reavis. "Wrong? Why, look at her! She's blind!"

"Yeanh," said Mr. Harris, who knew more of the ins and outs of Finis' dealings than was good for his trade. "She's blind, all right. What did you pay for her, Mr. Reavis?"

Mr. Reavis clenched his fists. "I settled for two hundred dollars, but I ain't paid yet And I won't pay, either. What's more, I'm going to bring suit for damages!"

A SUDDEN silence descended on the street. Mr. Harris looked at Mr. Steinbockle, and Mr. Steinbockle looked at Mr. Cavendell, and Mr. Cavendell looked at Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Brown looked at Mr. Harris. Then they all looked at Finis, but Finis was looking at Mr. Reavis with an expression of the purest amazement. His pale blue eyes wore a tragic glint, as if a last illusion had been shattered. He turned openly to the crowd and took hold of his mustache.

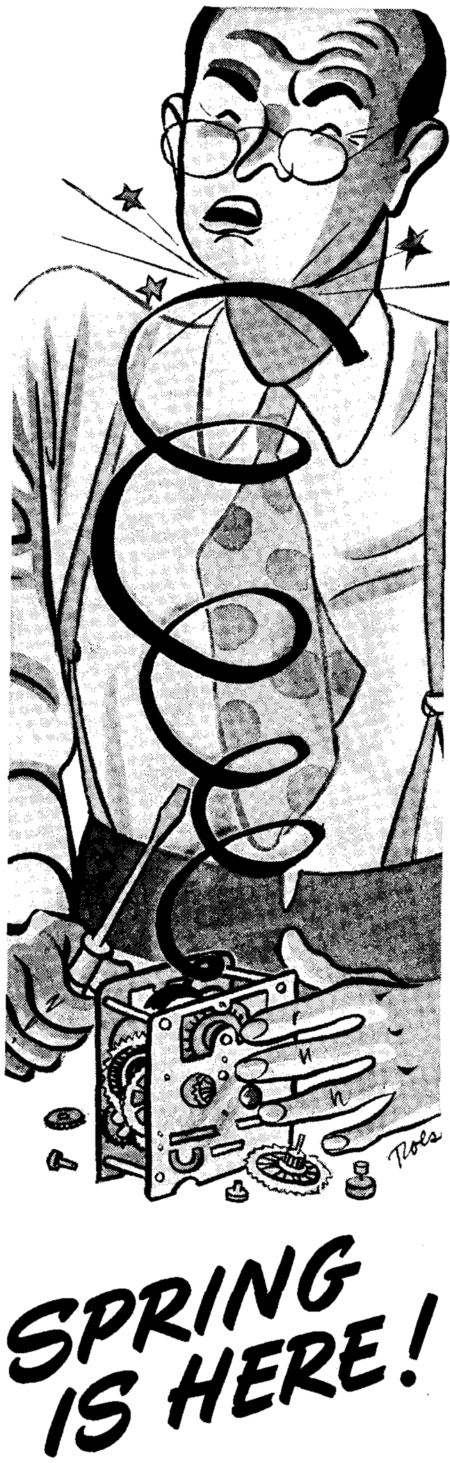
"Boys," he said in his gentle voice, "I've been bred amongst you. You've knowed me fifty years. Would I do a thing like that?"

His off eye fluttered tremulously.

And suddenly, hopefully, they shook their heads.

"He's a fox!" cried Mr. Reavis, sensing a loss of sympathetic ground. "I'll never pay him a cent. I'll take it into court!"

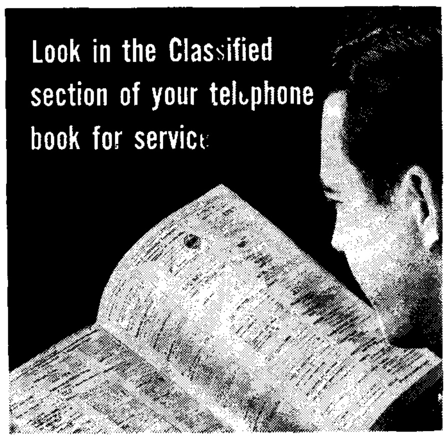
Just then, a beige touring car turned



Let the Classified help with your Spring cleaning and repairing

You'll find helpful shopping information about local tradespeople in the Classified section of your telephone book . . . what services they render . . . what advertised products they sell.

Save time and trouble this way this Spring.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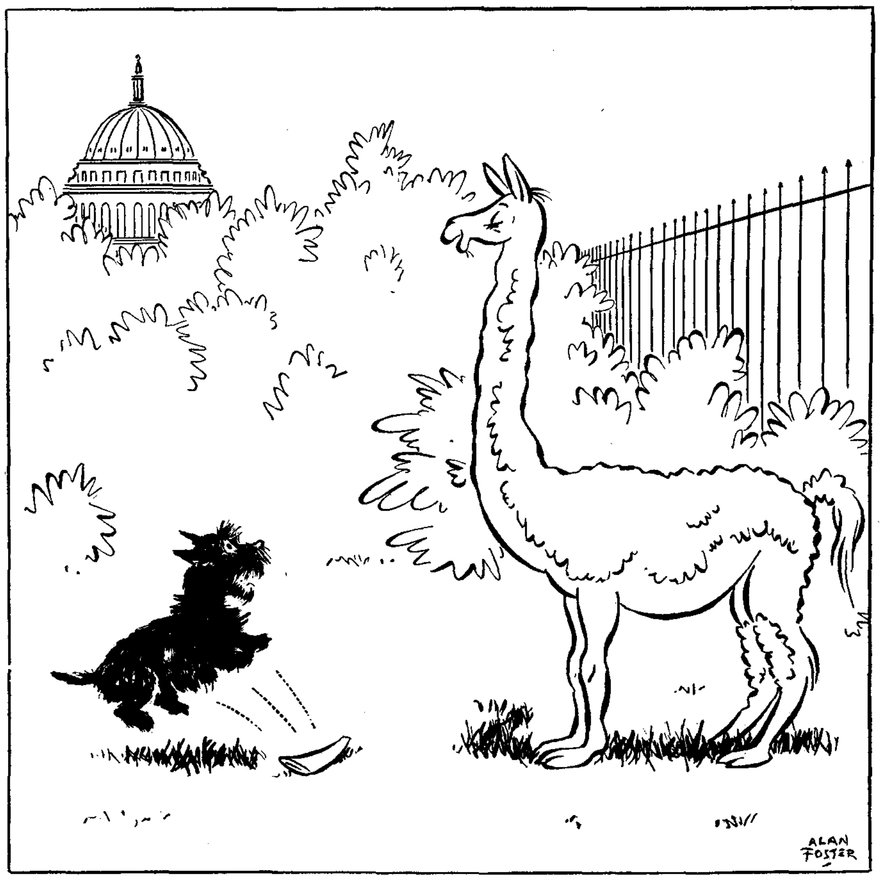
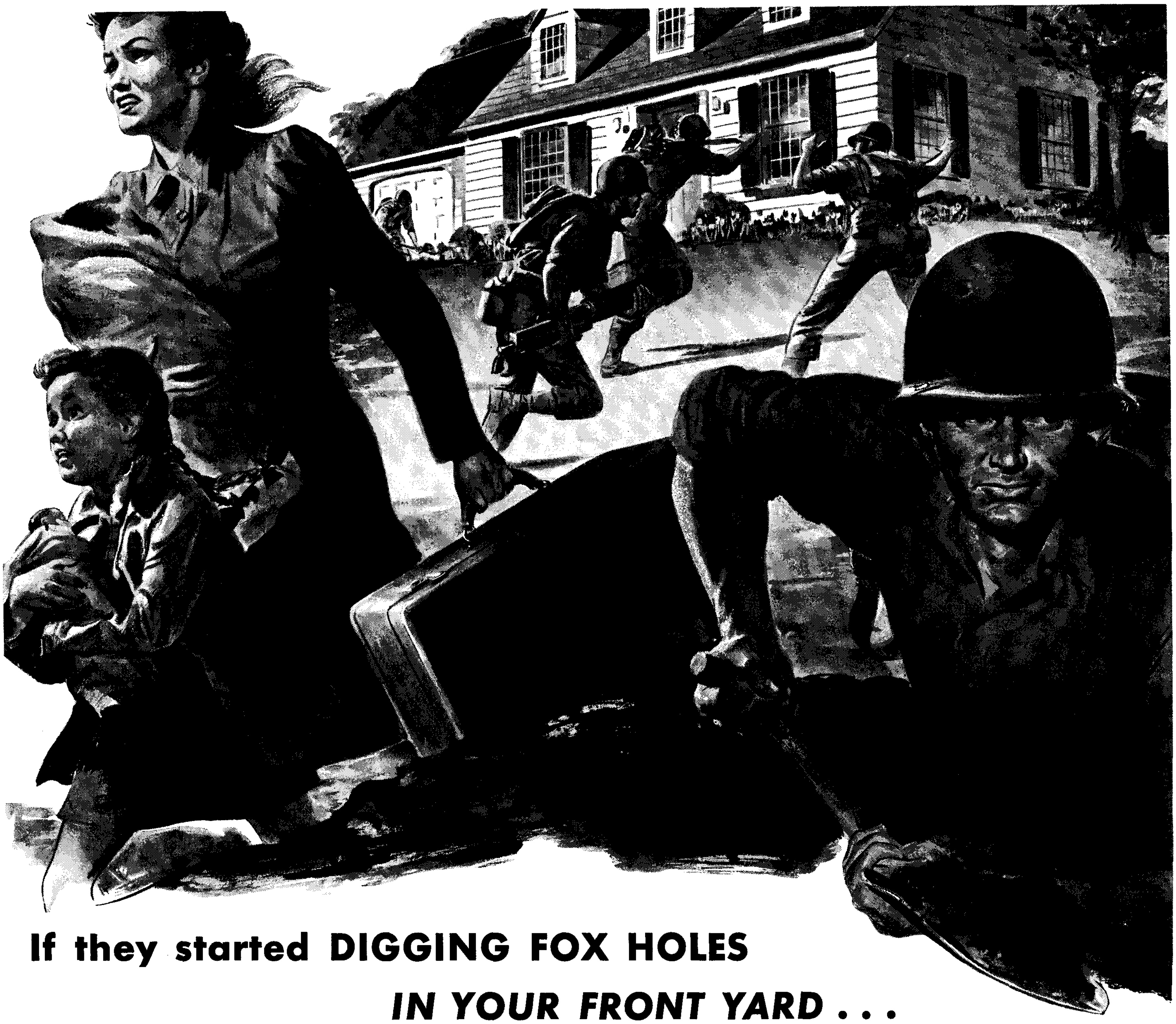
MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE **by ALAN FOSTER**



COLLIER'S

"Excuse me—I'm looking for Mr. Wallace"



If they started DIGGING FOX HOLES IN YOUR FRONT YARD . . .

You were so sure the fighting in this war would all stay far away. . . . That Axis gangsters might threaten other men's homes—but never yours . . .

Tomorrow—make no mistake—American boys will face death defending your very doorstep . . . just as Chinese and Russians and Poles have died defending theirs!

Tomorrow—tanks will battle and bombs scream down—the angry bursts of anti-aircraft fire fill the sky—the crack of enemy bullets seeking American flesh will fill the air . . . in a battle for your home.

Because . . . every boy who falls tomorrow—in Africa or the far South Seas—goes down defending your own home. Standing between you and slavery . . . between your wife or daughter and the filthy hands of Axis troops.

If you saw them today in your front yard, digging their fox holes for tomorrow's fight . . . If you heard them beg for enough grenades and shells and planes *to keep you safe* . . . Would an extra War Bond to supply these weapons seem like a sacrifice? Like too big a share *in your own fight* to expect of you?

Then—should your share be any less, just because our men don't ask you to share their danger? Just because they're not waiting until the enemy pounds at your door before they start to fight?

It's still your home—your wife—your children they're battling to defend! And they need those grenades and shells and planes as desperately *to win over there* as they would if they were fighting the same fight here.

And the fastest way to bring enemy planes over your own head—enemy tanks into your own street—is to think that it's just a "far-away" war. The surest way to bring war over here is to tell yourself that War Bonds *that can keep it far away* can wait—for someone else to buy them.

• • •

This message is published solely in the interest of national understanding and unity in the war effort. Stewart-Warner plants have long since been converted to the making of essential materials for war and war production.

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Waste and excessive wear have no place in a rationed driving program. That's why it is more important than ever to pay particular attention to motor lubrication. In 1094 Certified Road Tests, with various makes of owner-driven cars, 10 percent increases in gasoline mileage were not uncommon after crankcases had been drained and refilled with Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil. The average saving was 1.3 miles per gallon!

This is not a suggestion for stretching your coupons. It simply proves that RING-FREE lubricates better... *reduces friction faster* than other oils. It delivers direct to the drive shaft more of the horsepower ordinarily wasted in overcoming motor friction. With Macmillan RING-FREE you're not sharing the ride with excessive waste and wear ...you save gasoline and save repairs while you're saving tires.

REMOVES CARBON

With the first fresh fill of RING-FREE, you'll notice a smoother running motor... further proof of the oil's more efficient lubricating properties. The continued use of RING-FREE actually *removes carbon* while you drive. Pistons, rings, valves—all vital motor parts—become cleaner, operate better when lubricated with RING-FREE. Carbon removing is a natural RING-FREE function, inherent in the crude oil and retained by the exclusive Macmillan patented process, without the use of additives.

RING-FREE combines all these qualities: great film strength, high heat resistance, long cling to metal, fast penetration...*plus* the fact that it is non-corrosive, is less affected by dilution and it *removes carbon.*

Try RING-FREE at our risk. Read the money-back guarantee!

GUARANTEE

Ring-Free Motor Oil is guaranteed to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and reduces friction fast by thorough lubrication. Try a fill and if you are not satisfied that Ring-Free is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

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down the street and Mrs. Reavis screamed from the back seat.

"Rienzo!"

Mr. Reavis collected the shards of his dignity. He threw a gleaming boot over the edge of the trough. It poured a stream of water forth, and the ducks had a heated discussion concerning the phenomenon. When he put the second over, they decided that it was unnatural and hurried away, chattering, and wiggling their tails.

"Don't worry, Lucree," said Mr. Reavis. "I've met with an accident."

"Oh, Rienzo, darling. Are you hurt?"

"Not to speak of," he answered heroically. On dry land once more, he regained his self-assurance. "Mr. Harris," he said, "I prefer not to argue for myself. That horse dealer has arrantly cheated me. My confidence has been misused. Will you appear for me?"

Mr. Harris was a man of open countenance. The grain dust of his profession clung to his clothes, but his eye was clear. He took one look at Mr. Steinbockle and another at Finis, and said, "I'll be honored, Mr. Reavis."

Mr. Reavis rumbled with dignity. He pointed a finger at the slinking figure of Finis Wilson.

"That man has misused me; but I aim to hold my own, and I'll hold it frankly and aboveboard. Tell me who's justice of the peace?"

"Me," said Mr. Steinbockle, succinctly.

"Very well then, will you call around this afternoon, Mr. Harris?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Reavis entered his car; he sat down moistly on the seat of pinkish, paneled, hand-grained leather; he tilted his hat to them, and a last squirt of spring water lit on his shelving midriff. The car purred off smoothly under its refined power.

"Finis!" cried Mr. Steinbockle.

Finis halted at the entrance of his stableway. "Yeanh?"

"Where are you going?"

"I hadn't decided," he said. "I was just going."

"You'd better stick around," said Mr. Steinbockle. "You represent considerable money in this town and we don't want to lose you just yet. We've got to get you a lawyer."

"Why not get him Aaron Gannet?" suggested Mr. Harris. "I'd appear for him, only as he owes me money it wouldn't be honest. And anyway I've agreed to Mr. Reavis."

"Gannet's smart," agreed Mr. Steinbockle. "We all know Finis; but that don't mean we ought to have a bum lawyer."

THE trial took place in the Opera House. On the stage sat Mr. Steinbockle in a Prince Albert coat that he affected on occasions. He sat in a rocker, before a kitchen table. On the right was Mr. Reavis with his counsel. On the left, Finis Wilson in newly oiled boots on which Mr. Cavendell kept hopeful eyes.

Finis held his old hat in his hands. His mustache drooped weakly and his guileless face was upraised in wistful attention to the words of Lawyer Gannet.

Gannet was a tiny man with a vibrant voice and a vibrant figure. He stood very straight and pouted his chest like a pigeon. He wore a lodge ring on the second finger of his right hand and a diamond on the first finger of his left, and his teeth sparkled with gold.

Behind the solemn justice, the one backdrop of the Opera House represented a pastoral dell, a valley beyond with a river flowing through. Such flowers never bloomed in heaven or on earth. But Mr. Gannet waved his hand. "In such a scene we can imagine this boy with his sense of beauty growing up, regarding his hard-working parents and his thirteen brothers and sisters. He was the youngest; but did he lie back? No. Did he make himself a burden? No. Without the advantages of education, with nothing but his native instincts for a guide, he set out in business for himself. . . ."

(While the lawyer mopped his brow, some of the audience remembered Finis' start—stealing a horse from a farmer, selling it to gypsies for forty dollars though it had the stringhalt on off days, paying the farmer, who never thought of looking in his back pasture, twenty dollars, and then helping the village eject the now enraged gypsies.)

"HE HAD his ups and he had his downs, but he struggled on. For forty years he has practiced among us. He is known wherever horses are bought. And now today, my client is sued for damages. Damages, gentlemen! Damages!

"It has been claimed that the plaintiff was misused—that this horse was not in fact as advertised—that this horse was represented as sound when it was actually blind. The plaintiff has established that the horse was blind. It is admitted. But I have just proved with witness, with the mouth, as well, of the plaintiff himself, that my client admitted that point at the date of sale. More than once I have established that Mr. Wilson said as much in plain words. 'She don't look good at all,' he said more than once. Now"—Gannet turned to Mr. Reavis with a gleam in his spectacles and examined the purpling visage of that outraged gentleman—"now the plaintiff claims that *look* does not mean *see.* But I have established that the plaintiff makes considerable use of what he has considered the idiosyncrasies of our dialect.

"Dialect! Your dialect, gentlemen; my dialect, gentlemen; the dialect of our grandfathers who cut this country out of wilderness when the plaintiff's forebears lurked comfortably across the sea, gathering grapes and drinking the juice; the *dialect,* gentlemen, with which our mothers raised us, with which they put us to sleep and soothed our painful childish diseases.

"Gentlemen! I put it to you! How else, how better, could my client describe his mare's unfortunate affliction? Poor creature, she was not to blame. He thought he saw a good home for her. Gentlemen, I put it to you! If there is any dialect in my client's profession, what may it be? He spoke plainly. In a horse deal, in stable or in court, there is just one language spoken. You know it, I know it, it is all my client knows. I rest."

He sat down gently and with dignity. Mr. Harris eyed him admiringly. He turned to the embittered purple mass of features that represented Mr. Reavis. Then he said to the justice of the peace, "Mr. Justice, may we withdraw for a moment's consultation?"

Mr. Steinbockle gravely inclined his solemn head.

There was ten minutes' silence in the Opera House. Not a feature moved. Then Mr. Harris reappeared alone.

"My client," he said, "has instructed me to settle. I have here the price of the mare. I have, in addition, ten dollars for expense of court. Besides that, there is an offer to the defendant of fifty dollars to avoid a countersuit for defamation of character."

With a grand gesture he extended the roll of bills. New bills. Finis Wilson's eyes gleamed sadly, as ten dollars was extracted for the court; his mustache drooped, as the justice subtracted the feed bill, as Mr. Harris took the rent, as his own lawyer helped himself to his fee. For a moment he stood there, clutching the remainder. Someone in the audience began to clap.

Then there was a shrill yodeling, the crash of an overturned chair, and the voice of Mr. Cavendell shrieking as he struggled past the knees of half a dozen frantic women, "Stop him, stop him. He ain't paid for his boots!"

THE END

"WHAT A WINNING COMBINATION FOR WARTIME DRIVING

—a good car backed by good service"

—say these owners

"What a winning combination *we picked, for wartime driving, when we picked Hudson," writes Mrs. John Calder of Birmingham, Mich. (above, right), "a good car backed by good service. My husband and I are both in war work and need our car every day. It is standing up marvelously, and we couldn't ask for more prompt or more efficient service than we are getting from your dealer here."*

HUDSON OWNERS—the country over—are sounding the praise of Hudson's ability to "stand up and take it" in wartime driving . . . to pile up more miles than these owners ever drove a car before, and still come through with flying colors.

They are equally enthusiastic about the service they are getting from Hudson dealers during this critical period.

All this is gratifying, but not at all surprising. Hudson—holding nearly 150 official endurance records—was built to take the toughest going, not just for thousands of miles but for tens of thousands of miles.

As for service, long before the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor, Hudson planned—in the event of war—to protect Hudson owners. Service facilities were expanded. A nationwide system of parts distribution was established. Because Hudson distributors, dealers and service stations are ready and equipped to extend excellent wartime service, Hudson owners can keep their cars in tip-top operating condition.

Go to your Hudson dealer with your wartime driving problems—whether it be for a new or used car or maintenance of your present car. He and his service supervisors and mechanics have pledged themselves to help prevent any interruption of vital wartime driving.

"I would like to express *my appreciation of the excellent car service my Hudson dealer has been giving me during this critical war period," states Mrs. Joseph H. McCabe of Short Hills, N. J. "I am so enthusiastic about my Hudson that I insist on keeping it in the best possible condition and, with the service our dealer extends, I have had no trouble at all with it."*

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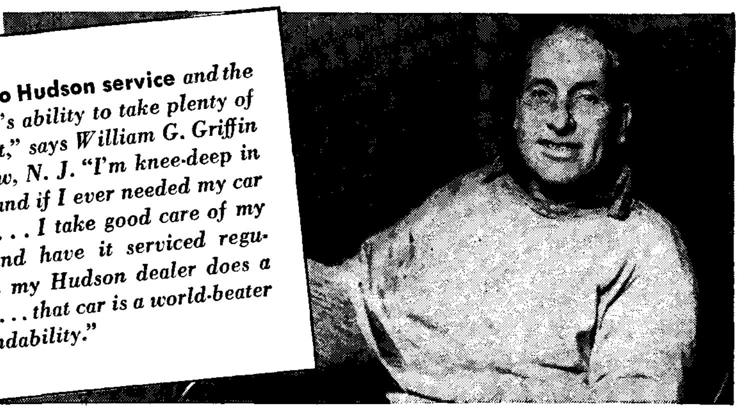
"I have driven Hudson *cars since 1937," advises Dr. Eugene D. Scala of Port Richmond, N. Y. . . . "Naturally a doctor looks for dependable and economical transportation, and this I have received . . . in the use of Hudson cars. Furthermore, my Hudson dealer has given me the best of service and never have I been inconvenienced from the lack of proper equipment to assure me of constant transportation day in and day out."*

"War has taught me *how really wonderful my Hudson is, and what fine prompt service I can get from the dealer here who sold us our Hudson," writes Miss Mildred Schippnick, Milwaukee, Wis., nurse. "I know owners of other cars who are not so lucky. I need my car constantly because of war work, and, believe me, it's always ready to go."*



"Hats off to Hudson service *and the Hudson car's ability to take plenty of punishment," says William G. Griffin of Mt. View, N. J. "I'm knee-deep in war work and if I ever needed my car I do now . . . I take good care of my Hudson and have it serviced regularly—and my Hudson dealer does a swell job . . . that car is a world-beater for dependability."*

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Aviation Division Wins Army-Navy Award for High Achievement in War Production

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN

33 Years of Engineering Leadership

OUR PLANTS ARE DEDICATED TO WAR PRODUCTION . . . OUR DEALERS TO MAINTAINING WAR TRANSPORTATION!

The Girl Left Behind

Continued from page 32

who took what they wanted, who stole, who were unscrupulous and would stop at nothing. They were taking Kip from her deliberately and making her watch it being done.

She sat up, straight and angry, wanting to do something to prevent it now. But how could she run through these strange halls? Where could she go?

There was no peace at the end of her thoughts. They wore her out in the end, and she slept helplessly.

What she could remember of that anger and fear seemed very silly in the dining room at breakfast. It was so sunny and everyone was so kind and interested in her. Breakfast itself was a scene out of an English story. Sir Philip ate frugally. Pam noticed that in addition to his porridge he had only toast and honey. But there were silver dishes on the sideboard and sausage was under one of the covers and fish under another. The minister enjoyed his breakfast, seeming less tired today and the signs of what must have been a characteristic joviality were apparent this morning.

Mrs. Hines sat by Pamela and asked her questions.

"I am so interested in the States," she said. "I wonder if you know anything about a place called Kansas City? A friend of mine married a young man who took her there to live. I believe they are very comfortable."

Pamela had plenty of information about Kansas City to draw upon. She had lived there briefly once. She explained that and described the city, and Sir Philip, lighting his pipe, listened with great interest. His perception of her, courteous from the beginning, seemed to be more definite when he heard her father's occupation. He knew other men who developed power projects, spoke of one who had gone to China for that purpose.

Aunt Emma, who was Dame Emma, as Pamela had already discovered, came out of her absorption in tea and coffeepots and plans for a day that would be busy minute by minute in war work, to ask if Pam's mother was living and if she was an only child. When Kip appeared in the dining room he found Pamela explaining why her mother hadn't come to New York and about the health of her grandfather. It was odd, even to her in the telling, to find that she was painting a more detailed picture for them than she had ever given Kip himself.

"Shaking the old family tree?" he teased her. "I never dare. Too many nuts would fall down. Why didn't you tell me all this about yourself?"

"I don't know. You never asked me. It never came up."

IT DIDN'T in New York. You met a man and he was crazy about you, like Kip, and you say you'll marry him, thought Pam in an overtone. He knows what you look like, and how you dance, and what you weigh and what your job happens to be, and that you have a mother who lives in Illinois and that your father's dead and how many brothers and sisters you have. If he remembers. But he doesn't know—at least Kip doesn't—that mother was my grandmother's favorite child and that it would be cruel to uproot grandmother from Illinois because she's so attached to the old church and its school, though she can't be active any more. And mother's heart isn't any too strong.

That was because of the fever which Mrs. Neill had contracted in South America when Pam was seven years old. Pamela was telling about their year in South America, because everyone was listening attentively, when Kip came in.

When they were together, she and Kip they hadn't talked about themselves, Pam thought, and almost laughed. For of course they had done little else except discuss their immediate selves, where they were going, what they had done last night or would do tomorrow, the plans for the wedding, his chances of getting abroad. They had talked of themselves, the way a man talks to a girl and she talks to him. A man would be bored with a lot of family history.

Once, Pam remembered, she had talked to Alec about her mother and father and what a good time they must have had, especially in the first years of travel and success. She forgot how it had come up. But Alec was different. He was interested in people impersonally, even if they weren't around at the minute. Kip usually wasn't.

So now she stopped talking about her family but she was aware of a certain leftover warmth, coming from herself or from the others around the breakfast table, and it made her less of a stranger. What had possessed her during the night? These were agreeable, pleasant, almost homely people, in spite of the size of the room and the beauty of its paneling.

Eve, coming through the long windows, followed by two dogs, was not in the least morbid. She was wearing another pair of slacks and a striped jersey and looked fresh from a bath, but there was nothing seductive about her expression or manner. She hardly seemed to know Kip was there. She spoke to everyone, said she'd had her breakfast, and began to talk over some gardening matter with her father.

"Sleep all right?" asked Kip.

"Like a top," Pam lied cheerfully.

He finished a dish of strawberries and took time to stare at her.

"You kind of forget that American girls get themselves up better than any other girls in the world," he said.

"Like it?" she asked. "It's easy to pack and doesn't wrinkle."

"It's worth it if it took a convoy to bring it over."

"That's a nice new compliment," said Eve. "Can I have it to use in my next act?"

Kip laughed and glanced at her. He had been looking at Pamela with unreserved admiration for all the company to see as his words were for them all to hear. But as his eyes touched Eve's, something swift and contentious and magnetic held their glances in question and answer for a moment, and again Pam felt what she had felt before, an interchange which was close between the two others, closer than the familiarity which Kip gave to her, more intimate than his hand taking hold of her own now.

"Well, what are we going to do today? What do the stately homes of England have to offer?" asked Kip.

"Not much any more," said Sir Philip, "not much but taxes."

"The best thing to do is to turn them over to the government," said Mr. Hines.

"I expect I shall one day," answered Sir Philip, "if Eve agrees."

"I always wanted to be an old woman here," said Eve. "I suppose I can't. I could imagine myself here, old and grim and frightening."

"I wonder what you would be like," said Kip. "I can't imagine you as old."

"It will catch up with me. But maybe we'll win the war first," said Eve.

"We'll win it in any case," said Sir Philip. "That was a good business the other night."

"The boys seem to have done all right," said Kip. "So the papers say, anyway."

"How soon would you judge a performance like that can be repeated?"

"It would depend on whether it had to be done. Ordinarily a little time would be useful. It takes a lot of organization."

"But of course they are going on with raids like that, aren't they?" inquired Mrs. Hines.

HER husband shook his head at her and she said hurriedly, "I do beg pardon, Lieutenant. I shouldn't ask you such questions."

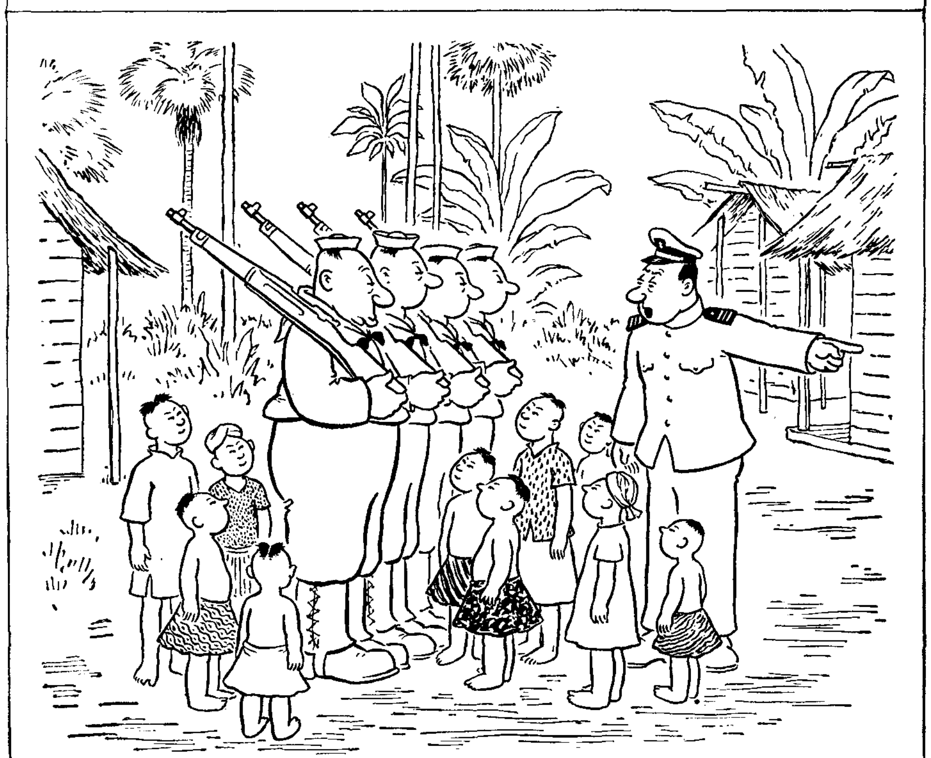
Kip said, "It's all right if I don't do any answering, ma'am."

They all liked him. There was something almost tender in the attitude of these older people toward Kip and it frightened Pam as she observed it. They treated him with respect in which was mingled honor and—was it pity?

The telephone rang somewhere, and Eve got up and disappeared. She came back after a few minutes and sat listening to the

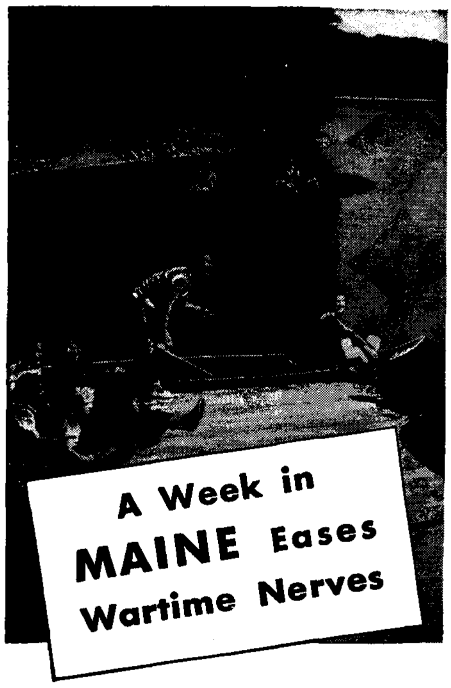
ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Go away! Run along home I said! Alfred is busy now, and he can't wiggle his ears for you any more until tomorrow"

COLLIER'S



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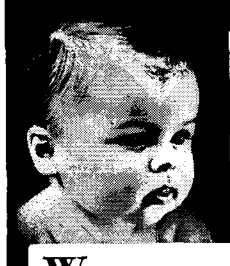

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"Within the hour"—through Kodak and Wirephoto you SEE the news happen

It's a "hot news" photograph.

It is wrapped around a cylinder, locked in a machine about the size of your cabinet radio. The flick of a switch, and the cylinder begins to turn.

The same switch starts similar cylinders, each with a wrapping of photographic film, in scores of other cities, where newspapers use the Wirephoto service.

Have you seen the cylinder record revolving under the needle in a modern dictating machine? That illustrates how the cylinder in the Wirephoto sending machine spins under its recording "needle"...

But the needle is a noiseless ray of light.

It lights a tiny path around the spinning cylinder. Over and over, 200 turns to an inch. And the reflection of this light from the picture is actuating a photoelectric cell which converts the reflected rays into electric impulses.

In each receiving machine, these electrical impulses control a neon light. Through a powerful lens, this light is focused to a pinpoint path around the film. As the film is exposed to the light, it becomes a practically perfect negative of the positive picture in the sending machine.

"EXTRA! EXTRA!" If the event is big enough, and censorship permits, "within the hour" you see in your home-town paper the pictures which a news photographer snapped hundreds or thousands of miles away.

Associated Press Wirephoto, with Kodak's help, within a few short years has brought the electrical transmission of photographs from comparative crudity to its present near-perfection.

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to produce a photographic film with qualities unlike any other, which would "process" in a fraction of the usual time... and a lens of sufficient power to focus the faint gradations of "cold" neon light on a pinpoint of spinning film, with complete fidelity.

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Portable sending machines—the size of a suitcase—have recently been perfected. They can send out a photograph or map over any telephone or radio transmitter.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN TOWARD FIGHTING THE WAR? News pictures for us at home, of course, with all the importance to public morale of getting the news while it's "new"...

Plus the vital new "time" factor in strategy—the ability of those in our Command, with today's battle scenes and maps before their eyes, to direct now the next movements of troops and ships and planes.

The details are confidential, but you can be sure that our Army and Navy are using this "weapon against time" to the limit... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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FOR YEARS, I used to dose myself with a terrible-tasting medicine whenever I needed a laxative. And *what* that stuff did to me! I'd feel the effects for a whole day afterwards. It was just *too strong!*

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Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a *gentle* way. It won't weaken or upset you. It won't make you feel bad afterwards.

—it's not too strong!

Ex-Lax can be taken with complete confidence. Although it looks and tastes just like chocolate, its action is thorough and dependable.

—it's not too mild!

Ex-Lax is one laxative that avoids extremes. It strikes a Happy Medium! In other words:

—it's just right!

As a precaution, use only as directed.

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conversation, stroking the back of the dog who kept close to her.

She didn't interrupt but when there was a pause she said quietly, "Jimmy Kellogg died, Kip. An hour ago."

Nobody said anything until Kip spoke. Sir Philip's pipe was held at rest in his hand. The two older women glanced at each other, exchanging sympathy but not for themselves. Pam knew Jimmy Kellogg must have been close to Kip. She knew as if she had been told that he and Kip had shared this last task and adventure, and when Kip said, "He was an awful nice fellow," she heard loss and acceptance and grief in that simple sentence of obituary.

He walked across the room and looked back at Eve.

"You were dead right, Eve," he said. "I'm glad you told him he was going to die. He'd have hated having it creep up on him. He was a great fellow for going out and meeting things."

Eve nodded. She said, "Everyone through in here? I told the maids that when they are through with the cleaning up they had better pick the gooseberries. We can do something with them."

"Let me pick gooseberries or wash dishes," urged Pam. "I'd like to do something to make myself useful."

"You can amuse Kip," said Eve Kennedy. "That's a big job."

PAMELA wondered if she were being mocked. It shouldn't be a job to amuse Kip. Not for her. She had done it often enough before and it had been effortless. They went off together now and he was soon in a gay mood, wanting to show her everything that he had seen and that he knew about. He took her up on the downs and showed her the sweep of the sea over which the invaders might have come and the way protections had been set up. He pulled her into his arms and kissed her and said she was his girl and she believed it then because his arms were so strong and almost violent.

"You're the sweetest thing in the world, Pam. I'm not good enough for you."

"Neither thing's true."

"Oh, you don't know. Pam, do you love me?"

"You know I do." She must tell him. And with no argument.

"I know you do," he said, almost thoughtfully. "I want to live up to what you think of me."

It was a queer statement coming from Kip, whose assurance always carried him along.

"I couldn't be more proud of you, Kip."

"There's nothing to be proud of. Kellogg's girl has something to brag about though. Even if she doesn't know it. He had a girl. He told me about her."

"Don't think of him now."

"It doesn't bother me," said Kip, "not in the way you think. War's a funny thing, the closer you get to it. You don't get burned up by the same things you used to at home. Everything looks different when the old insurance tables are out of whack and you haven't any normal expectancy. I wonder if you can understand that."

"I think so."

"Everything's a close-up," he went on, fumbling for his own meaning. "It's big and out of proportion, I suppose. But at the time, that's the way a thing looks to you. A raid—a girl."

They were sitting on a little stone wall, crumbling away at the edge of the estate. After that first embrace, Kip had not tried to touch her again. Pam wondered if she should tell him that she had been thinking about giving up her work and staying close to him here. She wanted to tell him that and make him happy. Yet she didn't, as if some further release was needed for that offer of herself.

"I wonder if you know what I mean," Kip said.

"Of course I do."

"Your job comes first, of course. The way it does with me."

"It doesn't come first with me," said Pam.

"I mean you'd never fall down on it."

"Maybe I would."

"Not you. You should hear old Alec on the subject of that. And you."

"What did he say about me?"

"Plenty. He doesn't think I'm good enough for you."

"He never told you that."

"He intimated it," said Kip and laughed at the memory. "I told him that I thought he was stuck on you himself."

"That's crazy. You shouldn't have said that."

"He knew I was kidding But he gave me quite a song and dance about how different you were from other girls and how much more valuable to civilization or something. He thinks you do a swell job and, to hear him talk, nobody else could do it."

"When did he say that?"

"I don't remember exactly. After we were engaged, I think. Or maybe just before. That was it. It was by way of warning me. He said you had work to do and I wasn't to get in the way—that was the general idea. I remember he said that you always finished what you started. That was a crack at me. Alec doesn't think I'm much of a sticker. But I'll finish this war unless or until it finishes me."

"He should see you now."

"In a way he's right. I've never been much of a fellow. Alec has pulled me out of a lot of holes. Did he tell you about coming over to Baltimore?"

"No—when?"

"I guess I asked him not to, then. But it doesn't matter so much now. Why, the plane was held up—"

He told her about the delay. It was only a story to Kip now, but Pamela was thinking back, remembering Alec coming into the plant when she was working late and trying not to think about Kip, Alec knowing that Kip had been delayed and not telling her because it would hurt, because it would seem as if Kip had failed to get in touch with her. He had failed. He hadn't wanted to reach her.

But it seemed so long ago now.

"I was pretty sour that night. I had a hang-over and I'd lost a pile of money. But you never can tell. If the plane hadn't been held up for a day, Eve probably wouldn't have been able to make it."

"You'd have missed a lot," said Pam steadily.

"I guess so," he answered as if his thought was wandering off.

"She's gone through a lot."

"Through hell. She's made a lot of it too. But I understand her." Kip's voice quickened. He said, "I'm on to her because she's so much like me. Of course she's a lot smoother and she's really been about and I haven't, but she wants to be where things are happening and to make them happen. The way I do. In a way, this war's her meat. I don't suppose any fellow could really hang on to Eve—"

"Let's go down and see if she's still there. It must be lunch time," said Pam.

THEY were sorry to see Pam go when the next afternoon came, all of the people in the house from the housemaid to Sir Philip. There was not a detaining word but she felt that they regretted her going. Except Eve. Pam wasn't sure what Eve wanted. They were not friends and each of them knew it. But there was nothing ugly in the feeling which hung between them. They couldn't be friends.

"When shall you be back in London?" asked Eve.

"On Thursday," said Pam.

"Going back to Claridge's?"

"Yes. I kept my rooms."

"I may be there myself on Thursday. I have to go up to town"

"For long?" Kip asked.

"I don't know."

He turned away from her and tucked Pam into the little car. He was driving with her to the station and leaving the car for Eve to pick up.

"You can't come back for the night, Lieutenant?" asked Aunt Emma.

"Thanks a lot, but I'll have to report back tonight."

He doesn't even say goodby to Eve, thought Pam. That means he's already done it.

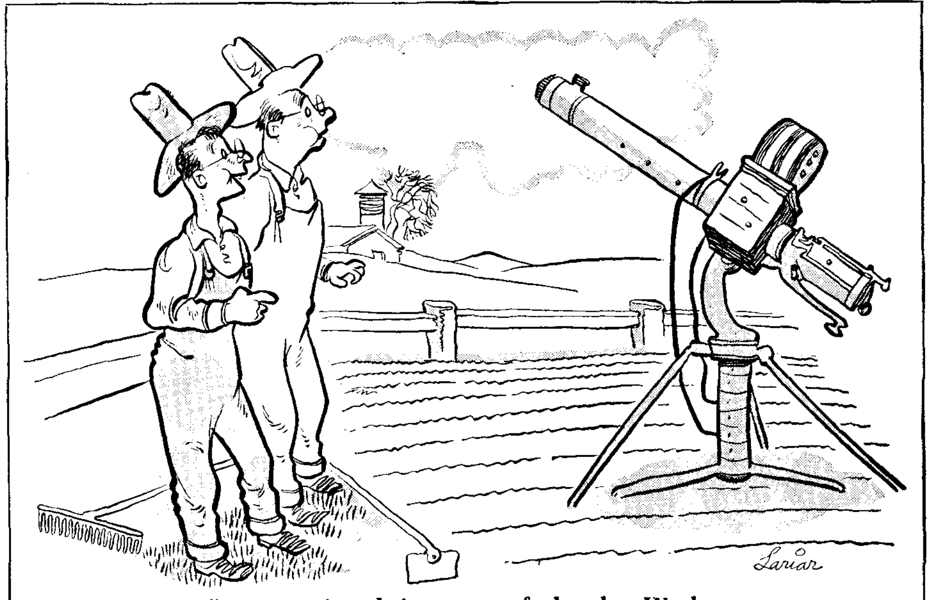
He couldn't be sure when he would see Pam again. They talked that over on the way to the station. He would call her and see what could be worked out for next week end.

"Only we can't count on anything," he told her.

And once again he said he loved her, kissing her goodby. He always said that well and easily.

SHE forgot what came in between. Vaguely Pamela remembered the difficulty in making connections at stations which had no names exposed and where every light was dimmed. Once that night she heard a siren wail, but the train rushed on as if escaping and though the passengers in the carriage with her looked at one another no one moved. They waited, as if obediently, and nothing happened.

Part of the night she traveled and part she spent in a hotel in the small city to which she had been sent, carrying her bag across the square and waking a drowsy, one-eyed porter, whose malignance of face masked a friendly curiosity when he found she was an American. She



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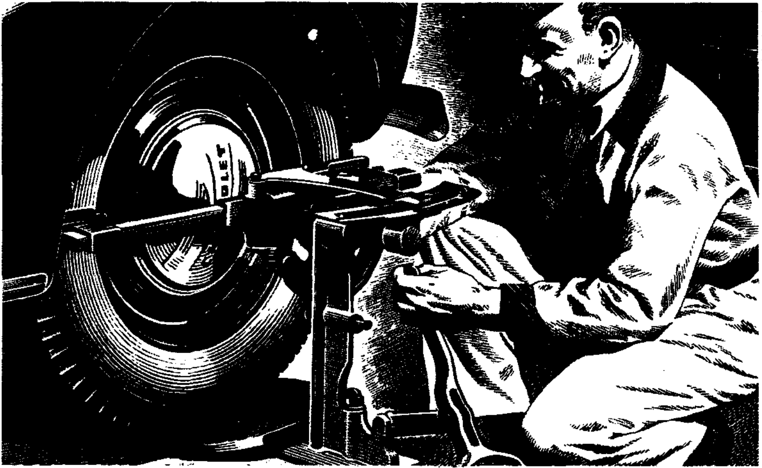

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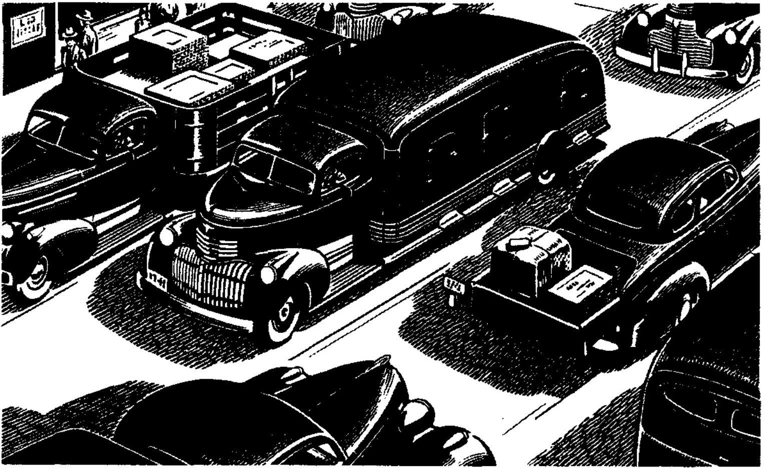

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CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN didn't forget his face or the one of the girl chauffeur who came to be her guide in the morning and take her to the first plant where she was to inspect the operations. But what she ate, what bills she paid, slid out of her memory, almost unperceived by it.

There was the ancient beauty of Kirkstone and then the machines. Shop after shop, plant after plant, mile after mile of lanes between machines, shining in their baths of oil, Pamela walked, guided by the expert men and women, watching the girls standing at their tasks, sitting on benches in assembly lines. Now and then a little shame stirred in her mind that she had even considered deserting her job, thought of running away from this thing she had come to do.

No one else deserted.

"Are you married?" she asked a girl.

"Me? Yes, ma'am. My husband's in Egypt."

For the space of a moment, in between technical questions, Pamela felt the sweep of the answer. There had been love and passion between this lovely girl with the pallid face and some man who, alive or dead, was in Egypt. The girl stood before her machine and cut pieces of steel all day long and, under the roar and rattle which surrounded her, lived the gentle thoughts that had lit her face as she answered Pamela's questions.

THE rhythm of her own job came back to her. She had dozens of things to ask about, to note in the little book she carried with her. Methods of work, organization of the workers, technical skills that girls and women had surprisingly acquired, all went into the book.

"Tell A," she added often in a margin, for she kept seeing and hearing things that would interest Alec. He knew of course what was going on over here. He knew production figures and methods. But to see the work in progress was different. It came alive when Pamela saw not only the machines and the war weapons and equipment, but the air-raid shelters—so often proved necessary in many places—within quick reach of every worker. She saw the rooms where workers would be saved from burns in case of gas, and listened to the shop radios playing music against whir and rattle and fatigue and despair, and she wished Alec could be there with her.

"This is the kind of plane they used in the raid the other night, you know," a foreman told her, patting the wing of a shining monster.

The kind of plane that went down with Kip's friend, Kellogg, thought Pam.

"We've got a good many of your American fliers over here now," the foreman added.

"Yes, I know." One who belongs to me. Or does he?

There was no time to think of that. Not now. She would think of it at night, reason it out, put all the parts together.

But when the first night came she fell into an exhausted sleep in a hotel and rose at dawn to go on farther. On the second night, and the third, she went into the country to stay with the girls who worked in the ordnance factories, in one of the hostels.

There was a campus air about it, she thought, as she saw a stream of girls and women coming from the busses after the shift was out. It was a girls' campus, looking almost like a college with all its buildings and paths, only there were no books to study, no grades, no degrees at the end of this. There was a victory to be earned at the end. Then they could go away, back to their houses. Then there would be men again for all these girls.

The girls thought about men. Pamela soon found that out, in their jokes with one another, because of the photographs she saw in the little bedrooms of the hostel, most of all because they told her so, talking at the long tables where they brought their heaped plates from the cafeteria before and after shifts.

"A girl wants her own home. I'd have had mine by this time if the war hadn't come along," one told her.

Pamela said, "You'll have it in a year or two from now. When he comes back and the war's over."

"If he gets back," said the girl, fear clouding her voice.

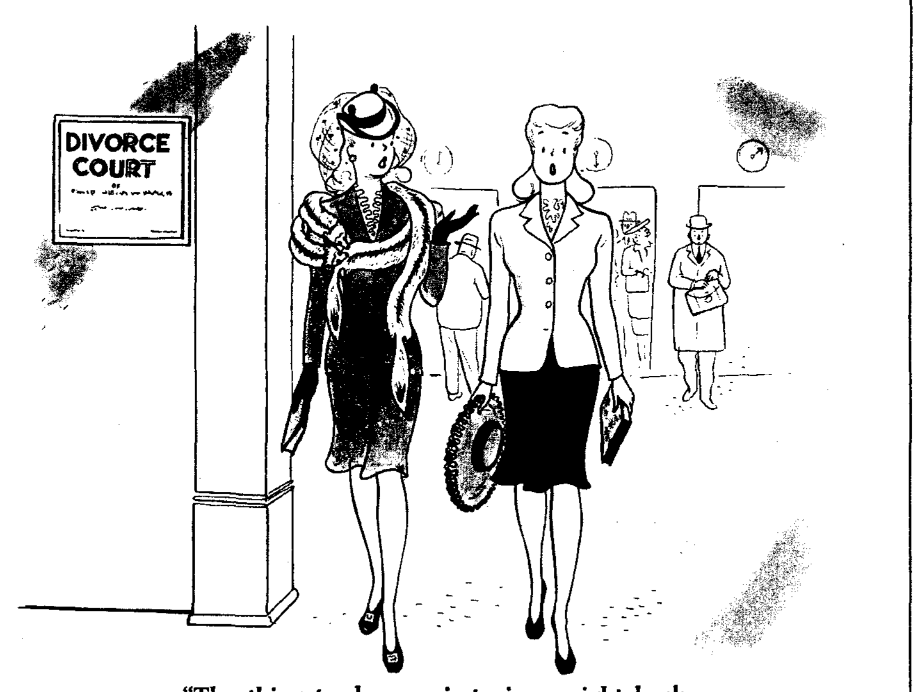
"Or if he isn't untrue to you, Matty," teased her friend.

"He'll be true to me right enough," said Matty, "as I am to him. He won't pick up with what comes along. It's his own girl he wants. That's what he's said to me often enough and that's what any man will tell you if he speaks truth."

"One girl's not enough for some men," said a girl with a face like a gypsy, leaning across the table.

The others looked at her. They all looked with definite opinion, and Pam knew that the girl was an outlaw among them and why.

"They'll tell you that now, Nance, and another tale later," answered Matty with a kind of contempt. "Out there," she added, "what are the most of them thinking of when the time allows? Not of a tramp in Piccadilly nor ten of them. A man's meant for one woman and if he's fool enough not to know it, that's his misfortune."



"The thing to do now is to jump right back into matrimony before you lose your nerve!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

She spoke hotly and stopped in embarrassment, mumbling, "Anyway, that's my opinion. You can take it or leave it."

"I can leave it," said the pretty gypsy-faced girl and got up and left them.

Matty gave a side glance at Pamela to see how she was taking the conversation.

"In America maybe it's different," said Matty apologetically.

"No. Much the same," Pam told her. "I expect it's true in Egypt too."

THERE were no men about, except for a few who came calling for their girls, soldiers from the nearest army camp. But as Pamela was being shown through the pantries and storerooms, a girl came rushing through the narrow corridor in search of the registrar. She was carrying a little rectangle of patent-leather suitcase, and her eyes were shining above a button nose.

"He's got his leave, Miss Warren!" she cried. "I can just make the bus that's taking the girls for the night shift and walk to the station. I'll be there in the morning."

"Good," said Miss Warren and looked at her wrist. "Yes, you'll just about make it. This girl is married to a sailor, Miss Neill. She hasn't seen him in a long while, have you, Ida?"

"Been seven months," answered Ida.

Pamela felt in her purse. She had a couple of fresh lipsticks left and she held one out.

"This is for you if you'll take it. It might come in handy."

"For me?" exclaimed Ida. "Now won't I make him proud!"

THE hostel nestled closely to the ground for fear of air raids. Its color was blurred by day with camouflage and its outlines blacked out at night, so that no one would know that a thousand girls and women with able hands and many skills were mobilized there for war work.

Pam could feel herself grow thinner. When she put her hands to her cheeks now they felt the bones close under the skin. She had worked at home too, but along with the work here and the tramping through long buildings she seemed to be hurrying away from a question that kept asking itself over and over.

It was at the end of her trip that the cable from home reached her. It was marked urgent and the censors had passed it through rapidly. It read: "Sorry cut your trip short but important developments regarding women industry here believe you should sit in Washington conference next week if possible suggest crowd inspection and confer Mallory embassy for air passage soonest. Cabling him also." The signature was Jerome Hayes.

She could go back, of course. It was insufficient. She hadn't seen all she had hoped to. But the few days in the plants had already shown her much that would be useful when she got back home. The development Hayes mentioned must be very important or he wouldn't suggest her return so soon. This was almost like an order, not to be disobeyed. She was responsible to Jerome Hayes and indebted to him for this trip. He had a right to call her back.

But when would she see Kip again? Would she see Kip?

The London hotel seemed like home this time, after all her strange beds in the last week. She went up to her room and looked over the mail. No cable from Alec. She had hoped on the way back to London that he would send her a word of advice about this call home.

How would she get in touch with Kip quickly?

She remembered Eve. Or perhaps she had been thinking of Eve all the time. Picking up the telephone she found that Miss Kennedy was in the hotel. Suite 316.

"Hello," said Eve, as she admitted Pam a few minutes later, "come in. You look pretty well done in. It must have been a job."

"It was marvelous," said Pam. "I just need a bath. But I wanted to speak to you first."

"I'm dining with some people. Won't you come along?"

"No, thanks. Have you five minutes?"

"Of course. But if you're tired—"

Eve looked tired herself. But she always did.

"I'm fine," said Pam, "and I want to talk to you about Kip."

"I've always thought," said Eve, "that for two women to discuss an absent man isn't a good scene even on the stage."

"It's not a scene. There's just something I want to say and it's this. I think Kip's in love with you."

"Look here," said Eve, "it's a poor time to fuss about that. He's in a dangerous spot. Why not let him have a little fun?"

"He's had a lot of that kind of fun already. All his life."

"Maybe not enough."

"I think he's had enough of that sort of thing. He was tired of it when he met me. What I mean is that I want him to have more than fun for what time there may be left."

"Well," said Eve Kennedy harshly, "leave it at that. If you can. It's better not talked about."

"YOU still don't get the point. I want him to be in love, to know he's in love, to have one woman on his mind, to think he's going to marry her."

"He's promised to marry you, hasn't he? He hasn't backed down. Nobody's objecting."

"But Kip's in love with you," said Pam.

"We've had a good time, that's all."

"He's changed," said Pam. "He isn't the way he was when he left me in New York. He could leave me—and forget about me more or less when I was out of sight. He can't do that with you. You—you come to the surface of his mind all the time. He never thought about a girl before."

She had watched the words change Eve Kennedy's face, bring up a feeling that was driven back without mercy.

"If that's true, what will you do?" asked Eve.

"I'll go back to work. I certainly don't want him if he's thinking about you all the time."

"You're not in love with him."

"I was. I would be—"

"You can't whistle to it like that," said Eve, "but maybe you think you're in love with him. Surely you don't want me to repeat this conversation to Kip. Then he would be all mixed up. He'd hate it. If he should be in love with me he'll have to find it out."

"Give him a chance and he'll find it out," said Pam. "I'm giving him one. I'm going home to America and without seeing him again."

"You can't run away like that!"

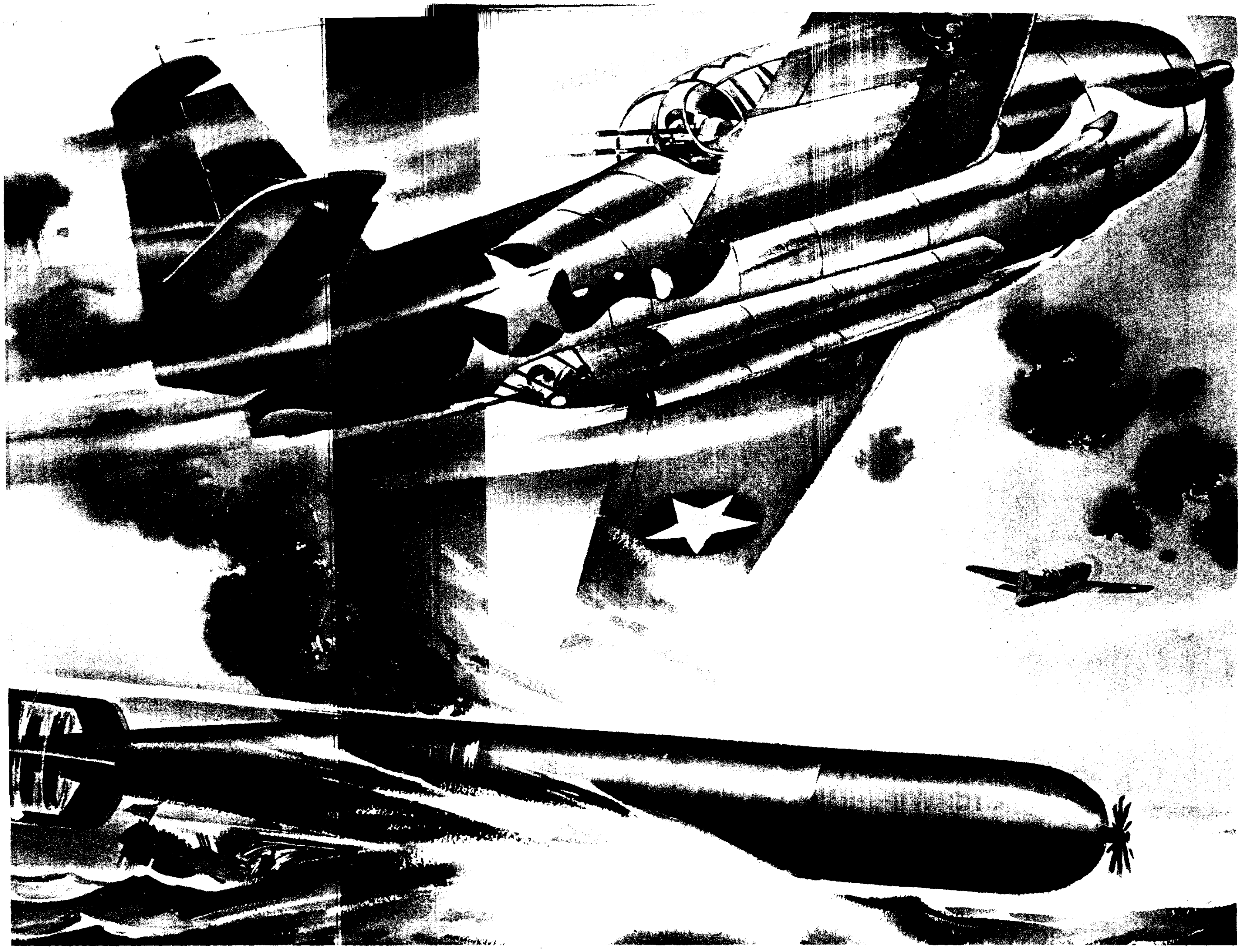
"I'm not running. I've been sent for. My boss cabled me to come back."

"That's too bad." Eve repeated it twice. Then she said in a gentler voice, "You know, Kip really worships you. He thinks you're the finest girl he ever met, the flower of womanhood and all the rest of it, the one good woman left."

"Maybe. But he's in love with you. You're like him and he knows it. He said so. I don't know what's gone on. It doesn't matter to me now. Except that I would like to know if you care for him. If I were sure of that—"

Eve Kennedy said in a straight, low voice, "You can be sure."

(To be continued next week)



A TIN FISH THAT STREAKS FASTER *than a Barracuda*

WAR has spawned a deadly engine of destruction in the torpedo. Streaking just below the surface, its slim length packs a devastating force that can sink the greatest ships afloat. Quick to learn from the fate of the Bismarck, the Repulse, and the Prince of Wales, the United States is producing thousands of these torpedoes for our torpedo planes. Built like a watch, the propulsion unit which utilizes vital precision parts built by Thompson, delivers tremendous speed and power.

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What happened to the wedding cake?

"You'd think a wedding cake's best friend would be champagne," said the cake. "But here I am . . . frosting 'n all . . . just a wallflower.

"Gosh! How the crowd's going for that bubbling champagne and golden sauterne over at the wine-table. There's the best man now . . . trying a glass himself.

"Mmmm! Did you see him smile? That always happens when they serve I. V. C. wines.

"And now look — look at him making a note on his cuff. I can read it from here . . . I. V. C.

"Cut me up . . . if those I. V. C. wines aren't getting to be unfair to wedding cakes!"

"Dry" grapes from the non-irrigated I. V. C. vineyard give these California wines their delicious flavor. Unpuffed with excess water, our "dry" grapes are smaller, but the juice is more luscious . . . just naturally richer.

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WINES

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Since 1883, I.V.C. Gold Medal and Cucamonga wines have been bottled at the winery. Red and white—table and dessert — sparkling and still . . . I. V. C. presses, matures and bottles 22 different wines for your pleasure . . . here at the world's largest vineyard.

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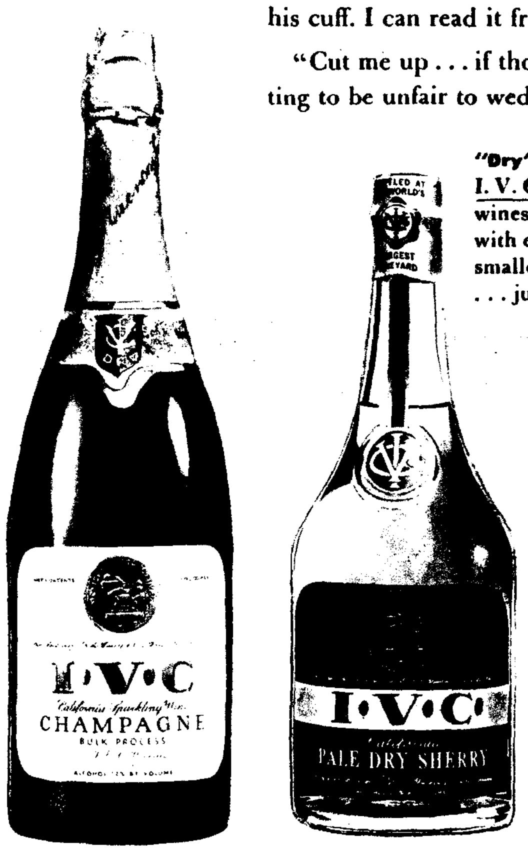


Sound of Revelry

Continued from page 30

At first I hoped he was just another John on the make. If it turned out that way, I knew what would happen. Plenty of fresh air for him, because if Judy knows one thing to perfection, it's how to take care of herself. But my last forlorn hope of that was squashed when Gregg showed up with his father.

It was this waiter, Paul, who told me that the handsome iron-gray gent was Gregg's old man. Paul heard the introduction: "Judy, may I present my father? Father, this is the young lady I've been talking about so much."

Paul got the name. It was Arthur Gordon Martin. All three names, and the middle one important. He must have been quite a man when he was younger. He was still quite a man. A shade over fifty was my guess, and as hard and trim as someone fifteen years younger. His only resemblance to his son was that they both had class.

SO THE situation continued to add up in a way I didn't enjoy. When a lad like young Martin brings his father to meet a girl, he isn't playing. It's the same as saying to the girl, "I like you—but seriously." Judy couldn't help but feel flattered. I couldn't help but feel blue.

There was nothing I could do about it. Judy and I were fighting. We didn't get so mad that I could suddenly grab her and say "Let's forget it." No. She was polite. Polite as all get out. Smiling and courteous and altogether discouraging. She didn't even tell me about the maisonette until she had leased it, furnished it, and moved in.

Ever since she inherited the Torrid Zone, I had known that she'd move away from the little one-room efficiency apartment. It wouldn't have been common sense not to. But I had sort of thought I'd be in on it. As it turned out, I didn't know a thing until she asked me one afternoon whether I wouldn't like to see her new home.

It was in the East Fifties, in a huge apartment building that was good without being ostentatious. I had never seen a maisonette before, but I wouldn't tell Judy that. Ordinarily I'd have kidded about how ignorant I was, but she'd been saturated with so much culture recently, I figured my best play was to take it in stride. So I made like maisonettes were an everyday occurrence in my life.

What it turned out to be was a complete little house inside of a house. You didn't enter it through the apartment house lobby: it had its own doorway on the street level. You walked inside, and you'd never know that it was part of a big building.

It was two stories high and cute as a mule. On the ground floor there was a nice living room with a bar off one corner and a dinette adjoining. There was a trim kitchen that looked like an advertisement in a woman's magazine. There was a big coat closet, a little foyer and a downstairs lavatory.

Near the front door there was a curving flight of stairs with a fancy wrought-iron banister. Judy walked me up and showed me two rooms with connecting bath. One was furnished as a bedroom, the other as a sort of study or upstairs sitting room or whatever you'd want to call it. She told me she had gotten a decorator to make suggestions and help her choose the furniture, but that the ideas were mainly hers. I believed her, because the place looked like Judy. Judy with dough.

She must have guessed what I was thinking because she said, "Maybe I should have told you about it, but I wanted to surprise you."

"You did."

"Do you like it?"

"It's lovely."

"I've always wanted a place like this. To me it seems more like a home than any ordinary apartment ever could."

I wanted to ask whether Gregg Martin had been in on the preliminary conferences, but I checked that out. I wanted her to bring up that subject. She didn't.

That night, the act got over pretty well. When we finished, Judy went upstairs and I went into my own dressing room. Paul, the waiter, came in. He said, "There's a couple out yonder would like to meet you."

I said, "Me?" It was a dumb thing to say, but that still didn't make it unnatural. "What kind of a couple?"

Paul smiled. It wasn't a fresh smile, but it said something. "I didn't notice the man," he said, "but the girl . . ." and he made a whistling sound which expressed approval.

"Blonde or brunette?" That question didn't mean anything, either. It's just one of the things you say.

"Blonde," he answered. "I've seen her in here before."

Something clicked. I had a crazy, wild hunch. This was too good to be true or too fantastic to be good. I said, "Lead me to it. But point it out first."

We went to the back of the bandstand. He pointed across the room to a third-row table. I took a look at the dame and said, "Well, I'll be . . ."

This promised to be good. Very good. Because the woman who had asked to meet me was the blonde named Claire: the exquisite creature who had done her bit in the murder of Jonathan Tate.

WHEN unexpected things continue to happen, you think you'll learn to take them in stride. But if you're a normal, average human being who has lived a normal, average life, you never quite get accustomed to them.

The regular orchestra, which had played the show, was leaving the rostrum, and the Cuban outfit was getting ready to peddle a little rumba. I walked across to the table where the blonde was sitting with her boy friend.

I had changed from my white tie and tails and was wearing the blue suit which Eddie Kane, my brother-in-law, is so fond of. I stood at the table and said, "You wanted to speak to me . . .?" using a rising inflection and my best college manner.

The blonde was wearing a gown of such pale green that at first it looked white. Ice green, I think they call it. It was quite a gown, and the gal in it was quite a gal. She evidently liked to be looked at, and she was getting plenty of what she liked.

The man at the table stood up. He was the same one I'd seen her with at the club before, but he didn't mean a thing to me. He certainly wasn't the man called Bob, who had been with her on the terrace the night Jonathan Tate was killed. He was a tall, slender, gentlemanly-looking chap and he stood quietly, saying nothing.

The girl said, "You're Mr. Harrison, aren't you?" and I said, "Yes. Steve Harrison."

I remembered the voice. It was the same throaty, husky voice I'd heard on the terrace when she was talking to Babs Willard.

The tall man, who was still standing, said, "I'm John Stacey." He held out his hand, and I took it. He had a nice, firm grip and a level eye. I sat down next to the blonde in a chair I grabbed from the next table.

She said, "I love your act. I hope you don't mind my asking you to come over."

"Mind?" I looked at her in a certain way, and she liked it. Stacey introduced her as Claire Livingston—*Miss* Claire Livingston—and she gave me a warm hand and a touch of pressure. I didn't get it. Then a waiter came up and I ordered a Scotch and plain water. They already had drinks on the table.

I said, "This is nice. But why?"

She had evidently expected that question. She said, "When I like an act, I say so. Perhaps I'm also a celebrity hunter."

"I'm no celebrity. Until two weeks ago nobody ever heard of me except my mother, and she wasn't sure."

"They'll hear of you." She was laying it on pretty thick. "John and I have decided that you're going far in this profession."

That was hitting below the belt. The average compliment leaves me cold; but say something nice about my dancing and I'm a push-over. She had either made a blind stab or she knew it instinctively. Whatever it was, it had its effect. I was lapping it up.

The orchestra was beating out what the American public calls a slow rumba, and is really a *danzón*. It's an easy, intimate dance—so slow that even the exhibitionists have trouble inventing gymnastics to go with it. Claire looked at me out of her violet eyes and said, "I'd love to dance this with you."

I said something about house rules and she said, "Your partner is dancing."

I looked up and caught Judy out on the floor. She was with her new boy friend, this Gregg Martin. She was looking at me and the blonde, and I could see that she didn't like what she saw. So I decided to make a good job of it. I got up and started dancing with Claire. I managed to keep pretty close to Judy so that she could get an eyeful. This was really plenty of female I was dancing with, and I was just enough in love with Judy to enjoy acting like a kid: trying to make her jealous.

We went back to the table and Claire started asking questions about me. That made me feel important. She was surprised to learn that I'd managed to grab a couple of years of college, although she said she'd been able to guess that. I don't know why the public never thinks of performers in connection with education.

I was having a good time, but I was nervous, too. Maybe Claire had learned that I had attended the Hughes party. Maybe she knew I was in the car with Babs Willard, when Babs was murdered. Maybe she had been in the other car and wanted to find out if I'd recognized anybody. But whatever she had in mind, she kept it beautifully covered up. She almost convinced me that she had sought me for myself alone. Almost, but not quite. All I was sure of was that if she was playing with me, I'd meet her at her own game. She was welcome to see all of me she wanted and a little more than that. It was all very mysterious and I felt very important.

I don't know how murderesses are supposed to act but, however it is, Claire didn't act that way. She acted like a beautiful, moonstruck screwball who has gone overboard about a guy in show business. I didn't believe it, but that's the way she was playing the hand. As for John Stacey, it didn't seem to bother him. He wasn't either patronizing or amused. He just took it in stride. Right in front of him, she made a date with me for the next day, and she gave me her address and her unlisted telephone number. She explained it by dropping a remark to the effect that Stacey was engaged—and not to her. That fixed things up all right, except it still didn't explain why he was taking her places. But I wasn't asking any questions.

THE second show was pretty good. Just before I excused myself, Claire told me she and Stacey were leaving right after the show. It was her way of saying good night. She was telling me not to hurry back. So I didn't. I probably wouldn't have, anyway, because when I got to my dressing room Max Gold was sitting there.

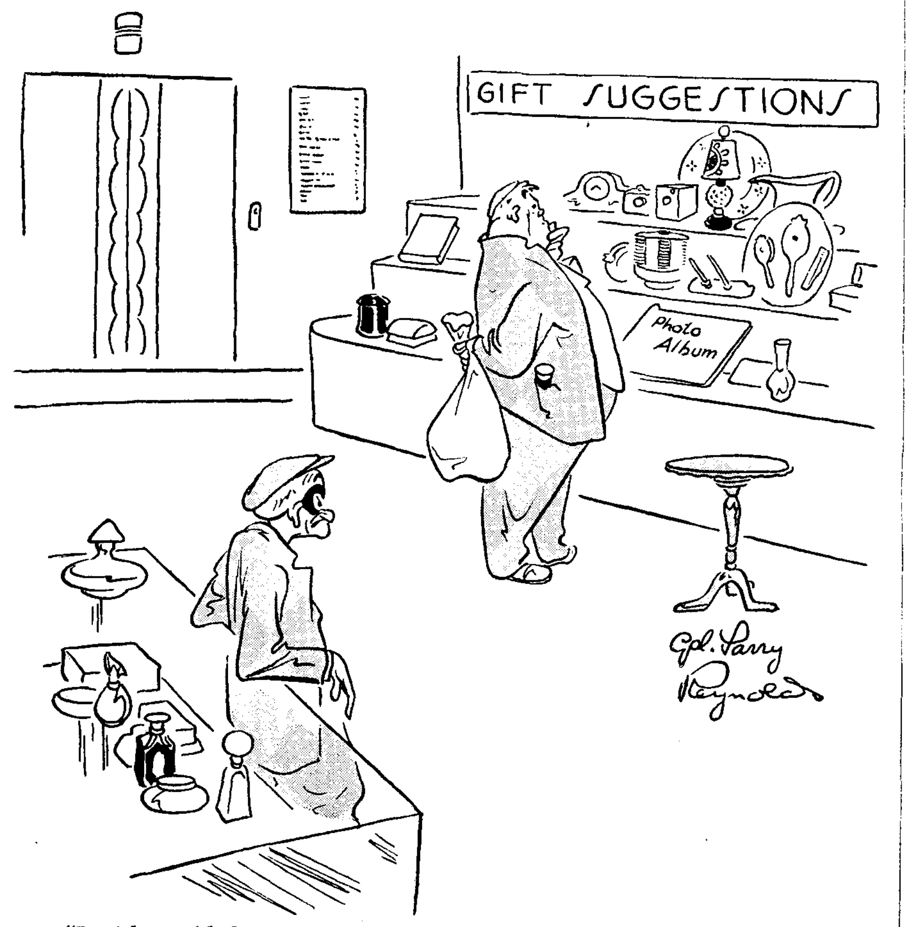
Max made me nervous. His intense black eyes seemed to see too much. And he had a way of saying things that got under my skin.

He didn't say hello. He gave me a mirthless grin and said, "You get around, don't you, Harrison?"

I said, "So do you. Especially in places where you aren't invited."

"I like it here." He looked down at his

BUTCH **by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS**



"I wish you'd decide on something, Butch. My feet are killing me"

COLLIER'S

There was an old lady who lived in a shoe
She had a lot of children but knew just what to do

For every six children she bought a can of Prem
And for very few "points" had meat for all of them

In every can
6 meat portions
– for many recipes

A SWIFT'S PREMIUM BRAND MEAT Prem

● Prem is sugar-cured the exclusive Swift's Premium way, equally good hot or cold. Every tempting forkful is solid meat, no waste. Prem supplies solid nutrition, too—proteins, minerals, B complex vitamins.

BAKED PREM TASTIES: *Make 2 cups white sauce. To 1 cup add 1 can cubed Prem. Put Prem filling on pastry squares, 4" x 4". Cover with similar squares and seal edges. Bake at 400° about 30 min. Serve, topped with 1 cup diced cooked celery mixed with the remaining white sauce. Yield: 6 servings.*

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REPAIR THEM WITH RUTLAND PATCHING PLASTER
says Uncle Ned, the How-to-fix-it man
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●Mending cracked walls with Rutland Patching Plaster is as easy as buttering a slice of bread. Just mix with water and apply with knife. Makes a smooth, firm patch as lasting as the wall itself. Rutland Fire Clay Company, Rutland, Vt.

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Fleet's Chap Stick makes cracked lips smooth again *fast.* Gently medicated, it soothes smarting—helps heal blistered, broken skin. Used by U. S. Forces everywhere to prevent dry, weather-sore lips. 25c at all drug stores. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

Chap Stick

Is something MISSING from your meals?
A1
If wartime recipes leave something to be desired—*this is IT!* Dash it on and dish it up—A·1 Sauce boosts the taste of meats, fish, fowl, gravies, vegetables, eggs—and the daily tomato juice! *Always ask the waiter, or the Missus for . . .*

A·1 SAUCE

The DASH that makes the DISH

slender, white hands. "Who's the dame?"

"You know darn' well who she is."

"I'm a cop," he said. "But I don't know everything."

I said, "She's the girl who helped to kill Jonathan Tate."

"Oh, *that!* You still sticking to that idea?"

"Yes."

"How'd you happen to meet her?"

I sat down opposite him and lighted a cigarette. I didn't offer him one. I said, "I'll play pretty if you will."

"Meaning what?"

"You come clean with me and I'll do the same with you."

"I don't get it."

"Yes, you do. I'm not crazy about you, Max—but I think you know your stuff. You've got your own reasons for saying that girl isn't the one I saw on the terrace. You've sold Judy a bill of goods. Well, if she isn't the one, why then she's just a girl who has gone overboard about me."

"Why?"

I was getting good and mad. "Because I'm a big, handsome brute, loaded down with sex appeal. One look at me and the women give. Besides, I'm the greatest dancer in the world and they want to say they knew me when. Which is being just as honest with you as you've been with me."

"I can't help it," he said, "if you've been reading too many books."

I said, "Judy probably told you that the woman on the terrace was called Claire. She was Claire and the man was Bob. Even if Judy didn't tell you that, I did—when you quizzed me in the hospital. Well, this girl is named Claire."

"Lots of girls named Claire." He was unperturbed. "Millions of 'em."

"Not girls who look like that."

"Maybe. It's a good name for a blonde."

I changed my tactics. I said, "Look—why can't we pull together on this?"

"Because you insist on acting like a dope."

"Maybe I am one. But even dopes can get ideas sometimes."

"What sort of ideas?"

"Like this, for instance: That this visit of yours isn't entirely casual."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that it wasn't any accident that you dropped in to see me when I'd been spending the evening with Claire Livingston."

Max didn't give. He only asked: "How would I know anything about that?"

"It's my hunch that Judy phoned you."

"Because she was *jealous?*"

"No. Because, for some reason, she is holding out on me. Maybe she didn't want me to get friendly with a girl as nonchalant as Claire."

"Or as beautiful."

"You did see me with her, then?"

"Sure. Why not? It's my business to look around."

"Did Judy telephone you?"

"Maybe so. Maybe not."

"In other words, you're not telling."

"That's the idea."

I SHOOK my head. "I give up. I'll play it my own way."

"You could get hurt."

"By whom?"

"What's the difference? Funny ideas can get a guy into funny messes."

"My ideas aren't funny. This Claire was mixed up in the Tate murder. She probably helped to kill Babs Willard."

"And probably not."

"What makes you say that?"

"Ballistics," stated Max Gold dryly. "Just ballistics. Jonathan Tate and Babs Willard were not killed with the same gun."

I looked surprised and doubtful. Max said quietly, "I'm leveling on that one."

I believed him. I said, "That's still negative proof. It could have been the same people but with different guns."

"Could have been anything. But it wasn't what you think." His black eyes focused on me hard. "Take my advice and quit butting in where you're not wanted. You're not a cop—"

"And don't want to be one!"

"Obvious," he said, "and corny. But we'll let it ride. I'm telling you for your own sake to lay off. It isn't doing you any good."

"I'm not trying to do myself any good. I'm worried about Judy."

He got up and started for the door. "No matter what I say, you're still playing it your own way, aren't you?"

"Yes . . ." I did some quick thinking. I said, "Look, I'm really worried about Judy. I don't believe that you aren't connecting Claire with the case. So I'll give you her full name and telephone number."

He handed me a thin smile and put his hand on the knob of the door.

"Forget it," he said. "I'm not interested."

SO MAX GOLD wasn't interested. Judy wasn't *interested.* Nobody was *interested.*

Two murders. One of the associate murderers sitting right in the lap of the police, and the cops wouldn't play.

I suppose I'm no more stupid than the average, but I never felt like such a dope in my life. Nothing came out even. Go to a cop and say, "Look, I've caught you a murderer," and he says, "So what?" It was very discouraging.

I got up the next morning at eleven and turned on the percolator. I had just sipped the coffee and lighted a cigarette when the house phone rang and the doorman said that Mr. Baylor wanted to see me. The name had a familiar sound, but I couldn't place it. However, I told the doorman to send him up.

I was getting too popular for comfort. People calling on me: policemen, blondes, and now—this. I opened the door and Baylor walked in. I spotted him right away. He was the long, tall, sandy-haired, pleasant-looking Harvard boy who had been unhappy about Babs Willard while Babs was still alive.

He looked more unhappy now. He looked haggard. His eyes had sunk, and he was nervous. He looked like a man who hadn't had much sleep. I shook hands with him, said I remembered him and asked him to have a seat. He sat down in my one comfortable chair and stretched his long legs out toward the dummy mantel. He said, "I guess you're surprised to see me."

I shook my head. "Nothing surprises me any more."

He opened a cigarette case and held it toward me. I took one, even though my first was still smoldering in the ash tray. I was trying not to jump at conclusions. These days it seemed better just to think with the current.

He was a reticent chap. He had difficulty getting down to cases. He said, "I had to talk to someone."

"Especially me?"

He nodded. "Especially you."

"Here we are."

He said, "More than two weeks have passed since Babs—Miss Willard—was killed. The police have done nothing about it."

"You're telling me."

His eyes looked tired. He said, "I don't like that. I was . . . well, I was very much in love with Babs."

"I figured that."

"I thought the police would be more efficient. It didn't matter so much about someone being punished, but I wanted the satisfaction of understanding."

"I know what you mean . . ." I stopped on a rising inflection and left it hanging there.

He said, "This is an awkward thing: my coming to you. I don't mean to be impertinent or inquisitive . . ."

"Forget it. I'm wondering about things, too. Perhaps it's good to compare notes."

He wanted to say things, but he wasn't the intimate type. Finally he said, with an obvious effort, "Babs was quite fond of you, wasn't she?"

I SHOOK my head. "I was a new toy . . . or words to that effect. Once she had found out what made me tick, she'd have lost all interest."

He said, "It's decent of you to put it that way. Whether or not it's strictly the truth."

"It's the truth, all right."

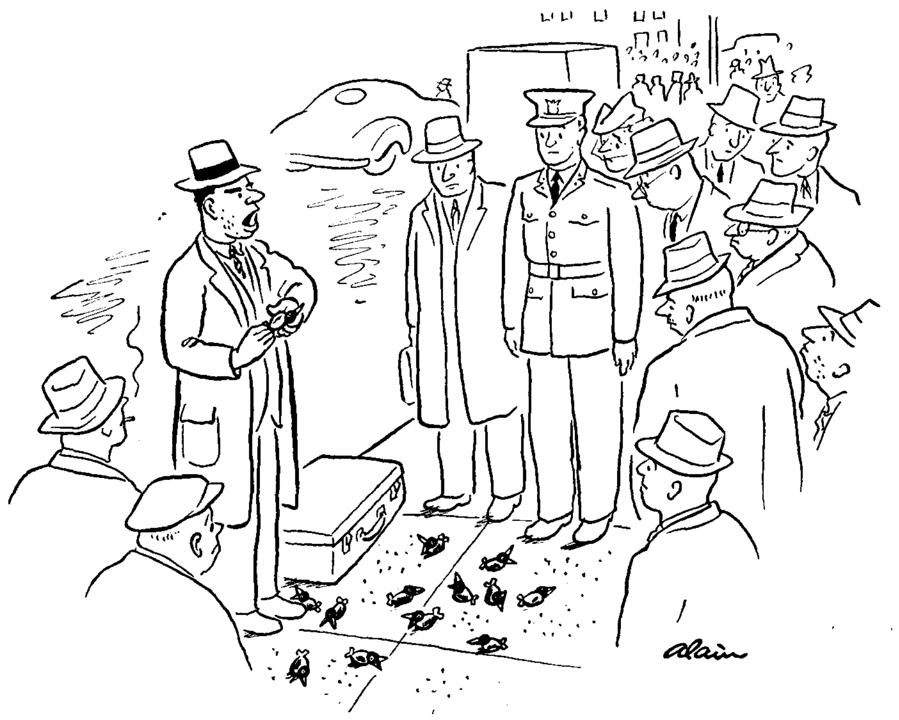
"Babs was wild." He sounded as though he was summing things up for his own benefit. "I don't know why I was so attracted to her. Some biological—or psychological—twist. The point is that I was. I knew she was irresponsible . . . but what has driven me half crazy is why anyone should want to murder her."

I waited for him to go on. He said, "You were in the car with her, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"How did that happen?"

"Her invitation." I had made up my mind that whatever I told Floyd Baylor would be the truth. Not all the truth, per-



"It's a waste of money, I'll admit—but it's something to spend your money on"

COLLIER'S D. ALAIN

The Hill

Most Californians call it the Donner Pass over the High Sierra, but to every railroad man on our Sacramento Division, it is "The Hill." There's no tougher stretch of railroad in the country than this section of S. P.'s Overland Route between San Francisco and Chicago.

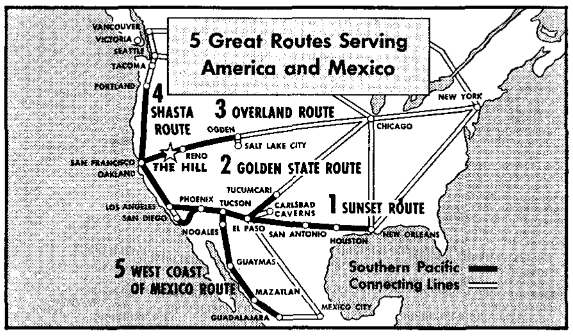
From the rolling country east of Sacramento, the double track begins to climb toward the gentle foothills that hide the summit ridge. But the grade is deceptively steep, and at Roseville the big cab-in-front locomotives are coupled on.

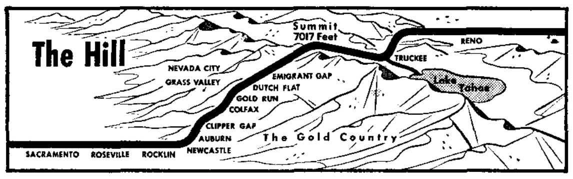
With exhausts roaring and sixteen drive wheels charging, the great engines assault The Hill. Through Rocklin, Newcastle and Auburn, through Clipper Gap and Colfax and Gold Run—the way stations of the Forty-Niners—through Dutch Flat and Emigrant Gap to the 7,000-foot summit, with Donner Lake shimmering far below.

From the summit you can hear the monsters coming up the grade, their far-off whistles echoing in the granite canyons. You can feel the stirring pulse of a railroad at war—the grim determination of the big engines and the men who run them.

There isn't a man on The Hill who isn't proud of the kind of railroading they do there, proud of the way they keep the line open in spite of everything that Nature can throw at them.

If you've ever been routed out of a warm bed to help man a work train or a rotary snow plow, you know why being a railroad man is a lot like being in the army. Every one of us is on call 24 hours a day to keep 'em rolling.


5 Great Routes Serving
America and Mexico
VANCOUVER
VICTORIA
SEATTLE
TACOMA
PORTLAND
4 SHASTA ROUTE
3 OVERLAND ROUTE
OGDEN
SALT LAKE CITY
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
RENO
SAN FRANCISCO
OAKLAND
THE HILL
2 GOLDEN STATE ROUTE
TUCUMCARI
PHOENIX
TUCSON
CARLSBAD CAVERNS
1 SUNSET ROUTE
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO
NOGALES
EL PASO
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
NEW ORLEANS
GUAYMAS
5 WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE
MAZATLAN
MEXICO CITY
GUADALAJARA
Southern Pacific
Connecting Lines


The Hill
Summit 7017 Feet
RENO
TRUCKEE
Lake Tahoe
NEVADA CITY
GRASS VALLEY
EMIGRANT GAP
DUTCH FLAT
GOLD RUN
COLFAX
CLIPPER GAP
AUBURN
NEWCASTLE
The Gold Country
SACRAMENTO
ROSEVILLE
ROCKLIN

The War Bonds
you buy now
will pay for vacations
after the war

S·P

The Friendly Southern Pacific

Headquarters: 65 Market St., San Francisco, California

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL TOTALLY MOBILIZED FOR WAR

One
$18.75 War Bond
will buy a
75 mm. shell

haps; but as much as I could spill without jeopardizing Judy.

"I thought so. Would you mind telling me what happened—actually?"

"I wouldn't mind, but I still can't do it. We were headed north. Babs was driving. There was a car on our left. I heard the shots. She lost control of the wheel. We crashed into something, and I woke up in the hospital."

"What had you been talking about?"

I figured he could take it. "She wanted to go places. I didn't. We were arguing about that."

He said, as though it hurt, "On the terrace . . . she kissed you, didn't she?"

I started to blame the lipstick on Judy, but I knew he would spot the lie, so I just nodded. He said awkwardly, "At first I thought maybe you had killed her."

"I didn't do it."

"Of course not. The whole idea was silly. But so is every other idea I've had."

I said, "I'll come right back at you. I got the hunch at first that the cops thought you were mixed up in it."

He looked at me straight. "That would have been logical," he said, and I liked his directness. "They must have found out that I was in love with her, that I brought her to the party, and that I could have been jealous. I was surprised that they didn't make it uncomfortable for me."

"Did they question you?"

"Yes. Of course. But they didn't seem to suspect me of anything."

"Go ahead," I suggested. "I'm interested."

"It's an absurd thing to say—but I got the idea they knew who had done it."

"I got that idea, too."

"Of course we're both wrong . . ."

"Are we?"

"Naturally. They'd have arrested somebody if they'd known."

HE HAD logic on his side, but I knew more than he did. Things I wasn't telling. I said, "If Miss Willard had gotten into some serious scrape recently, would she have mentioned it to you?"

"Perhaps not. But I'd have known that something was wrong."

"I see . . . you mean, you knew her so well that you'd have known there was something, even if she hadn't told you?"

"That's it." He reached around for the right words. "The thing happened, and nobody seems interested. But they should be. The murder was planned. It was expertly carried out."

"Maybe," I suggested, "they weren't gunning for her at all. Maybe it was me they wanted."

He looked hopeful. "Have you any enemies who would want to kill you?"

I shook my head. "I'd like to say 'Yes,' old man, but I can't. I suppose there are some guys who don't like me, but their dislike wouldn't go that far."

Baylor said, "It's odd, Harrison—but I'm not nearly as much concerned about who did it, as I am about why it was done."

I looked at him hard. He had put my own thoughts into words. The *why* of things had been bothering me, too. As a matter of fact, I was one up on this lad because I knew at least one of the answers to the question *Who?*

He waited while I showered and dressed. We agreed that we'd talk things over again, and he told me how to reach him. He grabbed a taxi, and I walked down to the club. I was late for rehearsal and I expected Judy to be sore. She wasn't.

As a matter of fact, she was sweeter than she had been for a long time. I didn't know whether it was the Claire Livingston angle, or what—but I liked it. I'm funny about Judy. She can make me madder quicker than anybody else on earth, but she can reverse the process twice as fast.

When you're in a dance set, you rehearse all the time. It's a hard, steady grind and it never ends. You argue over things; you get tired; your nerves get frayed. Ours did—sometimes. But not today.

COLLIER'S "Here's a list of things I want you to save!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

She didn't mention Claire, and I didn't say a word about Gregg Martin, which was all just as well, because fireworks might have started. I don't know why Martin made me nervous. Maybe it was because his old man was taking a hand. When somebody who seems to have class starts dragging his father along it's the same as proclaiming that his intentions involve matrimony, and that was a thought I didn't care about playing around with.

WE FINISHED rehearsing and got dressed. We went to a long, narrow restaurant on Broadway, sat in a booth, and ate a light dinner together. Everything was still sweetness and light. Judy said, "What are you doing after the dinner show?"

"Nothing."

"Neither am I. What say we play hooky?"

"Sold!"

Her clear gray eyes met mine. "Let's go down to my place between shows. We can have a nice, long talk"

I endorsed the idea with enthusiasm. The talk idea registered okay, but chiefly I liked the prospect of being alone with Judy. A table in your own night club, with strangers talking to you . . . that isn't good for romance. You build up to something and it gets shot from under you. I figured that maybe Judy had a method to all this madness, but that was all right with me, too. I could always hope.

The show went pretty good. Renita got mad because Professor Grisson got more applause than she did. She didn't like to be topped by what she called "a cheap trickster." But that's how it was, and Judy and I slipped away before Renita could demand that the arrangement of the show be changed.

We left the club about 9:45. It was good and cold, but there wasn't any wind, and so we walked. Two blocks over, I reached for Judy's hand. She didn't seem to mind.

The streets still looked funny to me. I couldn't get accustomed to the dimout. It made you feel like six o'clock in the morning, except that crowds were on the street. We crossed Fifth Avenue and kept on walking east. We approached the apartment house which contained Judy's maisonette.

It was a nifty building—gray with marble trim. Or anyway, it looked like marble and it positively was gray. It was twenty stories high and had a penthouse. There was a little black and gold sign in front which announced that a four-room apartment was available. A few cars were parked near the place—one right in front of the maisonette.

The door to Judy's new place was practically on the sidewalk. As we started for it, Judy said, "That's funny."

"What is?"

"I'm getting absent-minded in my old age. I forgot to turn the lights out."

We could see light back of the front door, and beyond the Venetian blinds which covered the windows of her living room. I said, "How come you put the lights on in the first place? The sun was shining when you left here."

She looked at me and said, "That's right . . ." Then she laughed. "I'm so used to snapping lights out when I leave that I probably flicked the switch automatically. So they're on."

She opened her bag and took out the key. Judy isn't like the average woman. She never fumbles. She slipped the key in the lock and turned it. I said, "Wait a minute."

"What's wrong?"

"The light," I said. "It's out."

Judy blinked "Maybe we were seeing things."

"I don't think so I'd swear it was on, and now it isn't."

She said, "Let's find out what gives," and pushed open the door.

I SHOVED ahead of her. The place was dark as midnight. Maybe we had been wrong, at that—but I didn't think so. I said, "Where's the switch?" . . . and then I stopped talking.

Something moved in the darkness. It moved fast, and it moved toward the sound of my voice.

Something hit me on the side of the head. It didn't hit square, which was fortunate, but it hurt.

I reached out. I got my hands on an overcoat. It was a very live overcoat—with a man inside.

He tore loose. Then there was an explosion which sounded about seven times as loud as a sixteen-inch gun. It was very close to my ear, and that was the second close call I'd had in less than no time at all.

The door opened, and the man leaped outside. My head was spinning. I stumbled toward the door. Just as I got there I saw a car shoot away from the curb. The traffic light at the corner was green, and the car made the turn on two wheels.

I felt Judy's hand on my arm. Her voice was shaky. She said, "Are you hurt?" and I said, "No," which wasn't strictly true.

She said, "He tried to kill you."

I went inside. I didn't say what I was thinking. I didn't remind her that the intruder couldn't have expected me.

If he had intended to kill anybody, it was Judy.

That gave me plenty to think about.

THERE was no light in the maisonette. Just a pale yellow oblong which came from outside and reminded me of a rectangle of light I'd seen on the terrace of Jonathan Tate's apartment

I heard the click of a switch and then there was plenty of light. Judy stood there, one hand still on the switch—looking at me. I closed the front door

I don't know what I looked like—except scared. Judy came over to me and touched the lump on the side of my head. She said, "Does it hurt much?"

"Not so badly that a drink won't cure."

I led the way back to the kitchen. I opened all doors carefully, including those leading into closets. I said, "I'll be right back," and started upstairs. Any other girl would have said, "Be careful," which would have been the ultimate in superfluous remarks.

I was being careful, all right. I hadn't enjoyed the little encounter by the door, and I didn't want a second dose. I pussyfooted around the upstairs like a ghost, ready to jump or run if anything dangerous-looking popped out at me. Nothing did.

When I got downstairs again, Judy had mixed two Scotches. Good strong Scotches. Double ones. I gulped mine down and felt warm inside but no more courageous. I was thinking lots of things that I didn't want Judy to know. She didn't frighten easily, but I didn't want to try. So I said, "A burglar."

Her gray eyes were steady. She said, "Perhaps."

"What do you mean: Perhaps?"

"Just that. Maybe it wasn't."

She was saying it for me. I didn't want her to know how shaky I was. I wanted to build up her morale, and if mine built along with it, why that was okay by me. I made a pallid attempt at insouciance. I even thought of it as insouciance, which was a good ten-dollar word to think of at a time like that. I said, "We have fun, don't we?"

"Yes . . ." Her face was dead white. "He might have killed you."

"Yeah. And I might get run over by an automobile tomorrow."

She sat down on the couch. I sat beside her. She tried to drink, but her hand was shaking so that she spilled some of the liquor. She put her drink on the table and turned toward me.

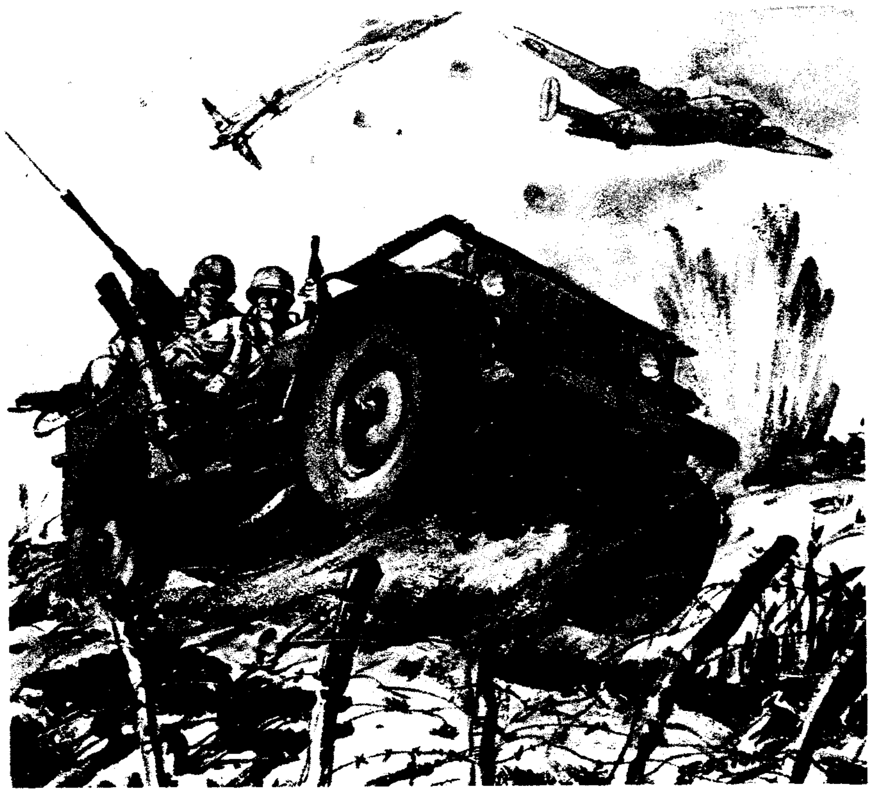
I'm not entirely a dope. I folded her up and held her tight. Her body was trembling. The fingers on my arm were digging in. I tilted her head back and kissed her. It was a good kiss, and it paid dividends. The procedure seemed to do us both good, so we repeated it. Several times. I said, "That pays for everything."

I could see that she was still thinking about me. It hadn't yet occurred to her that the intruder couldn't have expected to find me there. He probably hadn't expected anyone . . . but if he'd had any ideas, they would have been Judy. I had simply happened to be first in the house.

We sat like that for a long time, not daring to talk. We each took another drink. They seemed to have no more effect than water, but I suppose they helped. I said, "Maybe we'd better have a look-see."

(To be continued next week)

What is a Jeep?



Is it a masterpiece of war-inspired automotive engineering?—of power, speed and ruggedness? Yes, indeed. The Willys-built Jeep is all of that. But it is something even bigger and more vital to the fighting men it serves, and to this war.

It's the flaming bayonet of retribution; forged from the steel of Freedom, by the pulsating hands of liberty-loving Americans; sharpened by the memory of Nazi atrocities; and steeped in the hate of Nanking, of Warsaw, of Lidice, of Rotterdam, of Greece, of Stalingrad—*and of Pearl Harbor!*

It's a clear-eyed, square-jawed American soldier — from a farm in Iowa or the Ghetto in New York—vested with the speed of vengeance, the elusiveness of a taunting Chetnik, and the implacable certainty of Hitler's fate.

It's the answer to the silent prayer of a young American mother, whose baby's father, while hanging helpless from his parachute, was murdered in cold blood by a devilish, grinning Jap.

It's a president's "limousine" at Casablanca . . . a general's Seven League Boots . . . a scouting party's Magic Carpet . . . a war correspondent's Life Line.

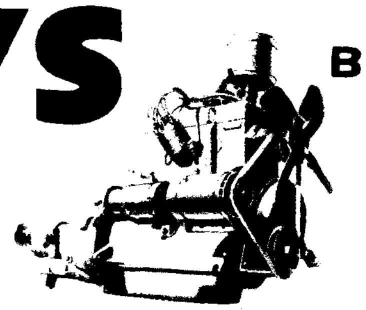
It's a mechanical army mule with a power-pulsing "Go-Devil" heart . . . an angel of Mercy to a wounded soldier in a desert fox hole . . . a Godsend to the frantic driver of a foundered lorry, hub deep in Tunisian mud.

It's a fire-ball of power, speed and stubborn durability, ready for any assignment on any thundering battle front in the world.

It's a peace-loving America roused to fighting fury, determined to blast Hitler's Nazis and Hirohito's Japs into the Hell they've made for themselves, and to bring all enemies of human liberty and human decency to *unconditional surrender.*

That, sir, is the Willys-built Jeep from America, the Arsenal of Democracy.

WILLYS BUILT JEEP



Willys-Overland civilian engineers assisted the U. S. Quartermaster Corps in designing and perfecting the Jeep adopted by the U. S. Army. The amazing world-renowned "Go-Devil" engine that drives it with such power, speed and flexibility, is an exclusive Willys-Overland development. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.

Ration Board

Continued from page 28

Please, miss, I intend to get married, and what do I do when baby comes? Please, miss—"

Some were furtive. "I ast a cop, see? This copper's a friend, see? He says come here and you fix me up, see? I need a Two Book but I lost me One Book, see? Naw, I don't tell nobody but this cop friend, and he says all I gotta do is come in and tell the truth that I lost me One Book and you fix me up. See? Lissen, I ain't got no time to go before no board. Honest I lost me One Book."

Some were wise guys. "Look, I'm in a hurry. A couple friends from Chicago are staying with me for a while. Big shots. Goin' to Washington for a couple big jobs war production. Last night I call up my district leader. He says to mention his name and get a couple books for my friends from Chicago. He says to mention his name." This species get the heave-ho fast.

Some are dumb. "I dunno. A man tells my mother to tell me to come down and get a book. I dunno who he was—just said you'd know. Number One Book? Honest I dunno. What's that? I dunno if I ever had a Number One. This man he tells my mother just come down. I dunno. I was coming in but I moved. He said—"

Some are tragic. "I gotta get a book for my husband. No, he won't come down. He just got home. No, he won't come down. He says—he says—Oh, listen!" She leans across the counter. "He's just down from Sing Sing. Honest, he was innocent. I been trying to get along. Got me a job in a war factory but I can't do it on account of the children. He's afraid to come out. He's changed. He's—"

Some are jubilant. "I want a One Book so's to get a Two Book. I had a baby last week. Oh, I feel fine. Baby's fine. Weighs nine pounds. Sure, here's the certificate from the doctor. Thanks, dear, thanks. It's a boy. Same to you and many of them."

Looking for Trouble

Some are cagey. "Wanna see my papers? I'm a citizen six years. My husband he's workin' at Sperry's. Wanna see his papers? Take a look at me. Do I look like somebody would put something over on a government both me and my husband love? I need a Two Book but can't find my One Book. Looked everywheres. You know how it is—opening your handbag maybe fifty times a day and things drop out. No, I didn't report nothing to the police station. Honest? You got to report a little thing like that to the police? Okay, gimme a new One Book so's I can get my Two Book, and I'll stop in the police station on my way home. That's a lovely dress you got on. Sure, it ain't nowhere about the apartment. I looked everywhere. I was saying to . . . what? Five years or ten thousand dollars fine? Well, now. Maybe —maybe. Okay then, never mind for now. I'll go home and look again. Maybe I can find it. Sure, I'll drop in and let you know."

But most of them are honest people, scared, confused, uninformed and wondering what to do next and when to do it—like Washington. Board members in heavily populated places from Brooklyn to Los Angeles will assure you of that. They'll go further. They'll add that they are bemused, that they can't keep up with the changes in regulations issued from the capital, that the entire rationing and price-ceiling differentials are too complicated. Lots of them say that they've quit trying; that they're going to exercise their own judgment and hope it fits.

The girls on the government side of the counters are shrewd. They spot chiselers promptly. They work fast; they have to. If they didn't, such centers as Adelphi Street would be bedlam in high. When girls are so rushed that there's no time for satisfactory appraisal of the applicant and his story, men inspectors edge in, look hard, listen close. Snap judgment necessarily rules. In rodeos like Adelphi Street, there's no time for exhaustive investigation at the ration-book counters. If there's any doubt, the applicant is sent upstairs where he can be interrogated more leisurely at individual desks.

In small communities, in rural and suburban sections where everybody is more or less acquainted with everybody, recourse can be made to records because there is space to keep records in and more time to file them. Also, in such centers there is nothing approximating the race and language diversification which makes the life of ration-board members in Brooklyn the dive-bomber raid it has turned out to be.

But in Brooklyn, as in all places of comparable population, there is no time to file records. There would be even less time to dig into records for verification of every citizen appearing with tales of lost Number One Books. You can't get a Number Two without showing Number One. If you've lost Number One, you're supposed to report it forthwith to the police.

When applying for another Number One in New York, you must produce a paper from the police certifying that you've informed them of the loss of your original. In some other sectors, you must produce a newspaper in which you have advertised your loss. But New York has turned that down, saying that the cost of the advertisement would be no hardship on the prosperous and too great an expense for the poor. Washington lets local boards grapple with that.

The OPA in Washington has ruled that if you have lost your Number One Book, you must wait thirty days to get another. This was supposed to make you careful, but there are many cases of actual loss, with no skulduggery whatever involved. Upon such unfortunates, the thirty days could levy a serious hardship, particularly where dieting prescribed by physicians is involved. It could even impair the health of the family whose only offense is having a careless guardian of its ration books. Therefore, the board members must exercise common sense, rely on their judgment of character, on their ability to detect the difference between the honest and the liars.

The latter problem is not always simple. An average of 5,000 people present themselves daily to the Brooklyn board saying that they've lost their Number One Books. After brief interviews with cold officials, about half of them decide to go home and look again, that maybe they've merely misplaced them.

If you've never had a Number One Book or if you say you haven't and are one of those people who are willing to take the chance of being fined up to ten thousand dollars or going to jail for a few years, you can get one almost overnight. Thus, the chiseler is more likely to tell the girls at the counters that he has never had a Number One Book. He is betting on the inability of the board to catch him. Because no better system has been devised by the OPA, his chances of getting away with it are not at all forlorn. To seek verification for every applicant's story would take an army of investigators that would make many of our overseas Armed Forces look like reconnaissance groups.

Questionable Points

In congested centers like New York City, it is not too difficult to use two or even more sets of ration books. In England, for example, the rationed housewife must deal exclusively at one store for food. Thus, she finds it impossible to use two books of points if the provisioner is honest or if he's impressed with the penalties imposed for conniving with a chiseler. But in the heavily populated sections of the United States (in New York City at any rate) there are many stores and shops where, above all, business is business and no questions are asked. You use one book at one store and the other at another. Doubtless the OPA will eventually do something about this, but the overworked rationing boards are powerless.

So let's go upstairs in Adelphi Street and look over the applicants who either haven't allayed the suspicions of the girls in the gymnasium or, having books, have special pleas to make.

COLLIER'S "Well, I just *like* to bid seven spades!" KEMP STARRETT

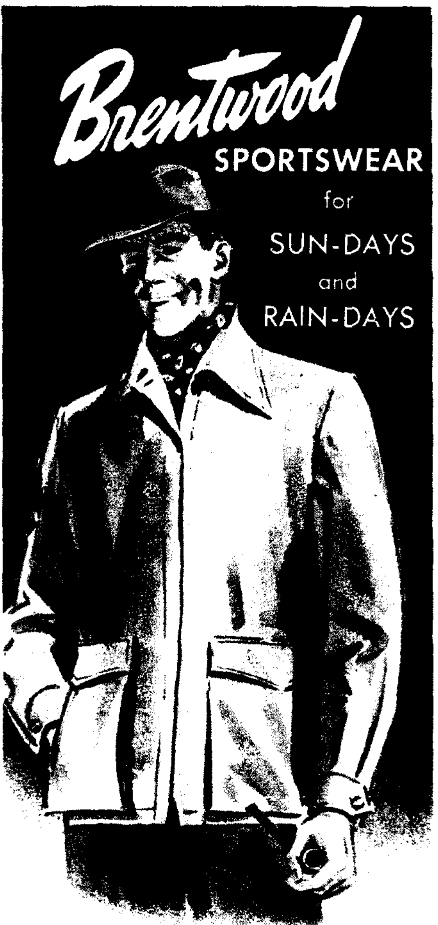
NO MORE WASTE OF PENCILS
EBERHARD FABER MONGOL 965 COLORED INDELIBLE
MADE IN U.S.A.
Check and double check

"MY checking is done with *MONGOL Colored Pencils,* and they certainly double check with me. I'm under pressure to get things done today, so need a pencil with a strong, thin lead that can stand the pace. Give me MONGOLS that need no pampering and can be pointed in a pencil sharpener, every time."

For years most widely used for office, engineering and art work, for checking and color coding, for maps, graphs, charts and a hundred and one purposes. When your work calls for color, *"Say MONGOL to your Stationer"*...24 colors to choose from; reds and blues in 3 degrees of hardness, greens and yellows in 2 degrees. Also available in assortment boxes of 12 and 24 colors.

SINGLE PENCILS 10¢ CONSULT YOUR STATIONER FOR QUANTITY PRICES

EBERHARD FABER
NEW YORK TORONTO
Leadership
IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849



Chalk up another triumph for Brentwood! . . . Here's a jacket tailored for a man with a keen eye for good lines—yet it's water-repellent and wind-resistant. Try on this new jacket; you'll agree it's worthy of the Brentwood label $5.00

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

BRENTWOOD SPORTSWEAR • PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK

Royalton
QUALITY
PIPES
Tops in smoking pleasure

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

Lubricates • Cleans • Polishes • Prevents Rust

3-IN-ONE
Heavy Body
OIL
PROTECTS VACUUM CLEANERS
3-IN-ONE HEAVY BODY OIL

At Hdwe., Drug, Grocery and 10¢ Stores

There's a Chinese at the desk of a woman who is slowly, patiently, clearly and simply explaining why he cannot get all the ingredients he needs for all the *slum bum chow* his customers seem to need. He listens intently, his face utterly impassive, his attitude deeply respectful. He wears the flag of China on his right lapel, the Stars and Stripes on his left. A Red Cross tag dangles from his breast pocket. His necktie is red, white and blue. The woman is finished talking. He rises, bows politely from the waist, murmurs a "So thank you. Much obliged. You are very kind. Gooooo-by." This is the fifth successive day he has been in, asking the same question.

"I need an interpreter," sighs the woman at the desk. "I asked him on the first day if he understood English. He said yes. I've just asked him to bring in somebody who understands English better. He said he'd bring his brother. But I don't know. I told another Chinese to bring in his brother who, he said, understood English better. And that one's brother was only nine years old and couldn't understand Chinese."

There's quite a row yonder. A very globular lady is demanding an order for a pair of shoes. She is insisting, too, that the board arrest immediately a shoe merchant from whom she bought a pair last week, using her No. 17 coupon which, legally, she wouldn't be able to replace for some time to come. The shoes she bought last week, for which she gave up her No. 17 coupon, were too large, the heels too high. She took the shoes back to the dealer. But she'd worn them five or six days and, understandably, he would not exchange them. There's nothing the board member, a retired banker, can do for her.

"Where are these shoes that are too large and the heels too high?" he asks, not because it matters but because he has run out of all other questions.

"Where do you think?" she demands. "I threw them in the crook's face."

"Sorry," says the member, trying to solace her.

"Sorry?" she screams at the top of her voice. "What are *you* sorry about? You with nothing to do but sit there behind a government desk pulling down your good ten thousand dollars a year outa the pockets of us hard-working taxpayers."

Post-Mortem Shoes

The member waves her away. Actually, he's working full time, eight and sometimes ten hours a day, getting no pay at all for his patriotic service. He tells us that another of his troubles is convincing people that they cannot have orders for shoes for members of their families who die. Suddenly, says he, it has become an absolute necessity that every deceased person wear a new pair of shoes when being buried.

A man had made such an application early that morning. The board member was slightly suspicious.

"How big was your deceased brother?" he asked idly.

"Just a little guy. Wouldn't come up to my shoulder. Swell little guy."

"What size shoes did he wear?"

"Eleven and a half."

"Just about your size, hey?" said the member.

"Yeah, just about. A swell little—" began the applicant. Then: "All right. What the hell!" And he left.

A few desks farther on, there's a woman applying for an extra sugar and coffee allowance. She doesn't get it and she isn't pleased.

"Maybe you got a brother," she says to the woman who has not given her any orders for extra sugar and coffee. "Maybe you got a husband. Maybe he's a young lawyer trying to get a start with his office in the house so far. Maybe he hopes to get an office when he's got the capital. Maybe you got to entertain a lotta people to build up a good will and maybe a practice for the brother or the husband. Maybe you don't know it, but that takes a lotta coffee and sugar. But maybe," and this is heavy with insinuation, "maybe in a job like yours you don't need no orders for the extra coffee and sugar maybe."

If a member of our Armed Forces is home on leave of more than three days, he's entitled to food allowances and, in some situations, to gasoline, but he has to appear in person.

At one of the desks a woman is applying for extra meat, sugar, coffee and canned fruit juices for her son who is home for ten days.

"Him come in?" she scoffs. "Not him. Not him in person. He come home day before yesterday. He went to bed and ain't been out of it since. He says he ain't going to get up for a week."

Applicants for extra fuel oil ask all and sundry to feel their hands, how cold they are. They're sure that their landlords divert the apartment house fuel oil to the furnaces in their own homes—either that or sell fuel oil at vast profit to friends. Other citizens are demanding extra food "like the doctor ordered," but they've got to produce the order or recommendation signed by the physician. And if there is anything suspicious about the "doctor's order" they are asked to leave their name and address and await word. Quite a number of the board's letters to given addresses come back stamped "Unable to Locate."

Skulduggery at Work

There are suspicions, too, that there are doctors who are not quite above taking a fee for phony diet prescriptions. It's like the old days of prohibition. There are stories around that for two dollars you can get an "urgent" recommendation for extra meat and butter, but there have been no investigations because there are no investigators for such work. As far as we've been able to learn, no chiseler, lay or professional, has been arrested. There's nothing such boards as George Tilyou's can do; they're overworked now.

Loath as we are to make predictions, we cheerfully prophesy that when the OPA gets around to a season of investigating, there are going to be quite a number of columns of ration scandal in your newspapers.

England has a much firmer control of her rationing, but England's job is infinitely simpler. The country is tiny and easy to cover with investigators. Most of England's food (Brussels sprouts being a dreadful exception) and oil is imported, and the government takes possession and control at the docks, maintaining the control down through wholesalers, distributors, middlemen, retailers and consumers. England maintains ceiling prices even on food dispensed in restaurants. Furthermore, the variety of foods to be rationed and price-ceilinged is smaller than it is here. Therefore, there is not much that the OPA can learn from Britain's Food Ministry except simplicity.

Just before George Tilyou suggested that we feed ourselves, we listened in on a Negro woman whose physician, an Obi medicine man, was treating her for "serpents"—pronounced "sarpents." She had to have "two pounds warpins, a mess of beans growed in the dark, six ounces spread lint and one pound fresh bark." Besides, the applicant had to have a bottle of "washdown with rust."

The woman clerk she talked to didn't ask what these ingredients were, but she said: "I don't know what you're talking about. I don't know whether these things are rationed or not."

The applicant looked relieved, arose. "Thass all I aim to know, thass all," she said, and she departed.

So did we.

THE END

PORTIS
Eskimo Cool
Straws

Be cool as an Eskimo this summer in an open weave, breeze-inviting Portis straw. Fine panamas, hand-woven in Ecuador, made with interchangeable pug bands are $3.50 to $7.50. Air-mesh straws, brim-full of smartness sell for only $1.95 to $3.00.

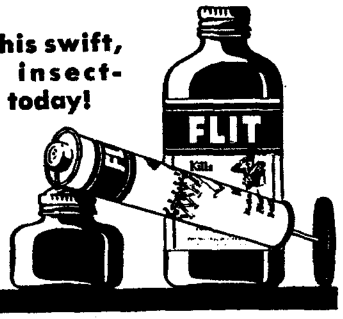
QUICK HENRY! THE FLIT!
HERE COMES ANOTHER "ZERO"

●"Dive Bombing" mosquitoes — "Four Motor" flies — are just two of the treacherous insect-enemies that wage war on our soldiers on many battle-fronts... and two good reasons why the army uses such vast quantities of FLIT and our other insecticides.

For FLIT, like our other insecticides, is known as a super-slayer of foreign pests. Just as it is known throughout America as a deadly weapon against domestic mosquitoes, ants, moths, flies, and roaches.

FLIT has the highest rating established for household insecticides by the National Bureau of Standards... the AA Rating.

Buy this swift, sure insect-killer today!



Copr. 1943 Stanco Incorporated

Jeep of All Trades

Continued from page 20

form. No doors grace its khaki-painted sides, but safety straps keep you from bouncing out as the machine lurches up 30-degree slopes or sails over ditches.

Usually it carries two passengers in front and one behind on a collapsible seat, although it can shoulder half a dozen or more doughboys in a pinch; and its work in mud is something to see. With six speeds forward and two reverse, power is transmitted to all four wheels at the flick of a lever.

The Germans and Japs possess nothing approaching this mechanical jackrabbit, although a feeble military adaptation of the Nazi *volkscar,* with less than a third the horsepower of the jeep, has lately appeared on several fronts. The tremendous significance of this newest of our war weapons, not even developed in standard form until 1941, lies in its versatility. Literally, the jeep is a jack-of-all-trades. With a small cabinet on its back, it becomes a field telephone station; carrying smoke pots, it lays smoke screens for tanks; mounting machine guns, it crouches in ditches to guard roads or to fight off strafing aircraft; at airports, it hauls planes behind bombproof dispersal bunkers in a moment's time. And with the silhouette of a Scottie and the speed of a whippet, it presents an almost impossible target for enemy gunners when on reconnaissance or attack.

A wind-clawed British general at one of our Southern Army camps summed up the jeep's capabilities after a jolting initiation into its wonders. "Gorblimey," he cried, dignity forgotten, "that jeep can do everything but bake a cake!"

Because its bouncing, leaping qualities proved as irresistible to American soldiers as the hot licks of Benny Goodman or the charms of a prancing chorus line, the jeep has been the subject of more cartoons than any national phenomenon since the speak-easy. Yet its real war story has never been told. To troops who have actually gone into battle with it, the jeep is regarded as reverently as heavy artillery or adequate aerial protection overhead. After talking to scores of soldiers and foreign correspondents recently returned from overseas service, I began to understand why.

Legend in North Africa

In our North African landings, for example, the jeep became a legend almost overnight. When hidden French artillery between Safi and Marrakech began toppling our troops like tenpins, Lieutenant Paul Morten jumped in his jeep, scuttled cross-country over foggy fields and ditches, and reported the exact position of the enemy guns. Within a short time our own artillery blasted them to bits.

Meanwhile, scores of other jeeps whizzed up and down coastal roads, putting additional hostile batteries out of action with machine-gun or mortar fire, and radioing the location of the batteries to offshore naval vessels if the defenses proved too strong to be smashed by the jeep crews themselves. Beyond doubt, such quick action saved hundreds of American lives.

Similar spectacular feats were performed by jeeps all along the front. At Mazagan, south of Casablanca, an American tank commander had been ordered to take an important bridge. Suspecting that local forces might not yet have had time to mobilize, he leaped into a jeep with a party of tommy-gunners, raced ahead of his slow-moving tank column—and captured the bridge without using his tank force at all! And Captain Tom Little of Osceola, Florida, a medical officer, hearing that fighting was going on twenty miles outside Safi, jeeped to the scene of the battle in twenty minutes flat after ordering his medical units to come up as quickly as possible with their slower equipment. By the time the other medical officers arrived, Captain Little had already treated a score of seriously wounded.

Some of the tales told about this combat car verge on the incredible. Notified that his jeep would be landed at Fedhala from the first wave of assault boats, Private Leonard Hicks of Marin County, California, decided it might be wise to waterproof his engine by soldering a vertical air-intake pipe to the carburetor. It was—for when Hicks drove off the assault boat's ramp, he found himself up to his neck in four feet of water, with the engine completely covered. The jeep gurgled once or twice, snorted like a porpoise, and wallowed to shore submarine style.

Near by, Private Marc Ferguson of Summitville, Indiana, used his jeep as an improvised dugout. Ordered to unreel wire on the beach to establish communications, he drove until the machine guns swung his way; then he dove hastily under the jeep. Even with these interruptions, the scout car's speed laid the wire in a few minutes.

Farther up the beach, Private Joe Dehler of Oregon was tooling blithely along when an enemy plane roared down in a strafing attack. Seven heavy machine-gun bullets punctured the car as he dived into a ditch—but when he climbed back in, the jeep purred into action without a hitch. A few moments later, Dehler picked up a naval lieutenant, and a second plane began strafing. More bullets smashed into the car, and once more it carried on.

In fact, the jeep's record throughout the whole North African campaign made it the Army's most honored vehicle. When Major General George S. Patton rode to Fedhala to receive the surrender of General Auguste Noguès, French resident general, he selected a jeep instead of the orthodox staff car or limousine. Later, during President Roosevelt's visit to Casablanca, the President also used a jeep for his inspection trips.

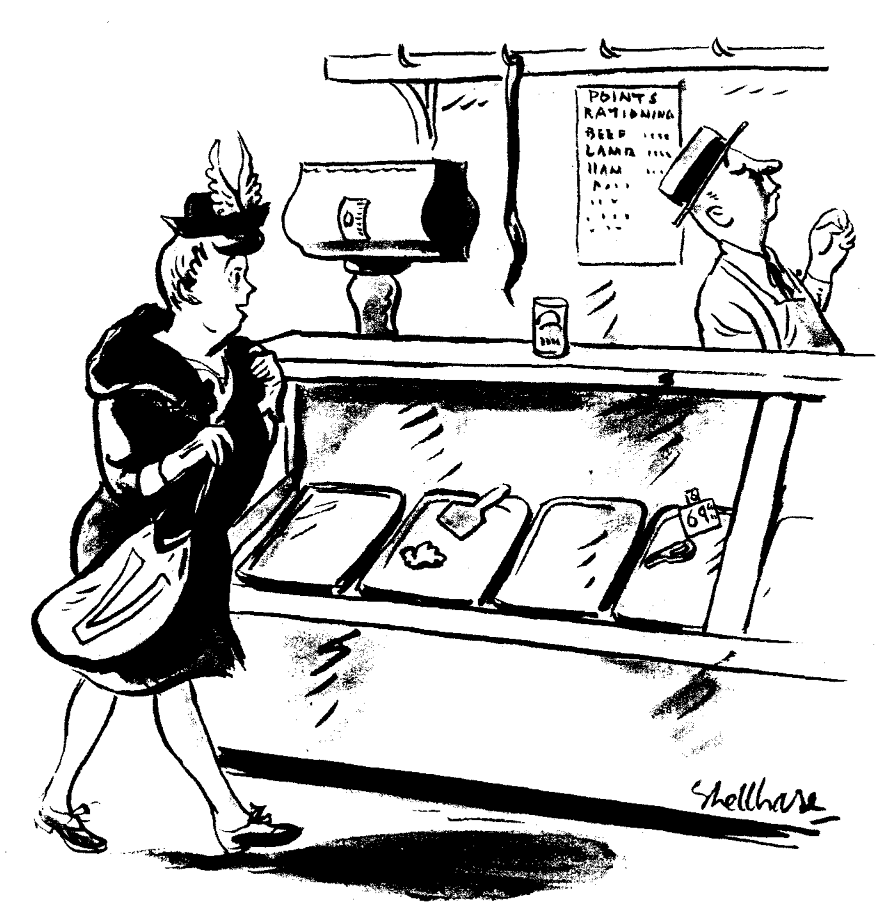
The story of the jeep's creation is as absorbing as its feats in battle. Until the outbreak of the present war in 1939, light reconnaissance and attack vehicles had always been either motorcycles with side cars or stripped-down, slightly modified automobiles. Both, however, had definite faults. The motorcycle could only carr two soldiers, while the combat car presented a big target for enemy gunners.

Then an Army officer named Majo (now Colonel) Robert Howie, stationed a Fort Benning, had an inspired idea. Wh not attempt to create an entirely new typ of reconnaissance and combat car—a ca with an unprecedentedly low silhouette mounting a machine gun, and toug enough to negotiate the worst terrain? I he could work out a rough model of suc a vehicle, Major Howie felt positive tha America's automobile manufacturer could quickly suggest improvements an adapt cars of this type for mass production.

Birth of the Jeep

Here two of America's experienced aut men—J. W. Frazer, president of Willys Overland Motors, and Delmar G. Roo Willys' vice-president and chief engineer— stepped into the picture. Frazer had bee a General Motors executive and a vice president in charge of sales for Chrysle before joining Willys, while Roos, forme president of the Society of Automotiv Engineers and for years chief engineer fo Studebaker, had designed everything fro Locomobiles to armored cars for Gene Pershing and his staff in the first Wor War.

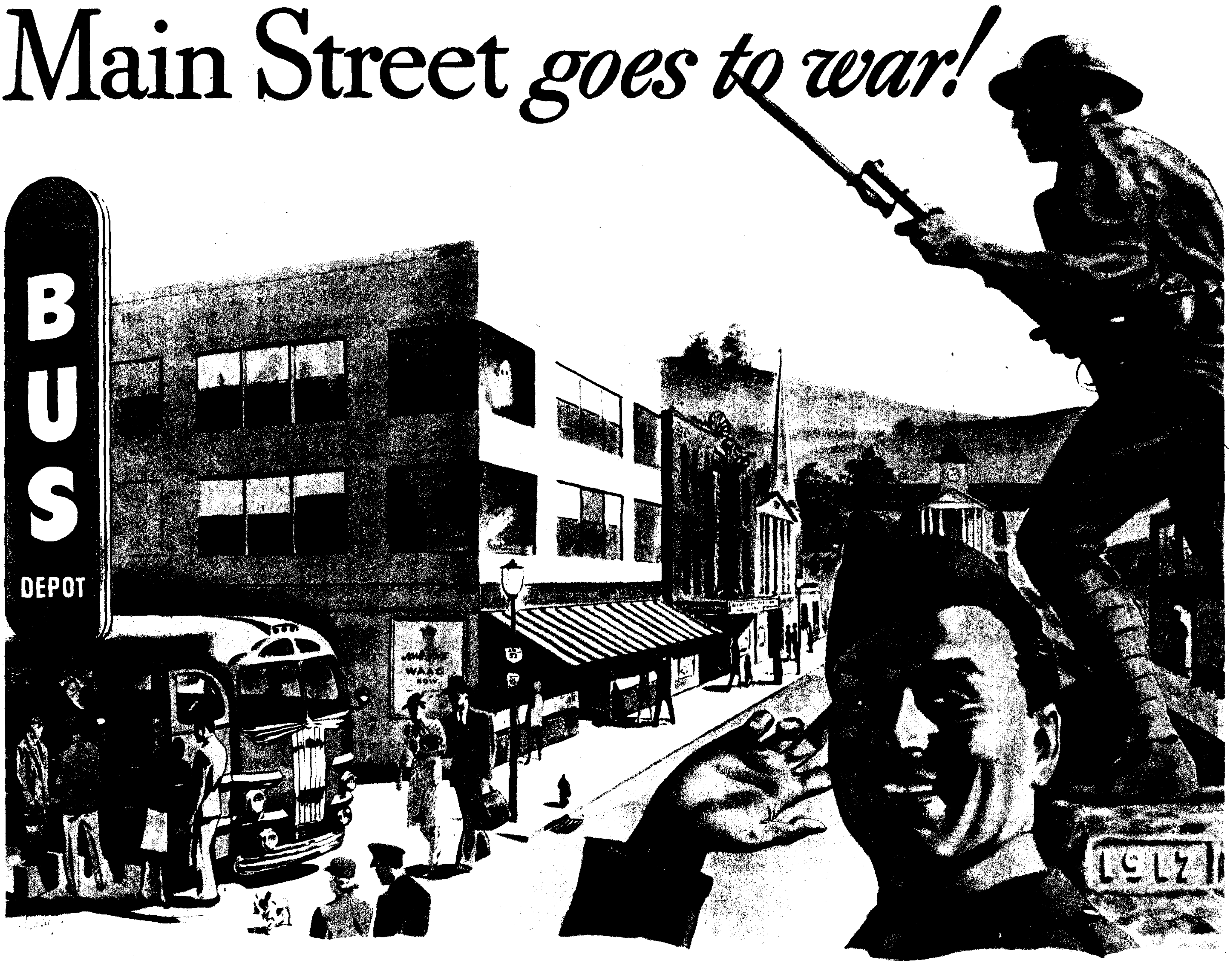
By March of 1940, Howie had built pilot model, and Frazer and Roos went t Georgia to inspect the machine. " looked," says Frazer, still astonished b the memory, "like nothing any automobil man had ever seen before—something o the order of a cross between a kid



"Good morning, Mr. Stephanick—what can you do for me today?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE SHELLHASE

Main Street *goes to war!*



This once peaceful town is fighting mad. And it's putting in the kind of punches that win! Doc Baxter's son has won the Distinguished Service Cross . . . George Jensen has downed his first Jap plane . . . Sally Iverson is off to join the Waacs . . . Walt Willis is working in a bomber plant. Everybody's in it . . . fighting, working, buying War Bonds.

And that smiling, young soldier on his way to the bus station . . . *that's Jimmy Jones!*

With his girl's picture tucked in his pocket and some of Ma's fanciest home cooking under his belt, Jimmy is heading back from furlough feeling fine and fit. He is going back the same way he came . . . the way that "joined him up." Like the others from his town so active in the war, he depends on buses to get him where he's going.

And every mile he travels by intercity bus, Jimmy sees the power of America moving into the war. For to all the men in our training camps, to 70 million Americans who live in small towns and on farms, and to millions of others everywhere, intercity bus service is irreplaceable. It's the transportation they know and count on.

And the bus lines will never let them down! Night and day, these highway Task Forces roll between the thousands of small town Main Streets and the big city Broadways . . . moving manpower to war plants and shipyards . . . carrying the majority of inductees to induction centers . . . serving our military bases and training camps . . . bringing help to farms along the highways . . . meeting the ever growing needs for essential military and civilian travel . . . *684 million passengers in 1942!*

This flow of manpower by highway *must not be slackened.* Bus transportation *must* be kept strong and equal to its tasks. And to the utmost limits of available equipment and the carrying capacity permitted by present speeds, the bus lines are concentrating on their wartime job . . . *keeping 330 thousand miles of highway at work for victory!*

* * *

Many thanks to you, our passengers, for accepting unavoidable inconveniences with a smile, for planning trips in advance, avoiding week-end and other peak travel periods, and taking as little baggage as possible. Your cooperation is helping us immensely in our wartime job.

MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

For Old Times' Sake

GENERATIONS of Americans—from wind-bronzed Yankee skippers to the dandies of the Gay Nineties—have called for G & W Whiskeys. And today you show the same outstanding preference! ☆ For the G & W Whiskeys you enjoy, such as the popular Five Star blend, are as fine as 111 years of distilling experience can make them. ☆ Their base whiskeys—carefully selected to give the flavor its authority and distinction—are the pride of G & W. The spirits that go into our blends are something special—rounded and softened by a costly method used in the making of fine imported whiskeys. ☆ For a premium whiskey at a non-premium price, ask for G & W Five Star . . . over the bar . . . over the counter. Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., Peoria, Illinois.

SINCE 1832
Estabd. in 1832
G & W
FIVE 5 STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY
A distinguished blended whiskey of unsurpassed smoothness and bouquet
Blended & bottled for Gooderham & Worts Limited Peoria, Illinois
NEW BOTTLE
NEW LABEL
-same superb blended whiskey

SYMBOLS OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
The "Sovereign of the Seas" was the finest example of the craftsmanship which produced the stately Yankee Clipper ships. The G & W Label has been a symbol of fine craftsmanship in whiskey distilling and blending for more than 111 years.

86 proof, 75% grain neutral spirits

G&W Five Star
Blended Whiskey

GOODERHAM & WORTS, LIMITED · · · FOUNDED IN CANADA 111 YEARS AGO

scooter and a diving board on wheels."

Dubbed the Belly-flopper, Howie's car mounted a machine gun and carried two men lying prone. It weighed only 1,300 pounds, had but fifteen horsepower, and the driver was forced to operate the clutch and brakes with his feet while stretched out flat on his stomach.

Frazer and Roos saw instantly that the Howie car had revolutionary possibilities, and within a short time the Army decided on tentative specifications for a larger and heavier machine than Howie's original model. Along with other companies, Willys received an invitation to bid on 75 pilot models. Months of round-the-clock work followed. Radical engineering developments were incorporated into the new reconnaissance car—high axles to permit the machine to clear rocks and logs; special heavy-duty oil filters to strain out desert sand; strong brush guards to protect the radiator for jungle work; a frame and springs which would take a terrific beating and still hold up. When the Willys pilot model arrived at Camp Holabird for tests that November, its sturdy construction and high-powered motor made Army officers blink in surprise.

Testing for Toughness

The Army tests involved 4,000 miles of driving on the open highway, 3,000 miles on one of the toughest, roughest, muddiest proving grounds ever devised, and a solid 1,000 miles through heavy sand. One competing car buckled like an accordion in a midair leap when the frame gave way, another drowned out crossing streams because the ignition had been set too low. The vehicle that was destined to become known as the jeep came out of six weeks of test well ahead on points.

The Army, however, decided that all cars had stood up sufficiently well to warrant further field trials, and an order went out for 1,500 machines of each competing model. Here Roos ran into a headache. This time specifications called for a vehicle weighing only 2,175 pounds—around 250 pounds lighter than his pilot model. Grimly, the engineers went to work again. Without sacrificing strength at any stress points, the new model finally weighed in at 2,154 pounds—a good 21 pounds under specifications.

In field tests, all cars were judged on a chart containing several hundred points, and the Willys came in last on only one. In the grand total, it was easily first. By the fall of 1941, the Army had definitely decided to standardize their model. Later, the designs were released to the Ford Motor Co., which now also manufactures the jeep.

Recently I visited the huge Toledo factory (where some 15,000 employees also produce enormous quantities of 155-millimeter shells, aluminum forgings, bullet cores and other armaments) to see the jeep under construction. Here, day and night, blitz buggies pour off the assembly lines at the rate of hundreds per day. Beside me, Frazer, a big, dynamic, 51-year-old executive, explained some of the jeep's fine points—electrical equipment set 29 inches above the ground to permit the car to ford streams, pulling power twice that of an ordinary light motorcar, combat tires which resist puncture by bullets, and construction so simplified that the wheels can be removed from the jeep and the whole machine packed for ocean shipment in a waterproofed crate not much larger than a piano box.

"Two of these machines in tandem are now being used to haul heavy 105-millimeter guns," Frazer said. "Because the jeep can perform the function of most trucks and takes up half the space of any other vehicle in ships, it is being sent overseas in increasing quantities."

Near by, Frazer showed me a new jeep gadget under manufacture—a two-wheeled, waterproof trailer to carry ammunition or supplies. With the inflated tires helping to support the trailer in the water, it can easily be floated across deep streams or rivers, while the jeep itself, wrapped in watertight tarpaulin, floats beside it.

Such a development has been invaluable in the Solomons, where ordinary ammunition and supply trucks cannot operate at all. Another jeep innovation, also designed for the South Pacific, includes a portable radio station to be used by the Marine Corps, and jeep motors will soon go into lifeboats and merchant ships. At present, such boats are often crushed against the ship's side after being launched in stormy weather following a torpedo attack, simply because sailors can't row their lifeboats away before a wave smashes them. With the 60-horsepower jeep engine, lifeboats will bear away from sinking ships in a flash.

Unlike most other combat vehicles, the jeep blithely negotiates any type of terrain. Recently, Willys developed a jeep known as the Penguin—which, as its name denotes, is for use in subzero regions. Detachable skis fit over the front wheels, while a half-track attached to the rear axles makes the jeep a caterpillar. A small gasoline stove and an engine blanket of heavy canvas keep the four-cylinder motor warm and permit almost instantaneous starting even when the vehicle has been standing overnight in temperatures as low as 40 degrees below zero. During preliminary tests carried out under Army supervision, the Penguin whizzed along at 30 miles per hour while dragging a whole platoon of ski troops attached to the car by hand lines.

Not long ago, the Ford Motor Company further extended the jeep's versatility by designing a new-type amphibian which soldiers are already calling the Quack. Basically, the Quack is a jeep with a boat built around it but it has unique features of its own. At the touch of a lever, for example, power is switched from the rear wheels to a propeller, and the jeep knifes through the water with the same insouciance it displays on land.

This new sea jeep, already in use on our fighting fronts, has other important features developed by Ford engineers—notably a power winch which permits the jeep to haul itself up steep banks without outside aid. A bilge pump bails out water which splashes over the side, and decked-over space fore and aft provides room for storage of ammunition and other equipment.

Evacuation in Burma

"Jeepers!" cried the first bulging-eyed soldier who saw the Penguin and the Quack. "Give them babies a couple of wings and a tail, and the next thing you know they'll be goin' upstairs to smack at the Stukas!"

From the beginning of the war, the jeep has proved itself indispensable in countless ways. One of its most searching tasks came in the evacuation of Burma. With torrential rains miring down every other vehicle, Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stilwell and General Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander depended almost entirely on the jeep for maintaining constant communication between their troops. Hundreds of civilians and soldiers reached safety in northern Burma when they were given a fleet of jeeps just delivered by ship to the docks at Rangoon; even the day-by-day story of the Burmese campaign often reached America by means of the same vehicle. When Mandalay was burning, for example, correspondents jeeped to the flaming town each day and drove back 50 miles over almost impassable roads to file stories from Maymyo.

The British, who are thoroughly familiar with small motorcars, were constantly astounded by the jeep's amazing performances. When Darrell Berrigan of the United Press and Daniel De Luce of the Associated Press achieved the seemingly impossible by driving a jeep through the Chindwin jungles of Burma and over the Manipur hills to Imphal, India, the English officer in command wanted to know where they had come from. When they told him they had driven from Burma, he expressed open disbelief.

"Why, that's impossible," he exclaimed. "There isn't a single road across these jungles and hills."

"Sh-h-h! Don't talk so loud," cautioned one of the Americans. "Our jeep hasn't found out about roads, and we don't want to spoil it!"

Tales of similar jeep feats roll in from all over the world. Jeeps in the Solomons carry messengers in and out of front-line action, deliver snipers to outposts, cross rivers a horse would balk at, transport ammunition, rush pilots to planes for immediate take-offs when Jap aircraft approach, and haul supplies off the soft sand beaches when trucks bog down. In Iceland, troops in three jeeps recently made the first motorized crossing of the island through rivers, boulder fields and mud in which the cars often sank dashboard deep; in Egypt, British desert Commandos used jeeps to carry out damaging night raids on Bengasi, Tobruk and the Jalo Oasis, all 300 to 500 miles from the nearest British base at the time.

The Jeep Crashes a Party

The acrobatic stunts of the jeep, I learned, have even proved of value in international diplomacy. When relations with Afghanistan were shaky last fall, Defense Minister Shah Mahoud Ghan gave a garden party for Allied diplomats in Kabul. The party had been slightly glacial until Major Gordon Ender, American military attaché, began boasting of his jeep's performance. As Shah Mahoud appeared skeptical, Major Ender ran down to his car, jumped in, and spun it up a long flight of steps directly into the garden. The shah was so entranced he immediately insisted on buying Ender's jeep—and was placated only when Ender promised that the American government would deliver one to him instead.

Redoubtable as is the jeep as a fighter, it is also proving of immense value as a front-line ambulance. Take the case of Corporal Jamie O. Sarver of the Marine Corps: Advancing with his company in the vicious Tenaru River battle of the Solomons, he was struck in the chest by a sniper's bullet. The field hospital lay too far back for stretcher bearers to carry him—and he was rapidly bleeding to death. Nor could any truck or ambulance navigate the thick jungle to the spot where Sarver lay.

Then, snorting and clawing its way through the steaming, almost impenetrable undergrowth, came a jeep. Within seconds, Sarver had been trundled aboard; within half an hour, physicians back of the lines were giving him transfusions. Recently Sarver was discharged from the hospital; by now he is probably back in action.

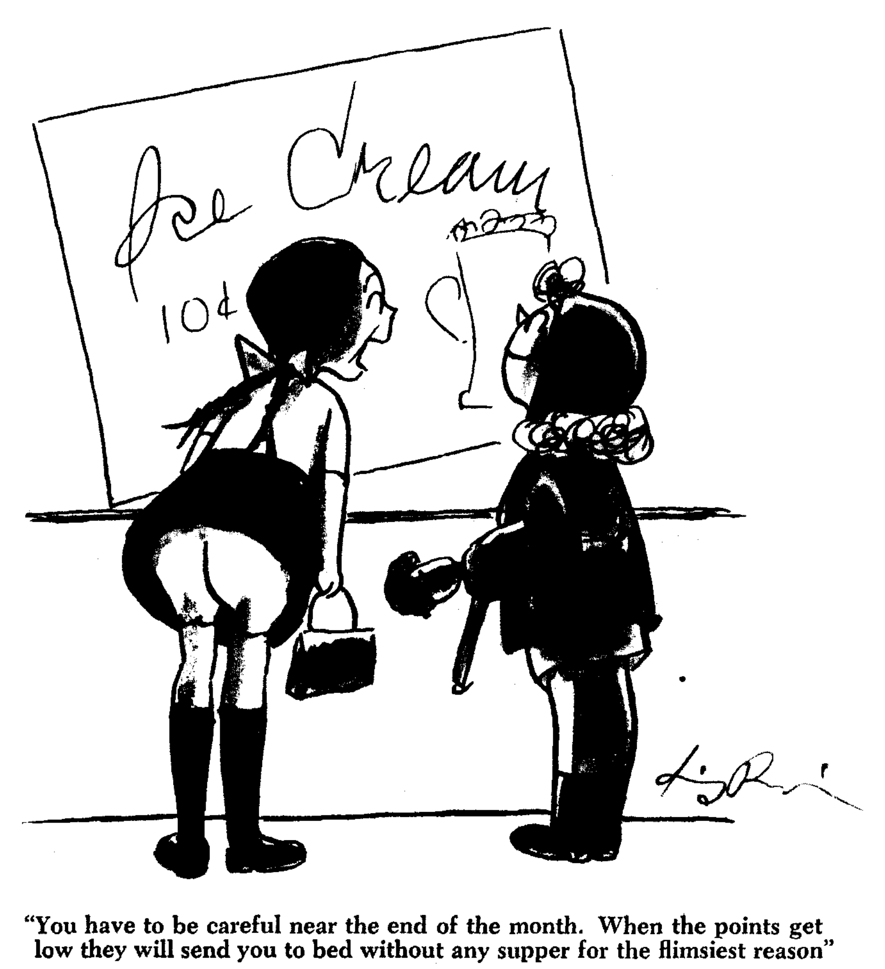
Similar cases are numbered not in the hundreds, but in the thousands. In fact, Army men say that the jeep's speed and maneuverability have cut five hours from the ten hours usually required to transport a wounded soldier from the front lines to the nearest base hospital.

Recently, in North Africa, George Lait of the International News Service and Chester Morrison of the Chicago Sun came across a Scottish corporal sitting in the charred wreckage of a jeep which had been hit directly by a heavy shell. The corporal had hidden in a foxhole when the shelling began and had now returned to mourn over his ruined car. When Lait and Morrison saw that the corporal was actually in tears, they tried to cheer him up by assuring him he'd soon be issued another jeep.

The corporal refused to be comforted. "But you don't understand," he wept. "You see, I loved this one!"

Millions of troops throughout the world today feel that same way about this gallant mechanical warrior. When peace comes, Army authorities had better keep a sharp eye on their supply dumps—or half our soldiers are likely to jaunt home in jeeps!

THE END



"You have to be careful near the end of the month. When the points get low they will send you to bed without any supper for the flimsiest reason"

COLLIER'S IRVING ROIR

SMOKING LESS_or SMOKING *MORE**?

*GOV'T. FIGURES SHOW ALL-TIME PEAK IN SMOKING!

You're SAFER smoking
PHILIP MORRIS!

Scientifically proved less irritating for the nose and throat

Here it is—fast.

Reported by eminent doctors—in medical journals. Their own findings that:

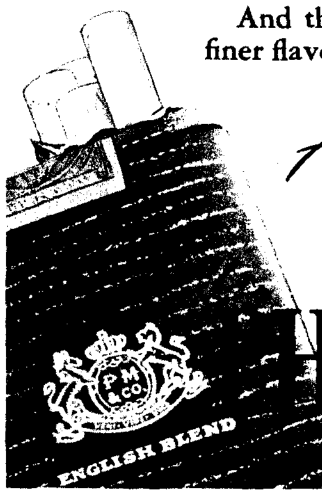
When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

Actual men and women smokers, mind you—not laboratory "analysis". *Proof* that PHILIP MORRIS are far less irritating to your nose and throat.

NOTE we do not claim curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But, man! What solid proof they're *better* . . . *safer* . . . to smoke!

And that's in addition to their finer quality—the finer flavor and aroma of superb tobaccos. Try them!

And do they taste GOOD!

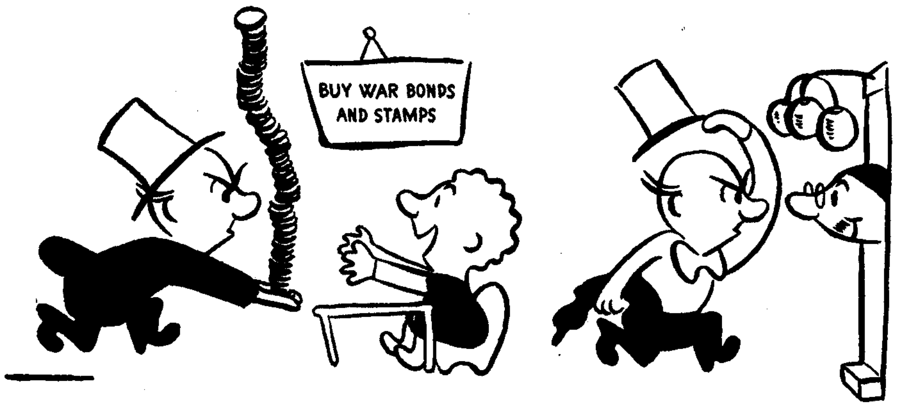


CALL FOR
ILIP MORRIS
America's FINEST Cigarette

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
? ? ?

10 cents' worth please . . . (that night) BUTTON-BOTHER!

!X!XX!..!XXXX!!!...Got to win this war quick...Gimme Bonds


BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

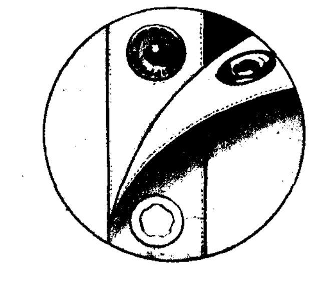
More Bonds . . . More Bonds! Everything in War Bonds!

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Got to have GRIPPER FASTENERS ON SHORTS again!

Sorry! But until the war is won, the government needs all our metal for vital war materials. After victory, Gripper fasteners will be back and on a larger selection of merchandise than ever!

GRIPPER* FASTENERS
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN.
AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS
**The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"*



Our Workers Are Not Slackers

Continued from page 23

she stayed at her job. One night she dropped beside her machine and was taken to the hospital with acute appendicitis.

Something of patriotism and something of love of work, too, has held Lucille F. Fusco, aged 20, to her job in the Kelsey-Hayes Wheel Company plant, also in Detroit. She has been on the job since December 7, 1941. Lucille is young and attractive and might be expected to want to play hooky once in a while to go to a late party or a show or a night club, but she doesn't.

These aren't isolated cases. The researchers found them by the tens of thousands in plants like those of the Bridgeport Brass Company, the Cleveland Tractor Company, Ohio Aircraft, Incorporated, Celanese Corporation of America, Packard Motor Company, and the Rustless Iron and Steel Company of Baltimore.

At that last plant, there's Bill Bittner. Bill hasn't missed a day's work for ten years. He didn't even stay home when Mrs. Bittner bore him a son in 1935. Bill drove the missus to the hospital in their car at 3 A. M.; Billy, Jr., was born at 4 A. M.; and four hours later, Bill, Sr., was at his job, passing out cigars and receiving congratulations. There are, surveys discovered, thousands of Bill Bittners to disprove the calamity howlers who insist that America has become soft, that its workers have lost the sense of the nobility of labor their grandfathers had.

Says William H. Kushnick, director of Civilian Personnel and Training for the War Department, who investigated absenteeism at the Willow Run plant: "People still want the satisfaction that comes from being accepted and recognized by friends and associates as people of worth."

"Okay," you will say, "if absenteeism can't be blamed on disloyalty or laziness, what's responsible? What are some of those other two hundred and fifty causes besides death and sickness and accident?"

Lack of adequate transportation was one of the commonest causes cited in a majority of the regional surveys. Several hundred workers arrived at their plant in San Francisco recently to find the gates closed. They had been caught in a traffic jam but they were listed as absentees. Breakdowns due to blowouts and to the deterioriation of jalopies, since spare parts became scarce, were also listed as major absenteeism determinants in San Francisco. Car pools don't always work. If the driver fails to show up because he's sick or his car won't start, five or six workers are absent or late that day.

One Problem is Solved

One of the biggest problems which George B. Howell, president of the Tampa Shipbuilding Company in Florida, had to overcome in reducing absenteeism in his 12,000-employee plant from 16 per cent to 4.6 per cent was transportation. Howell went into a huddle with bus officials, who promised a new line. This the Tampa city fathers approved, and Howell's problem was solved. It is a current problem in Hartford, Connecticut, where the population has been almost doubled by the inflow of war-industry workers. It was cited as the Number Four cause of absenteeism after Illness, Death and Accident—the Three Horsemen of Absenteeism—in a national report compiled by the Aircraft War Production Council, Incorporated. Lack of patriotism was so small a factor that the researchers couldn't measure it. But lack of transportation wasn't.

Probably the biggest single cause, the reports show, is inadequate housing. Poor housing is probably the Fifth Horseman of Absenteeism. It rides rampant in the crowded Detroit area. William G. Nicholas, director of the housing department of the United Automobile Workers Union, says: "Week-end absenteeism is largely due to workers visiting their families living out of town and to workers trying to find homes to which to move their families. Miserable housing is also contributing to illness. War workers living in tents, tar-paper shacks, converted chicken coops and muddy trailer camps in the outskirts of the cities have a high absentee rate."

The conditions Nicholas describes were borne out by a Detroit Post Office housing report which showed vacancies of less than one half of one per cent. Those conditions usually also mean "hot beds" and illness. They are also usually related to lack of transportation and recreation. The plant which epitomizes almost all of those troubles is Willow Run. Some wags are calling the highly publicized plant that was to produce 30 big bombers a day Willow Walk and Will It Run. Matters there were that bad.

Housing and Transportation Problems

When Willow Run was planned, someone forgot or neglected to include a housing project, although the factory area was located about twenty-five miles from the nearest available houses. Willow Run was built on an employer premise of "We hire 'em; we don't house 'em." Willow Run's planners, moreover, failed to foresee shortages in rubber and gasoline, so that those lucky enough to find living space in the already jammed metropolitan district of Detroit had no way of getting to and from work.

The state of Michigan built magnificent highways right up to the Willow Run plant, but the cars and busses to carry workers were insufficient. Even after these conditions were remedied, Henry Ford was confronted with an acute labor shortage due to the draft.

Large-scale training was inadequate and it began late, particularly for women, who only recently have begun taking men's places.

Women's entry into the production picture complicates the absentee problem. This isn't because women don't like to work or are unpatriotic. Their rate of absences is higher than that of the men and will continue so. If anything, production men have found, they're more willing workers than men and have better morale and a more definite concept of the importance of their jobs.

But industrialists estimate that, on the whole, three women are needed to replace two semiskilled or one skilled workman, in certain operations. The principal reason for this is that a woman is a woman. Her fatigue point is lower and, no matter how much she may love her country, her first loyalty is still to the family. She'll be an absentee to stand in line at the grocer's or the butcher's to obtain rationed goods and meat and butter. She will play truant to go to the hairdresser's or to the movies to relieve nervous tension; and many women are obliged to "get off their feet" for four or five days every month for reasons as old as nature itself.

Mrs. Dorothy Kemp Roosevelt, a former wife of Eleanor Roosevelt's brother, G. Hall Roosevelt, has studied female absenteeism for the WPB. She has found innumerable causes for lost work hours which might individually sound unimportant but which add up. Among these are difficulties in running the home when there are children. Who is to mind the children while their mother works? Working mothers will take time off to try to find someone to care for them. An obvious solution is for war plants to provide day nurseries for children as the British and the Russians have done.

The Grumman Aircraft Company has gone further. It has a flying squad of mechanics and plumbers. If a woman worker remembers in a panic that she has left the electric iron on or forgotten to turn off the water in the bathroom, the flying squad rushes to her home and sets things right. The squad also replaces worn washers on faucets, pays the milkman and does other odd jobs around the house. A nursery minds the children for workers.

Hardly any of the causes of absenteeism, despite their complexity and number, are ineradicable. One of the most heartening facts which emerged is that Americans everywhere, employers and employees alike, are trying to remove the causes. Out in Richmond, California, where many of the workers in Henry J. Kaiser's San Francisco Bay shipyards live, plans are being developed for the construction of 5,000 more family housing units.

If the lurid publicity on absenteeism has done nothing else, it has brought about a new basis for worker-employer relations, one upon which they can mutually face and solve mutual problems. That's the way American industry grew. What's happening now is at least a partial return to the days when the boss knew the name of every man in his plant and wasn't too proud to inquire how the missus and the children were getting on.

The bosses out at Kaiser's shipyards recognize that the workers need homes. One fourth of all the nation's ships are produced in the San Francisco Bay region, and 300,000 new residents have poured into the area. Vallejo, for example, had a population of 20,000 in 1940. Richmond had 30,000. Today, each has more than 100,000 inhabitants. They need houses at Vallejo, too, at least as many as at Richmond; and workers and employers are seeing to it, with the help of the government, that they will be built.

In the Chicago area, housing and transportation are negligible problems. This is because its labor is drawn from a resident population. The city's accretions in war plants have been enormous but they have occurred slowly. Normal labor supply took care of the expansions in factories, and the influx of outsiders was negligible. Chicago's subway, surface and elevated transportation was equal to all requirements.

More Transportation Needed

Lack of transportation as a cause of absenteeism was second only to the housing shortage in the San Francisco Bay area. Five years ago, the two great Bay bridges were built. The ferryboats were tied up at their barnacled docks. Now they shuttle back and forth to the shipyards. Absenteeism has been reduced, and while it is still high in this area (as high as ten per cent and in some cases 20 per cent), the figures compiled by the San Francisco News show that here, as elsewhere, there is little evidence of war workers being guilty of flagrant, unnecessary absences.

Everywhere some chronic loafing is due to shortages of war materials. A worker who goes to his plant and finds there is no work to do because materials haven't arrived is inclined to feel that the job isn't vital and consequently he stays home. This cause of absenteeism has been named in reports from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Detroit and Pittsburgh. Delays due to retooling for new models also occasion truancy.

During periods of reorganization, workers are inclined to take it easy; but they wouldn't, say the Office of War Information and the Aircraft War Production Council, if the shortages in materials and those delays due to retooling were properly explained to the workers. The OWI particularly stresses the need for educating the workers to the importance of their jobs in relation to production, and of production in relation to battles won on the battlefield.

If the workers realize the importance of their jobs, the OWI reasons, they will work harder. If they work harder they will produce more, and if they produce more, there will be more guns and planes and tanks on the battlefields, more ships on the seas and more soldiers at the fronts. All of which would add up to quicker and more certain victory.

The OWI also urges labor-management committees to examine and devise solutions of the complaints of both employers and workers. In most plants where labor-management committees have been at work, there has been substantial gain in production. Labor-management arbitration has greatly reduced absenteeism in the Buffalo Arms Corporation. At Celanese Corporation, the absence rate is less than one per cent because labor-management never allowed it to get out of hand. At the Cleveland Tractor Company they had an average loss of 22,000 man-hours a month up to April, 1942. By last November, labor-management committees had worked out ways of cutting absenteeism to 5,000 man-hours.

Sudden Prosperity a Factor

The workers aren't entirely guiltless. Some of the reported illness is strictly phony. Some of the grandmothers who are being buried are fictitious. This kind of absenteeism is difficult to measure and to remedy. It was almost impossible to determine who was lying and who wasn't. Almost everywhere, now, absentee workers are required to fill out questionnaires to ascertain their living conditions and daily habits in an effort to get at the roots of the problem.

Another brand of absenteeism is due to sudden prosperity. Some of the prosperity truancy is caused, the researchers found, by time off taken to shop for luxury goods. Some of it is prevalent among the younger men waiting to be drafted who have decided that you can't take it with you and blow their fat pay envelopes in cheap night clubs and on easy women and in saloons.

Almost all parts of the country report considerable absenteeism due to unavoidable delays when workers must wait in line to obtain ration books, to pay their taxes or to fulfill any of scores of personal obligations, from registering to vote to having their tires inspected.

Most of these causes are being removed by the communities themselves. Banking hours, the office hours of dentists and doctors, ration boards and draft boards as well as bus schedules and shopping hours are being revised to meet the wartime needs of workers.

On one issue, all the surveys seem to agree. That is that absenteeism won't be legislated out of existence. The labor unions stress this point, and most industrialists admit it.

The establishment by law of the principle that the government has the right to assign workers wherever the country's needs are greatest will hit the boondogglers and the gold-brickers. Most employers and labor leaders agree that it won't hurt some men to work as hard as other men are fighting.

All who have gone beyond the superficial aspects of absenteeism concur in the belief that "free men freely work" and that it would be nice if we could do without legislation of any kind. The best way to solve the absentee problem, they insist, is to take it out of the hands of bureaucrats and professional patriots and give it to the people. For absenteeism, like war itself, is a people's problem.

THE END

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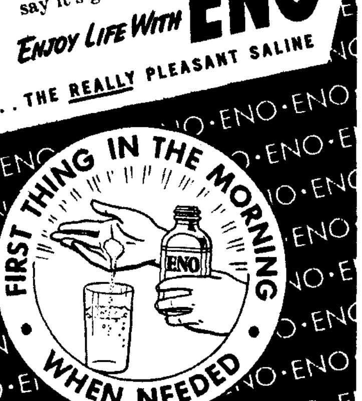
FIRST THING IN THE MORNING
WHEN NEEDED
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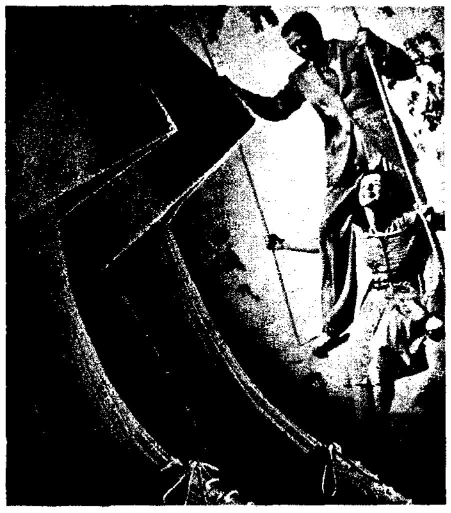
Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS



Sing a song of Springtime
Spirits soaring high
"In the swing" of fashion
With the apple of your eye.
You admire the sunshine
On her titian locks,
She's fallen hard
For your Westminster Socks.

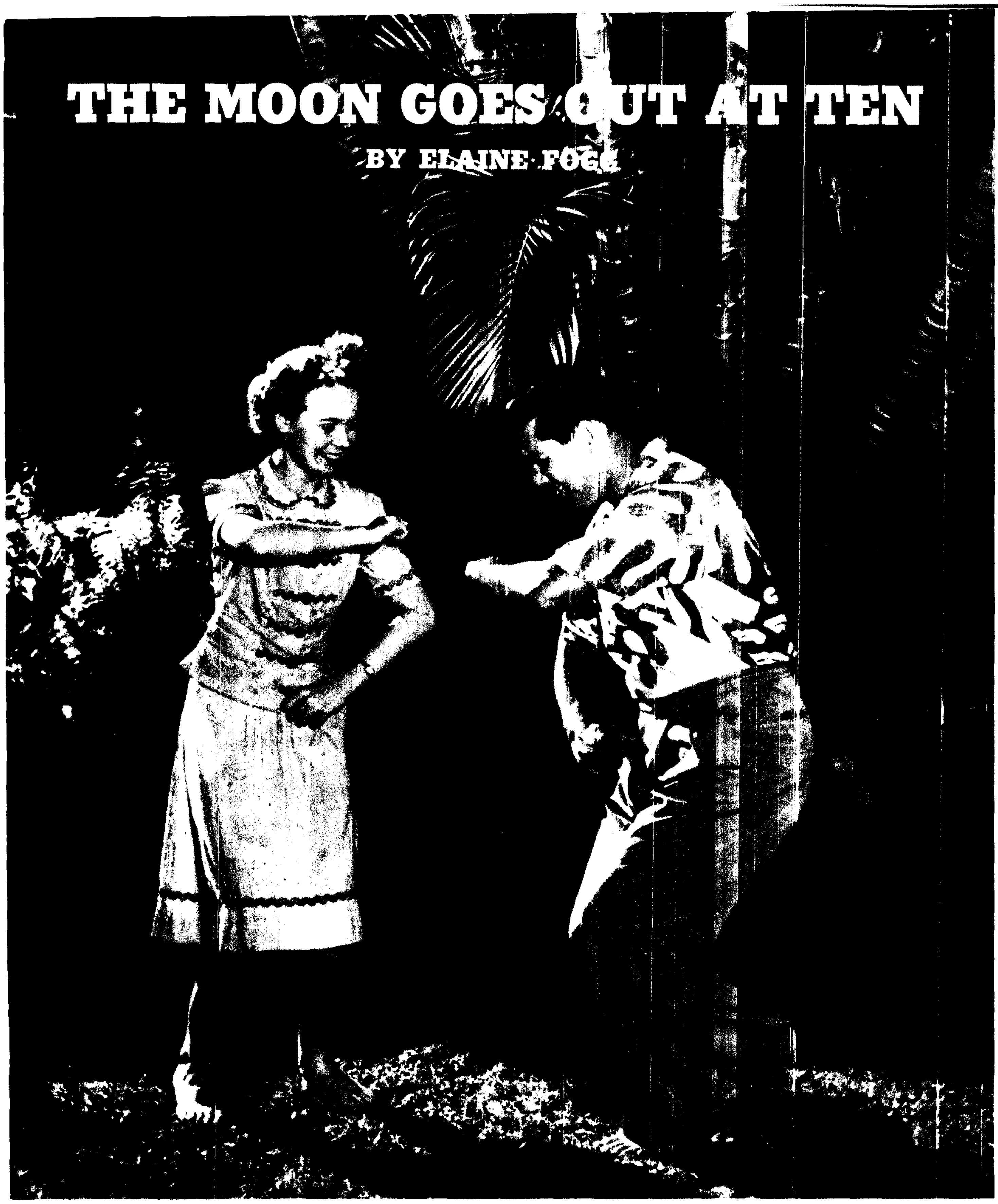
You think she loves you
Because you're big and strong! . . .
That she hasn't ever noticed
If your socks are right or wrong!
Oh! — Won't you be clever
When you learn that with your honey
"America's Finer Socks"
Count . . . even more than money!

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

THE MOON GOES OUT AT TEN

BY ELAINE FOGG

Wartime Hawaii has 100 men to every girl, and grows every kind of flower except the wallflower



Rita Wynn, who used to be on the staff of a San Francisco newspaper and is now a stenographer for a construction company, devotes part of her Saturday afternoon off to learning the hula from a native islander

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANNY MORSE

As there is no restaurant or commissary near their office, Rita and Rose Wong whip up their own midday snack in the half-hour lunch period

With the ratio of men to women about 100 to 1 in Honolulu, girls are rushed furiously. Here a stag cuts in on Rita and her partner at officers' dance

THE gist of the remarkable matter is this: On the most romantic island in the world, Hawaii, there are a hundred men to every woman. Furthermore, the women of America are not dumb. They have heard about Hawaii; they have heard about men; they are breaking their necks trying to get there.

Firms in San Francisco and Los Angeles operating war projects in Hawaii are swamped with applicants for jobs. Comparatively few of them get to the islands and the number is steadily dwindling. Still, they trickle in with each convoy and are assigned to various offices as stenographers and file clerks. Very few have been imported for skilled trades and laborers' jobs because they can't stand up under the enervating climate.

For the young things who come for romance, there is a hitch: In getting an assignment, they must sign to work at it for a year and not to marry during that time. Breaking that contract gets them on the blacklist and they might very well starve to death surrounded by poi, papaya and roast pig. Payment for work is by the hour for a basic five-and-one-half-day week, with additional pay for overtime. Girl workers average from $120 to $180 a month.

Your first day on the islands will go something like this: You'll be picked up at the pier and taken to quarters the company has arranged for. Then you'll have to unpack, get a gas mask, a territorial registration card and immunization "shots." The next day, you'll report for work.

You may either work in Honolulu or at Pearl Harbor or out at Oahu, which is toughest because of the housing shortage. A cubbyhole studio, often without linens or utilities, runs about $65 a month, minimum. In desirable districts like Waikiki, Manoa and Nuuanu it may be much more.

The social life is a merry-go-round, and in a land renowned for flowers there is one that doesn't exist—the wallflower.

Even before your convoy steams into the harbor, the male population, almost to a man, will know you're arriving. Understandably enough, men don't resent the influx of girl workers. If anything, they complain that there aren't girls enough. But don't light up too eagerly. There is a blackout and a ten-o'clock curfew. The only dancing (and in only a few swanky hotels) is from six to nine.

Shopping is terrible because the stores have nothing. If a shopper finds a dress her style, it is almost sure to be the wrong size. If both style and size are right, it will cost her at least a third of a month's salary.

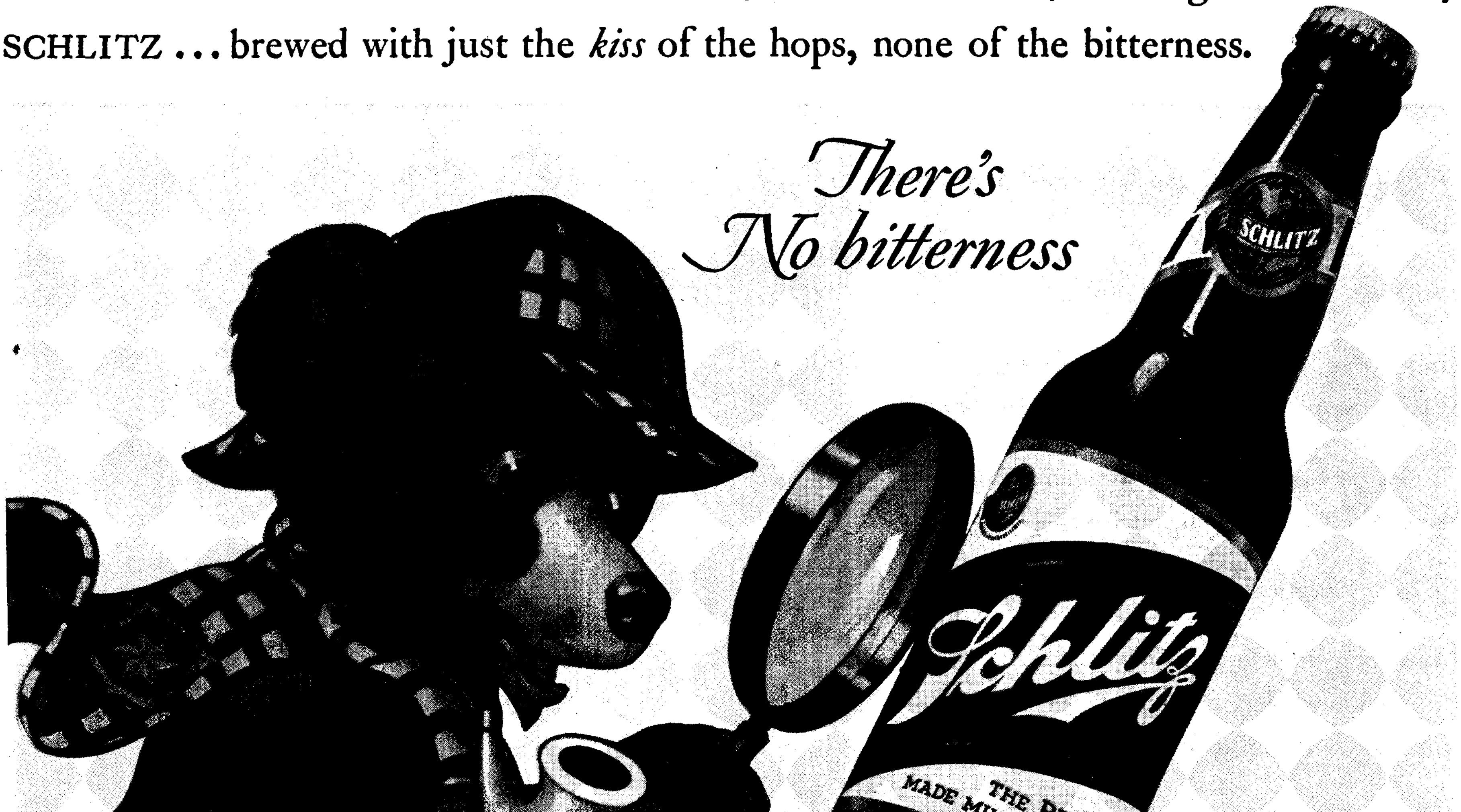
Another big complaint is the difficulty in getting mail. On the other hand, you don't have to worry about ration books for either food or clothing. There isn't any rationing—at least, not yet.

Week ends are the real stuff. Swimming and surfing still get the mobs. Alternatives are tennis, riding and golf, concerts and amateur theatricals and classes in such Hawaiian crafts as block printing and lauhala weaving. The moon is still there but you had better get done looking at it before ten o'clock or you'll be in the clink.

Marriages have skyrocketed since December 7, 1941. Despite the contract clause, girls get their boss' blessing and combine marriage with war work. Others, more patient, wait until their contract expires. The truth is that the girls like Hawaii more than the men do, who find it disappointing.

That's the story. Do you still want to go? ★★★

These restless days call for balanced living—a means of escape. Perhaps it's a quiet evening with pleasant companions—a brisk hike in the country—an hour of puttering around the yard. Or any one of a hundred hobbies. For millions of Americans, these wholesome diversions are made richer, more memorable, with a glass of friendly SCHLITZ ... brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.



There's No bitterness
SCHLITZ
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Guest Bottle
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
SCHLITZ

Just the KISS of the hops...

Schlitz

—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. That's why *there's no bitterness* in America's most distinguished beer. Once you taste that famous flavor found only in Schlitz you'll never go back to a bitter brew.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

THIS IS A NUT...but

It looks much like any other nut, except for a "locking ring" of elastic material inserted in its top.

It fits any standard bolt.

It goes on like any other nut, except that it is wrenched on instead of being spun on with the fingers.

But it is unlike any nut you have known in the past because:

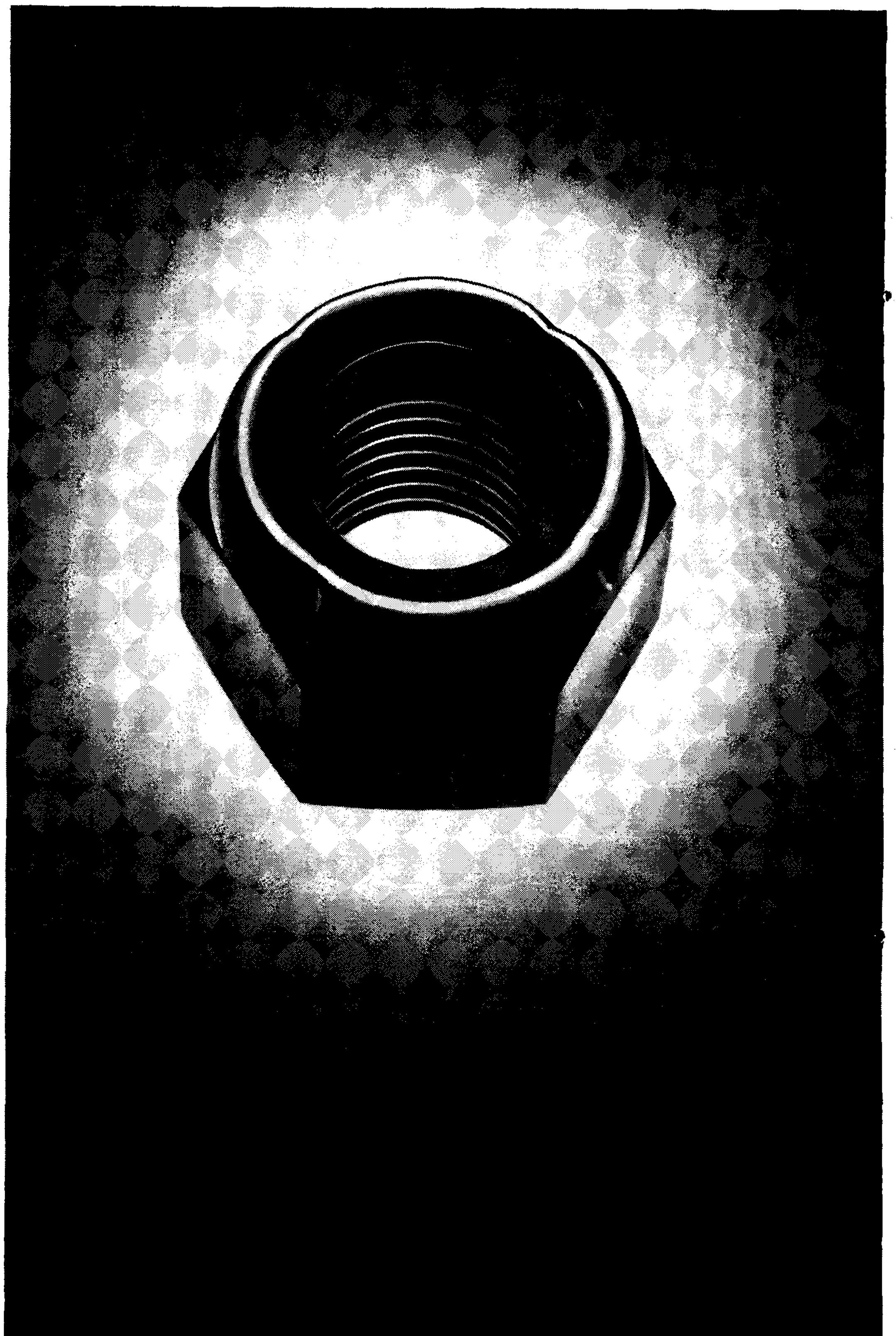
When it goes on it stays on.

In spite of vibration, stress, strain, this Elastic Stop Nut will not loosen, slip or break.

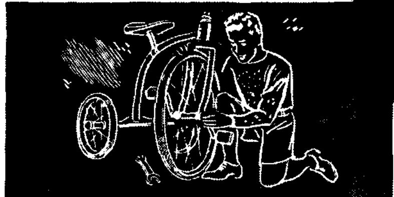
It may be removed as needed—and still locks itself tight when put back.

It *licks* vibration.

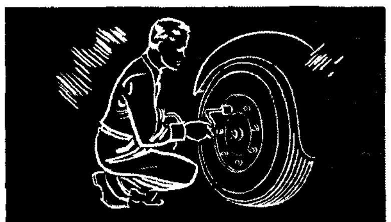
And not a single one has ever failed in service, to our knowledge, though our total production now adds up to billions.



Coal stokers have many moving parts where the tight grip of Elastic Stop Nuts can prevent service interruptions.

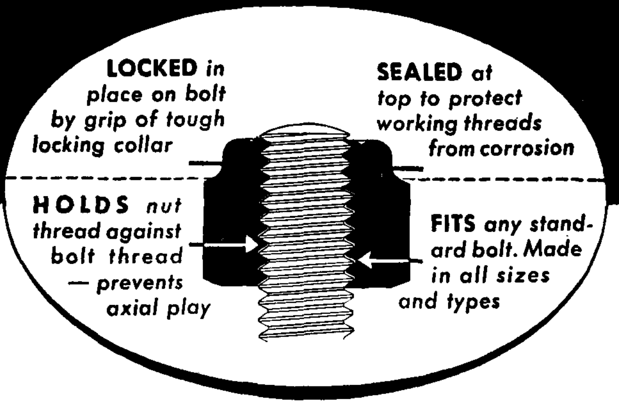


Sonny's tricycle will need less "fixing" by Dad with non-loosening Elastic Stop Nuts replacing the usual kind.



When regular nuts loosen, cars squeak. So look ahead to quieter automobiles after victory is won.

Garden tools will stay set and snug without constant tightening with Elastic Stop Nuts holding them.


LOCKED in place on bolt by grip of tough locking collar
SEALED at top to protect working threads from corrosion
HOLDS nut thread against bolt thread — prevents axial play
FITS any standard bolt. Made in all sizes and types

ELASTIC STOP NUTS

Lock fast to make things last

ESNA
TRADE MARK

Elastic Stop Nut Corporation of America
UNION, NEW JERSEY

How Japan Plans to Win

Continued from page 15

four floating repair docks. More important, the Japanese captured between December 8, 1941, and May 20, 1942, a total of 503 vessels of 220,000 tons. There is no doubt that American shipbuilders can far outproduce the present Japanese facilities, but it must be pointed out that Japan's complete dependence on shipping may be only temporary.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek has said that within another year, Japan may succeed in extending the present Asiatic rail facilities as far as Singapore. That would give Japan a network of interior communications which could never be attacked from the sea, even if most of Japan's naval power had been smashed. Of course, the Pacific island bases would still have to be supplied by ships.

In addition, the Japanese have made surveys for a tunnel from Shimonoseki, at the southwestern tip of the island of Honshu, to Korea.

To tie together its vast empire, Japan is depending more and more on large airplanes. Japanese commercial airlines are now operating over routes totaling close to 40,000 miles. The lines extend from northern Manchukuo to Timor, down near Australia, and Thailand.

Repairing the Damage

Japanese are almost wholly free to concentrate on reconstruction and development of the conquered areas. In the Philippines, as an example of their reconstruction work, the Japanese claim to have repaired 340 of the 424 bridges destroyed by the Filipino-American forces; while in Malaya all damaged bridges have been repaired. Railway and highway facilities are being repaired and extended.

Thousands of Japanese government employees are going to the conquered areas. It is estimated that 25 per cent of the staffs of the Tokyo ministries of commerce and industry, railways, imperial headquarters, welfare, agriculture, education, together with other trained specialists are being sent abroad.

Quite as important as her economic program (and even more threatening to the future of the United States) is Japan's effort to win over the peoples of Asia for a racial struggle. Japanese propaganda in the occupied areas emphasizes and reiterates: "This is the war of all Greater East Asiatic peoples fighting against American and British exploitation." Japan poses as "the representative of all the colored races" and "challenges the white race."

Regardless of any wishful thinking, there is a racial problem in the Pacific, even in the Philippines, and it must be given urgent consideration in our plans for fighting Japan. The Burmese, Malayans, Thailanders and Javanese were all susceptible to Japanese propaganda. When the showdown came, the colonial people of Asia did not fight for retention of European rule. Only the Filipinos fought, because they believed in American promises of military help. Today the Filipinos, like the other peoples of the Orient, must either make their peace with their Japanese masters or die.

The Japanese have strong talking points. To prove their racial superiority, they point to their quick conquests of Corregidor, Singapore and Hong Kong; at the expense of their German allies, they stress that Malta, Gibraltar and even Stalingrad were too big a dose for the "white" German army. Japan's great victories were celebrated on the Pearl Harbor anniversary throughout the occupied countries, doubtless with a certain amount of coercion but perhaps, too, with considerable spontaneity.

Mayor Jorge Vargas of Manila, formerly a close friend of President Quezon and General MacArthur, told a celebrating crowd, "It becomes our pleasant duty to share the joy of liberated millions. . . . Victory for Japan," he said, "is victory for the Philippines."

The Filipino commissioner of the interior predicted creation under the leadership of Japan of a confederation of Oriental states built upon mutual respect and confidence.

In Burma, a national rally was held to thank Japan for the "emancipation" of the country from British control. The Japanese mayor of Singapore received pledges of loyalty and co-operation from community leaders. Chinese residents of Saigon donated 100,000 yen to the Japanese forces to purchase airplanes. Premier Pibul of Thailand toasted "final victory for the people of Asia" under Japanese leadership. Three new political parties were announced in Java. Hindus and Mohammedans participated in the celebrations in Burma and elsewhere. It would not be realistic to write men like Jorge Vargas off as Quislings. They may sincerely believe their destiny is linked with that of Japan.

The Japanese are accustomed to referring to Chiang Kai-shek's government at Chungking as a "regional, refugee regime," forced to a program of "retreat and defeat." Unfortunately, there is a great deal of truth in that characterization. Chiang Kai-shek's followers, despite their courage, tenacity and strength of spirit, have never been able to inflict a severe defeat on a Japanese army fully equipped with airplanes, tanks, automobiles and guns.

Occupied China has long been subjected to Japanization. Now other captured countries are getting the same treatment. In the Philippines, the English language has been eliminated from the curricula of schools, and the new education will be "suitable to qualify the Filipinos as Asiatics." There are large Japanese language institutes in Manila.

Taft and Dewey boulevards in Manila, two of the city's most important and beautiful thoroughfares, have been renamed "Peace" and "Greater East Asia" boulevards. Similarly, Singapore is now Shonan (Southern Island) and Malaya is Malai. Java has become Djawa and Batavia is Jacatra.

Defense of Jap Conquests

Apart from the efforts of its economic experts, the chief concern of the Japanese army and navy is to build an impregnable wall of defenses around their Asiatic conquests. These defenses center around a chain of airfields for land-based planes, none of them more than 700 miles apart, and extending from Kiska to the border of India, and from Singapore through the Solomons and Munda Bay to the mandated islands of the Pacific.

Japan's plan for holding what she has taken centers around airplanes. The Japanese believe that airplanes, in sufficient numbers, can defend land bases by sinking an invasion fleet. They found it out to their cost at Midway and later in the Solomons and the Bismarck Sea. They believe their chain of island bases, close enough together for mutual support and reinforcement, will be impenetrable.

To this end, Japan's industry has been geared to concentrate, in order of importance, on the construction of airplanes, ships, and military vehicles such as trucks and tanks. Information recently brought to light indicates that the Japanese are producing a minimum of 800 to 1,000 planes monthly, or a yearly total of from 9,600 to 12,000.

The Japanese are not overlooking the possibility that in some local area the United States may be able to mass sufficient airpower to make landing operations possible, as was done in the Solomons. Therefore they are fortifying each of the strategic points they have seized with systems of concrete pillboxes, trenches, barbed-wire entanglements, and antiaircraft and coastal artillery positions. A German correspondent who recently visited Corregidor reported that the Japs were making the one-time American fortress "stronger than Gibraltar." The Japanese claim that the once great Seletar naval base at Singapore "is being rebuilt."

With sufficient airplanes, the American and British forces could have held Corregidor and Singapore. It can be safely assumed that the Japanese—now in possession of Corregidor and Singapore—will not attempt to defend those bases with a handful of antiquated aircraft. Japan's concentration on aircraft production is the result of experience gained in the Pacific. The airplane spearheaded Japan's drives. It won Malaya, the Philippines, Burma, and the Netherlands East Indies.

For us, the airplane was decisive in every "defensive-offensive" battle that we won in the Pacific, from Midway through the Solomons and New Guinea. It saved New Guinea when MacArthur ferried his troops there and when his planes beat off attempts to reinforce the beleaguered Japanese garrisons. It saved Guadalcanal time and again.

Campaign for Airpower

McArthur recognized the role of the airplane in present-day war when he said that the lessons learned in the use of airpower pointed the way to a new form of campaign which will lead to the ultimate defeat of Japan by methods other than "dilatory and costly" advances from island to island. More recently he stressed that control of sea lanes "no longer depends solely or even primarily upon naval power" but "upon airpower."

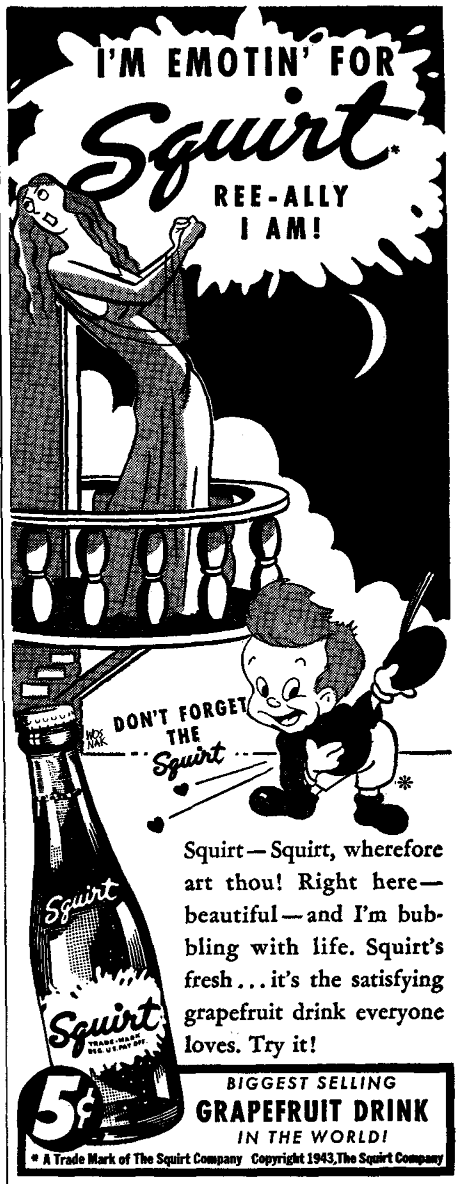
The airplane is the key to Japan's plan for holding what she has taken. In our future advances, regardless of whether they are made island by island or directly against Japan's key bases, we will have to send sea-borne invasion forces against land-based planes. Without air control, our forces will be smashed.

On the testimony of Japanese militarists themselves, I believe their present strategy is to turn back our future attacks with such heavy losses that a military stalemate will develop in the Pacific, and sentiment will grow in this country for a negotiated peace which would allow Japan to hold what she has taken. Then, within a decade or two, Japan could complete her job of uniting the Asiatic races and building up a war machine strong enough to undertake the next step toward conquering the world.

A few months before Pearl Harbor, Rear Admiral Kanazawa of the Imperial Japanese navy received me in his office in Shanghai.

"Here is the situation in the Pacific," he said, pointing to a huge wall map. "America has a plan of triangular defense based on a line from Alaska to Hawaii to Panama. It is generally overlooked that Japan has a similar triangular defense extending from Yokohama to here"—he pointed—"and here."

"Here and here," on the map were Singapore and New Caledonia, then re-



Squirt—Squirt, wherefore art thou! Right here—beautiful—and I'm bubbling with life. Squirt's fresh . . . it's the satisfying grapefruit drink everyone loves. Try it!

5¢ BIGGEST SELLING GRAPEFRUIT DRINK IN THE WORLD!

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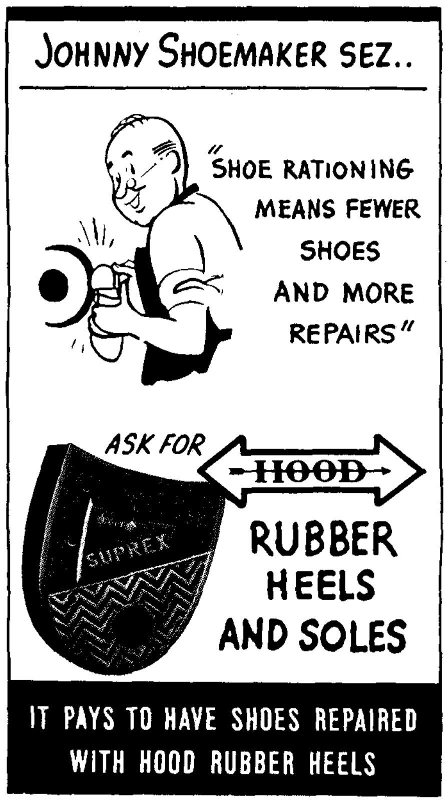
Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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Dr Scholl's
Zino-pads

spectively British and French territory, but that didn't worry Kanazawa. The Japs still don't have New Caledonia.

"In the unfortunate event of war in the Pacific," the admiral went on, "we will take the objectives that we need to make our triangular defenses secure. If American ships come out to try to retake them, our dive bombers and torpedo planes will sink your ships. We will dig in everywhere and if you succeed in landing at any point we will fight inch by inch for everything we have taken. We will make the cost so frightfully great, for every inch we lose, that we believe the American people will eventually become discouraged and decide that, after all, Japan is the logical nation to govern the Orient. Then our war will be won."

I recall an interview in Tientsin late in 1939 with Lieutenant General Masaharu Homma, who later turned up as commander of the Japanese invasion force in the Philippines.

"I think I understand your American psychology very well," said Homma. "I think every American believes he is equal to two Japanese. Is not that so?"

"Well," I answered, "we have our own ideas."

"In any case," the burly Japanese general continued in his Oxford English, "we are proceeding with that assumption in mind. We are prepared to lose 10,000,000 men in our war with America. How many are you prepared to lose?"

I frequently remembered that interview, when Homma drove his troops in Bataan, day after day, into withering artillery and machine-gun fire until he finally gained his objectives. Months later, the Japs were still fighting inch by inch to the death in the Solomons and New Guinea, even though at times their casualties were ten to our one.

If Japan's purpose is to play for a stalemate and hold what she has taken, our present policy of a "holding war" in the Pacific is playing directly into the hands of the Tokyo war lords, for we are holding on lines established by Japan and not by ourselves. We "stopped" the Japanese only after they had seized everything they needed and before they made the mistake of extending their lines too far.

An honest appraisal of the military picture in the Pacific must recognize that, despite our victories on land, sea and air, despite the heavy losses inflicted on Japanese shipping, we have not begun to penetrate more than Japan's outpost lines. In sixteen months of war we have taken one airfield and three jungle towns. Japan has captured an empire.

Hard Fight to Final Victory

Admiral William F. Halsey has predicted that the war would end this year, but it is difficult to picture any decisive offensive from our Pacific bases in 1943.

It took us six months of heavy fighting to drive the Japanese from Guadalcanal. That fighting ended in a victory, but it is certain that the Japanese have dug in strongly throughout the Solomons, ready to fight it out to a finish if we attempt to move on up through the islands. The Japanese could lose all of the Solomons and all of New Guinea and New Britain without endangering any vital point in their empire. We would still be more than 700 miles from Truk, the great Japanese base in the Caroline Islands which is comparable to our own Pearl Harbor.

It is quite possible that Truk and other key bases in Japan's chain possess even more powerful defensive air forces than does Pearl Harbor, and the Japanese believe that their planes will be able to fight off American invasion forces. The situation in the Pacific, then, would appear to be a stalemate, with neither side able to operate successfully within range of the other's land-based aircraft, not to mention carrier planes.

With the Pacific assigned a secondary position in Allied war strategy and thus having second call on our production, we have not yet been able to break this impasse, and in most areas Japan still holds the initiative.

However, there are indications that our High Command may have decided to devote more attention to the Pacific and to abandon the policy of attrition for one that calls for hitting Japan as soon as possible with every weapon that can be spared. After the recent visit to Washington of MacArthur's envoys, Secretary Stimson said that more planes were being sent to Australia to fight off the strong enemy forces gathering in the northern Solomons and New Guinea.

Eventually, it is to be expected, sufficient men, ships and planes will be made available to enable us to take the offensive in the Pacific. There are three ways in which our offensive could be carried out—always remembering that without air control we would have no chance of success.

We could move island by island and inch by inch up through the Solomons and New Guinea and eventually capture Rabaul. It seems unlikely that our war strategy contemplates any such laborious plan. Secretary Knox has denied that any such strategy is contemplated.

The second course is a direct invasion of the Japanese mainland by way of the island steppingstones from Alaska or directly from the Hawaiian Islands, possibly accompanied by attacks on such bases as Truk. This would require a fleet of warships and transports far greater than has ever been assembled in history, plus scores of aircraft carriers to fight off enemy planes and hold local air superiority until land fields can be seized and held.

The third major attack could be through China or Burma against Japanese strongholds on the Asiatic mainland, to give us air bases close enough to pound the Japanese mainland. That plan presents staggering problems in transport.

Probably the blueprint for final invasion of Japan will include all three of these courses. In any case, the job ahead is of gigantic proportions. Meanwhile, the Japanese are making use of the time we are giving them.

There have been increasingly serious indications recently that China might not be able to carry on much longer against Japan. The loss of China as an ally would be the most disastrous development imaginable for our future in the Pacific.

Our whole war plan in the Pacific has been predicated on the belief that China would continue to oppose Japan indefinitely and the assumption that China could continue to do so on the trickle of Lend-Lease aid that we have flown in from India since the Japanese capture of Burma.

China has grown steadily more dissatisfied with our failure to recognize Japan as Enemy Number One and to act accordingly.

The withdrawal of the Chinese military mission, which cooled its heels in Washington for over a year, was only one symptom of disillusionment over our attitude toward China, an attitude which forced Doctor Lin Yutang to comment bitterly, "The only certain consequence of this continued policy (of halfhearted, mostly verbal aid to China) is the sudden breakup of the Chinese army one day."

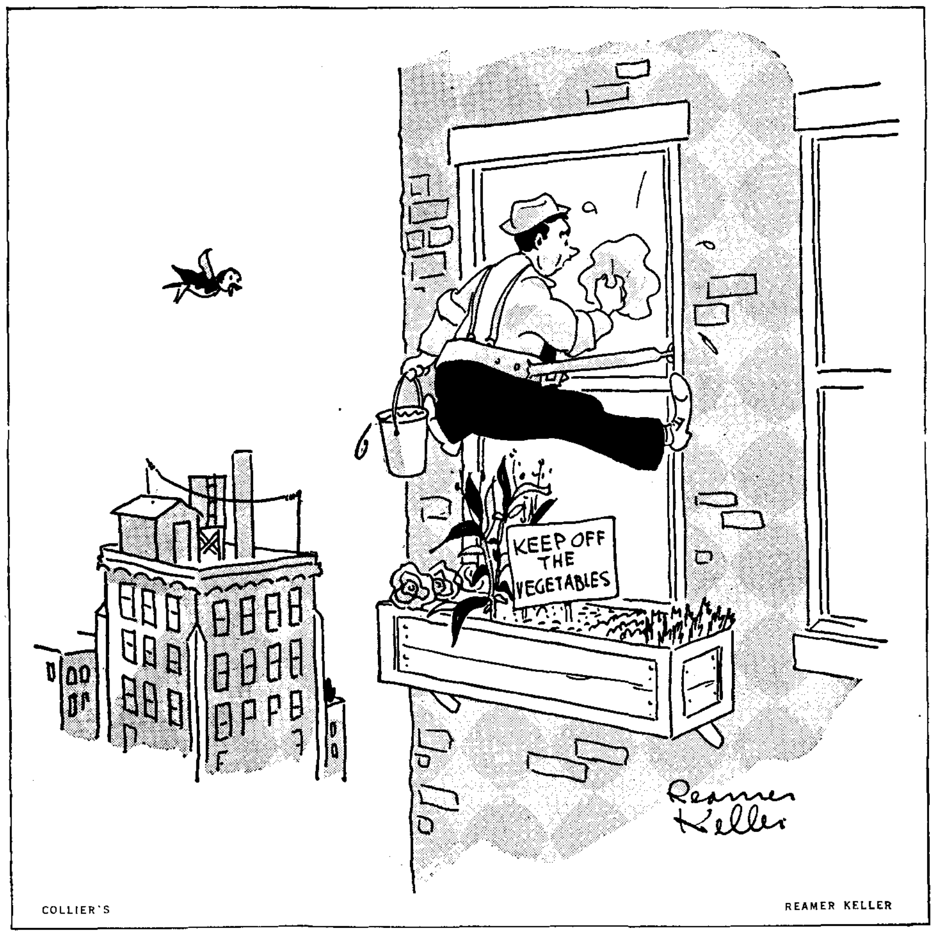
More Aid for China

It is obvious that we must take all possible steps as soon as possible to strengthen China's army and to keep China in the war, for selfish reasons alone if not for more long-range considerations involving the postwar good will of the peoples of Asia.

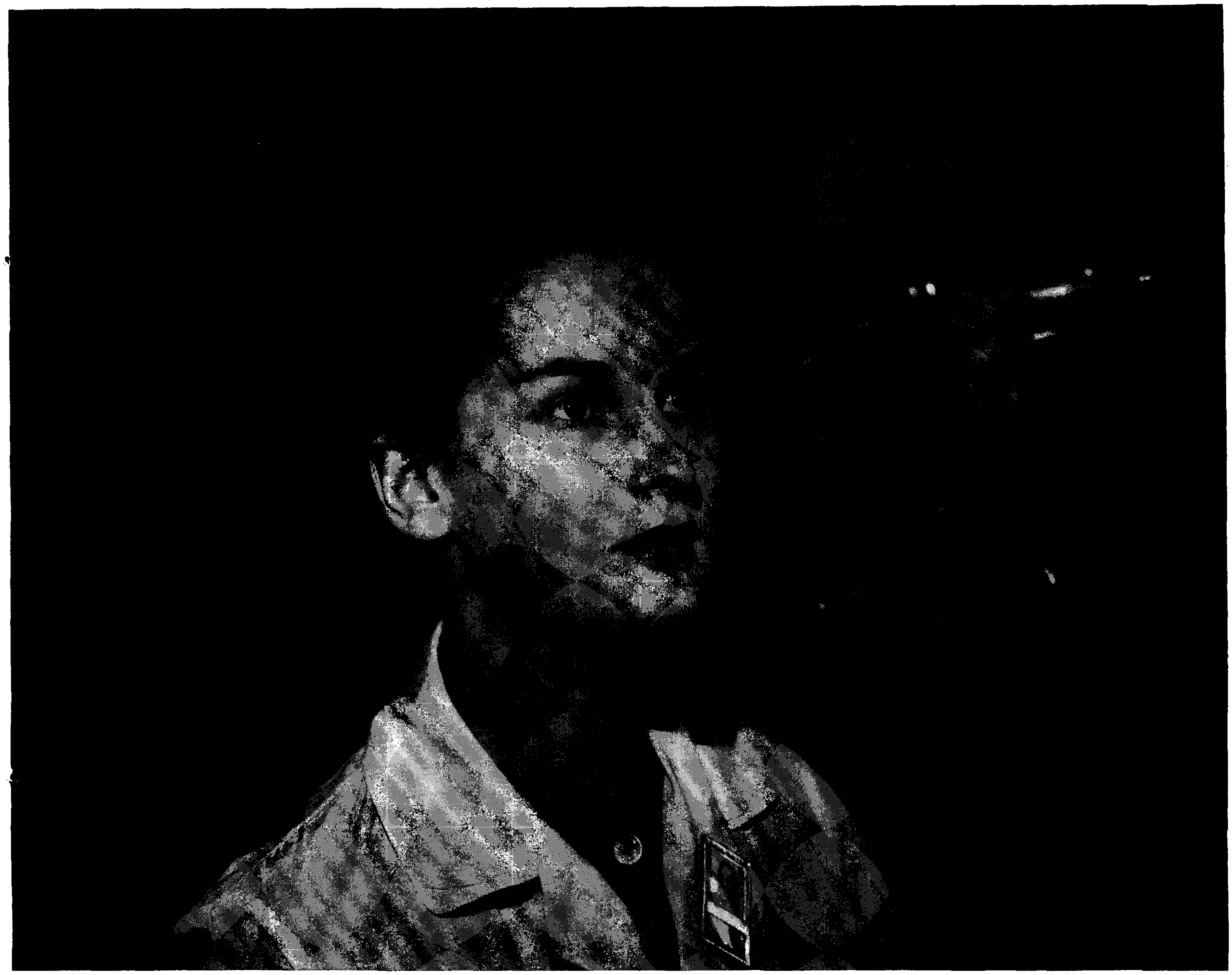
There is a further reason, it seems to me, for devoting a great deal more of our effort to the Pacific than we have done up to now. It can be summed up in the words which were repeated so many thousands of times by our troops on Bataan: "Japan attacks us and sinks most of our battleships and kills thousands of men at Pearl Harbor, and we turn around and fight—Hitler. I don't get it."

Professional strategists would call this a sentimental reason, but it seems to me that, as a point of national and individual honor, we must as soon as it is humanly possible secure the freedom of General Wainwright and the American and Filipino troops who fought with him, and of the Marines from Wake Island, and the thousands of American civilians who are interned throughout the Far East.

THE END



COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER



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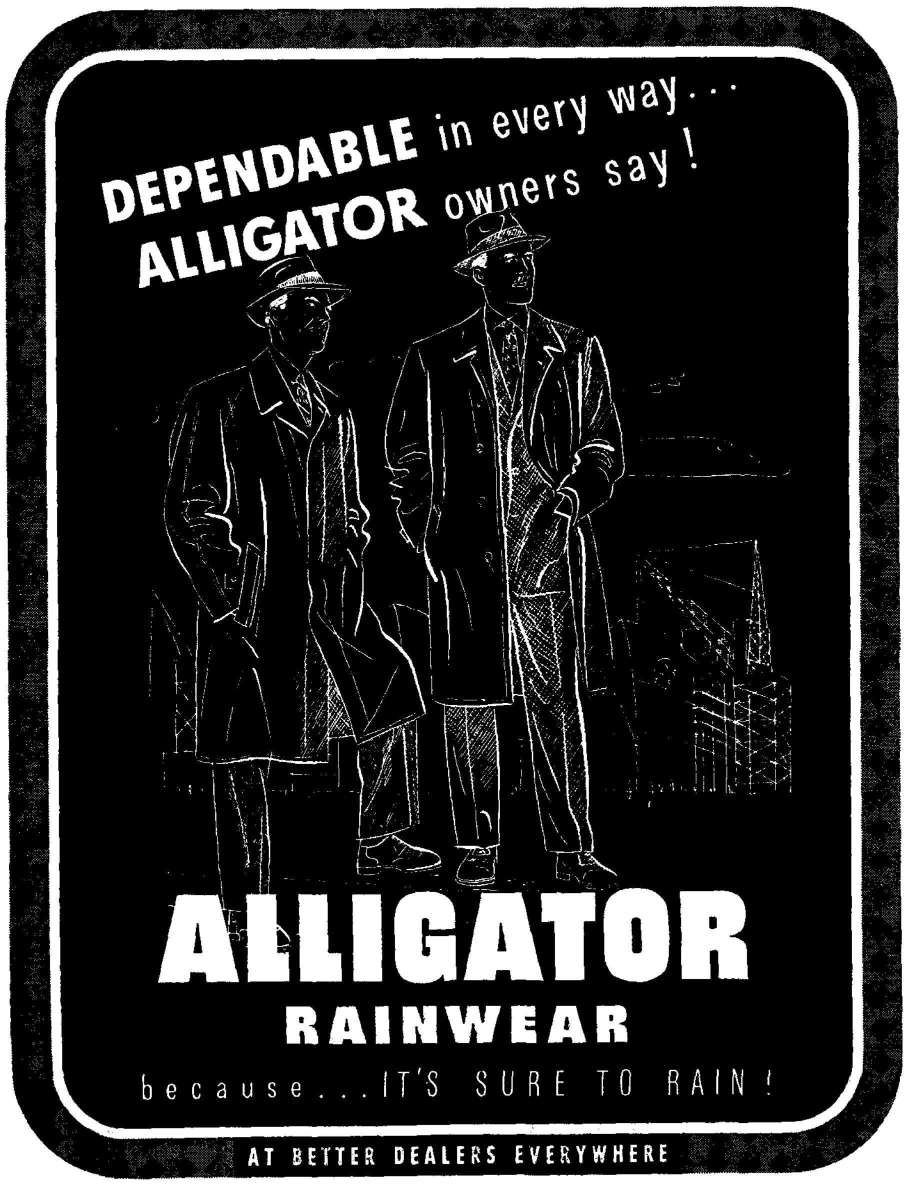

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Pay for Soldiers' Families

Continued from page 18

have housed the Prudential Insurance Company. There is no confused wandering around. People who are going some place know where they are going—and they go. But most of them are sitting at their machines (tabulators, key punchers, typewriters, collaters, cancelers, reproducers) and are banging away like mad.

Presently you become aware of the fact that groups of girls and machines are competing against other groups of girls and machines.

Applications are numbered, slipped into folders. Cards are sent out to soldiers, documents are checked, authorizations are signed, checks are calculated, and vouchers stamped and tabulated. The competition brings production far above the norms. One table we watched in the record-searching division was knocking out 23,000 cases a day although its norm was only 15,000. We asked girls on different floors what they got if they outdid the others.

The first answer invariably was: "That little flag you see hanging up there."

"Is that all?" we asked.

Then they would smile, mostly at themselves, and say, "No, we're really winning the war; at least, that's what we keep saying to ourselves while we're working. It makes the day go faster."

A year ago, ODB wasn't in existence. Then ten days before the Allowance Act passed Congress, Secretary Stimson called in Colonel H. N. Gilbert, Colonel Thurston Hughes, and Colonel F. Granville Munson and asked them to prepare organizational plans to administer such a law.

When the act was signed by the President, Stimson called them in again and told them they were the Office of Dependency Benefits, naming Colonel Gilbert executive officer.

Almost immediately Gilbert, a big, slow-speaking Regular Army man who had inspired the greatest enlistment drive this country had ever seen with his slogan "Keep 'em Flying" (See Collier's, Nov. 8, 1941), began receiving letters addressed to President Roosevelt like this: "Dear Frank: If you feel I am entitled to a small allotment of $10.00 per month, please enter me on your mailing list and let the check come at once. Jean."

Production-Line Payments

Payment of checks was to have begun in November, but so many soldiers hollered for help that Congress advanced the date to September 1st. That month, ODB issued only 36,000 checks. Meanwhile, Gilbert, the kind of guy who feels that people with an understanding of what they are doing can do anything, got ODB's production line rolling.

While every mail brought new thousands of cases, he thought up a new slogan —"Get 'em Paid"—and started training courses to teach the girls their jobs, the importance of the work to soldiers overseas and families at home, and how each girl's particular job tied in with the work of other departments.

In October, Colonel Gilbert's idea that belt-line production workers will be better producers if they know every operation in the plant, began to pay off. The piled-up cases were cut into heavily. Then ODB overflowed its Washington quarters and had to take time off to move to Newark. Yet by the end of December, most of the backlog had been processed.

Today the production is running smoothly but the training courses are continued.

Even the Army officers assigned to ODB are required to take them. Advanced courses are conducted for supervisors and specialists. Yet the basic fact which is hammered at all employees is that they are not dealing with numbers and slips of paper, but with people—people like themselves. This, the girls say, is not hard to learn because they often come across the names of people they know back in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

Besides being taught the general theory and operation of ODB, the girls are given special instruction in their particular job and how it is related to winning the war. We sat in on a class for typists and we found that we had never known before how much there was to learn about all these doodads in front of us. The first thing we knew, the teacher was explaining how the "o" key can help open a second front.

This is the reason for the speed of the girls' work. They know and like their jobs, which they feel are important. This doesn't mean they don't make errors. They do and they hear about it. There are twelve interviewers who do nothing but listen to complaints and give out information all day long. They are supplemented by ten others who take telephone complaints from all over the United States.

Interviewers Bend an Ear

As far as the girls go, the interviewers have the most interesting jobs in ODB. They get their ears bent but they have their moments. One day a dapper young soldier with flashing black eyes showed up to inquire why his allowance had never reached his family.

The flustered interviewer learned that the family consisted of a mother, wife and two babies; then she chased upstairs to track down the case. She found checks for him totaling $600 in the vault. It seems that, being gypsies, his family had moved constantly, and all the checks had been returned to ODB by the post office.

The young soldier promised to try to make his family stay longer in one place, but this type of thing was happening in so many nongypsy cases that the ODB dropped its old rule of having checks returned if unclaimed at the address to which they were sent. They may be forwarded by the post office.

Next month, ODB will mail out over three million checks. Behind each one of them is a story of a star in a window and a series of letters—letters that will make you laugh, make you cry, make you proud to be an American. We sat down and leafed through a pile of these letters.

A South Dakota wife wrote: "I have been living on soup, bread and water. You'll never know what your check meant."

A soldier from Ohio wrote: "My kid's four years old and she can take care of herself. It is my wife who worries me."

A Michigan farmer mother said: "I did not expect any monthly allowance for being the mother of a soldier of our country. The government needs money, we know; and I have a son on the farm yet. I can depend on him and we will do our bit here."

Another, a wife from Kentucky, wrote: "Please send me a wife's form to fill out."

A Massachusetts father wrote briefly: "Keep your money, just take care of my son."

From a Maryland mother came this message: "I've got a job—a defense job. So please stop my allowance. My son arranged for it, but I won't need it any longer. I start work tomorrow."

The ODB's a success, and so are the American people.

THE END

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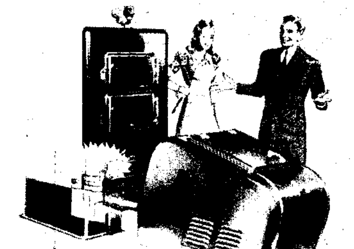

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AUTOMATIC COAL STOKER

FOR HOMES, APARTMENTS AND FACTORIES

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo

Continued from page 12

the cashier and tossed into the local clink. Before morning a lot of his friends were in there—the result of trying to get him out without bail.

It was December 6th when we got back to the West Coast. We were supposed to slip in before defending P-38s could spot us, and we did. But Ellen was a little more alert. She was there at March Field waiting for me. We had been married three months and together only two days. I had a leave coming and sure needed it.

Ellen and I were walking out of the Pig'n Whistle, on Hollywood Boulevard, the next morning after breakfast, when we heard about Pearl Harbor. There was a radio on a newsstand. We just stood there with the other people, listening to the first bulletins. The Japs! I couldn't figure it at first. What about that peace envoy . . . what's his name? How the devil did they get bombers as far east as Hawaii?

The Enemy Strikes

I looked at Ellen and we walked away from there. I told her how strange it seemed to me, after thinking only about the Germans for so long. I told her that every bomb we had dropped, real or flour-sack, every real or blank machine-gun bullet we had fired, every scouting trip, every maneuver for weeks and weeks had been directed at the vision of one opponent —Germany. Every plane I dreamed of fighting was a Messerschmitt. Now Japan!

I had to get to March Field as quickly as I could. Ellen had my car, so we drove by my mother's house, said goodby and then drove the 80 miles to March Field in 80 minutes.

I was in the war. There were times during those months of maneuvers when I asked myself what the hell I was doing there risking my neck when the thing I wanted in the Army was research work. Once I even made formal application through the proper channels for a transfer to that branch of the Air Forces. But it was slow going, that way. Now, as Ellen and I drove up to March Field, we were stopped by sentries and felt the tension around the place and I was glad the Army had taught me how to fight. There would be plenty of time for the other. Now I wanted the feel of that B-25 in my hands; not a blueprint. I didn't feel heroic. I just felt ready, and thanked God I was.

Our planes had already been dispersed all over March Field. I reported and was told that we had been ordered to the new field the Army was then still building at Pendleton, Ore. But the time of our take-off was postponed until the next day.

That next morning Ellen and I sat in our car, turned on the radio and listened to the President. The wives of some of the other fellows had driven out to the field, too. Looking around us, Ellen and I could see them listening in their cars. We didn't say much during the Declaration of War.

When the President finished, Ellen said, "I'm going to drive the car up to Pendleton and live there."

I said no. I had been there and the living conditions were tough. So after a short time I was kissing Ellen goodby. The squadron took off and flew to San Francisco, and then on to Pendleton. We came in at 10 o'clock that night, and landed on snow-covered runways. It was 18 below zero. And tough. A mental shock. Peace . . . the start of a leave . . . being with Ellen in the sunshine of Hollywood—then war . . . work . . . more separation, and the sharp ice of the field cutting at my ankles as I ran for the Pendleton barracks.

In the middle of December, part of us were ordered back to McChord for submarine patrol work. I was going to be stationed close enough to the conveniences of Tacoma so that Ellen could come up for Christmas. We had now seen each other four days out of 106.

Ellen got to Tacoma late on the night of December 23d. The next morning we got up very early and drove out in the country, looking for a Christmas tree small enough to get into a hotel room. We found one just in time to get it back to town and for me to get out to McChord, and go to work. Brick Holstrom, who later made the Tokyo trip, Lieut. Whitty and I took off and fanned out on three tangents where the Columbia River opens into the ocean.

Brick got a Jap sub that day. We saw him circling and dropping his bombs and by the time we got over to where he was the oil was coming up in greasy bubbles as if some awful thing were throwing up under water. The sinking was confirmed.

The weather closed in on us right after that, and Brick, his bombs gone, headed back for land. I was wild to get a sub. So I dropped lower and lower under the weather, thinned down the gas mixture and decided I'd stay out there just as long as I could. Whitty had the same idea.

The weather reports were slow coming through that day. There was a radio silence except for code transmission. That was slow, and bad news. McChord was closed solid. Tacoma was closed. So were Everett and Portland. Seattle was closing fast. Holstrom's was the last plane in there.

Whitty and I stayed out. There wasn't much else we could do and there was always a chance that we'd spot something. But gasoline, as I was to find out on the Tokyo trip, hasn't got a heart. Whitty finally made a run for land and I found out later that he came down on a beach along the southern edge of Washington. I got halfway to Portland when the gas needles began knocking against the peg. I looked in on a Navy field, but it was under construction and just a big mud cake. I had to get down and I wasn't going to unload those bombs. I went over the maps again and found a little emergency field at a place named Ilwaco, Wash. I remember repeating the vital statistics of the field and city. They were depressing: a 1,500-foot field, no runway, population 300.

Mudbath for a Bomber

The gas held out just long enough for me to find Ilwaco, circle the field three times and decide how I was going to set down our touchy load. We had 300-pounders with us. The only thing to do was land like the Navy: a kerplunk, but just enough of a kerplunk to slow it down a little and not enough to break anything. So on the third time around the field I put the three wheels down on a concrete road and we went like a bat out of hell across a little ditch, onto the field and splashed through three big shallow puddles that should have rolled us over, but didn't.

The mud was just about right. It slowed us down but didn't crack our nose wheel. We stopped in good time but then the wheels began sinking into the mud, and the props, still spinning, churned into the stuff and buckled. We got out and it made me sick to look at the plane. It had only 18 hours on it and now it looked hopeless.

Ellen trimmed the tree that night and waited. I guess it was tough on her, but finally one of the boys back at the field got in touch with her and told her I was okay. I had Christmas dinner the next day with an Ilwaco lumberman. He was real kind, but I kept thinking about Ellen and how we had planned to be together for our first Christmas—and how something always seemed to pull us apart.

Back at McChord we soon got some

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TO HASTEN VICTORY—BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

news that excited all of us. Our squadron was ordered to Columbia, S. C., by way of Minneapolis, for patrol work against the German subs which were then sinking so many tankers off the Atlantic Coast. Once again it was goodby for Ellen and me.

My left engine quit and forced me down on a golf course at Rawlings, Wyo. Later, continuing east, between North Platte and Omaha, I picked up a heavy load of ice and had to get down in a hurry once again. I got back to North Platte, nearly put it down in the snow on a golf course, then saw a little airfield near by.

She went into that little field with so much class that it made your heart jump. It was a strange feeling, rolling across the snow at 90 or 100, taking off every time we hit a bump under the snow. It was the best landing I ever made or, now, ever will. But it was the B-25 more than I. It was things like this that made me love that ship. It helps itself more than any other plane I ever worked on or flew. It is so much more than an inanimate mass of material, intricately geared and wired and riveted into a tight package. It's a good, trustworthy friend.

Mysterious Preparations

When the weather would let us, we flew on to Minneapolis. There we had a 60-gallon gas tank installed in each of the planes, ostensibly for submarine patrol work over the Atlantic. We'd need those tanks, I said to myself. And I tried to picture what it would be like, out over the Atlantic. I prayed that I'd get a sub. Curiously, another gas tank was presently installed in our bomb bay.

I didn't know that the whole bewildering machinery of the raid on Japan was already beginning to function in Washington, along the Pacific Coast, Honolulu, China and God knows where else. I didn't know that the extra tanks had nothing to do with subs.

The job of putting in the new tanks and checking over the planes was just about done. I was anxious to get going for Columbia and sub work. So it was a relief when I heard that Davey Jones, who had been in Dayton for a couple of days with our squadron commander, Captain Edward J. York, wanted to see all officers in his hotel suite. We were staying in downtown Minneapolis. This, I figured, would be the notice of our clearance for Columbia.

We all strolled into the big hotel suite—there were 24 of us—and sat around on the beds and chairs, smoking and clowning a little. Most of us forgot to look at Davey very closely.

When we were all there, Davey went around and closed the doors of the suite. When he finally spoke, he didn't raise his voice.

"I've just come back from talking with Captain York," Davey said, quietly. "There's been a change. We're not going to work out of Columbia. Captain York wanted me to talk to you and see how many of you would volunteer for a special mission.

"It's dangerous, important and interesting," he added after a pause.

One of the fellows spoke up and asked, "Well, what is it?"

"I can't tell you," Davey said. "I don't even know myself. I've got a hunch, but no real information, and I'm not talking about my hunch. All I can tell you is that it's dangerous and that it'll take you out of the country for maybe two or three months."

"Where?" somebody asked.

"I'm sorry I can't tell you any more," Davey said. "You've heard all the particulars I can give you. Now, who'll volunteer? It's perfectly all right if you don't. It's strictly up to you."

All of us volunteered.

The meeting broke up and we wandered off in small groups. Some of us went downstairs and had a drink and talked a long time about what had happened. We were still going to Columbia, Davey told us before we broke up, and we'd get our orders from there. We tried to figure out something from his sketchy outline, but it was hard. One of the fellows finally got it in his mind that we were going to South America, for sub patrol work there, and that seemed to make as much sense as anything.

When the B-25s were ready—there were 12 or 15 at Minneapolis—we flew down to Columbia. We hadn't heard another word about the mission we had volunteered for, and you know how your mind and imagination begin to work if you live with something like that for a while.

I took on a new crew at Columbia. I had come across the country with Lieut. Dean Davenport, of Portland, Ore., as my copilot. I liked the way he flew. At Columbia we added Lieutenants Charles L. McClure, of University City, Mo., as navigator, and Bob Clever, of Portland, as bombardier. Our gunner-engineer becam Corp. David Thatcher, of Billings, Mont He was only 19, but very quiet and industrious. I had known all of them at Pendleton.

McClure, Clever and Thatcher had come across the country to Columbia by a different route from the one Davenport and I had used. But it surprised us to find that they, too, had been approached and had volunteered for the secret mission. They didn't know any more about it than we did.

Without realizing it, I had picked my crew for the Tokyo trip.

We were at Columbia until near the end of February, 1942, testing and giving the ship its 50-hour check, and by that time we were all jumpy. We knew that something big was happening, and that we would be in the middle of it, but we never heard a word.

Then we were ordered to fly to Eglin Field, near Pensacola. Our crew talked a lot about that on the trip down and came to a lot of haphazard conclusions. We certainly weren't going to fly to any foreign country from Eglin, we decided. We also decided that this would be where we'd train for whatever we were going to do and that "it" had something to do with flying over water—for Eglin is near the Gulf.

Pilots in the Dark

Our squadron put its three-prong wheels down on Eglin on February 28th. As I taxied across the field after the landing I looked around and saw we had company. B-25s from three more squadrons of the 17th group were scattered around the place.

They must know something, I figured, but after I had checked in and talked to some of the boys in the other squadrons I found that they were as much in the dark as we were.

So that night we sat around and buffaloed about a lot of things, mostly guessing at what was in store for us. I remembered one thing that was said, early in the bull session.

One of the boys from another squadron said to me, "Guess who's here?"

I said I couldn't guess.

"Jimmy Doolittle," he said. "He's a lieutenant colonel now, and I think he's going to have a hell of a lot to say about this mission."

We met Doolittle the next day, March 1st. I had heard and read a lot about him, of course, and had seen his picture a number of times. But it was quite a shock to see how young-looking his face was after those years of stunting, barnstorming and racing.

About 140 of us crowded into Eglin's Operations Office. We sat on benches and window sills and when we were more or less quiet, Doolittle began to talk.

The first thing he said was, "If you men have any idea that this isn't the most dangerous thing you've ever been on, don't even start this training period. You can drop out now. There isn't much sense wasting time and money training men who aren't going through with this thing. It's perfectly all right for any of you to drop out."

A couple of the boys spoke up together and asked Doolittle if he could give them any information about the mission. You could hear a pin drop.

"No, I can't—just now," Doolittle said. "But you'll begin to get an idea of what it's all about, the longer we're down here training for it. Now, there's one important thing I want to stress. This whole thing must be kept secret. I don't even want you to tell your wives, no matter what you see, or are asked to do, down here. If you've guessed where we're going, don't even talk about your guess. That means every one of you. Don't even talk among yourselves about this thing. Now, does anybody want to drop out?"

Nobody dropped out. Doolittle talked about ten more minutes without telling us anything more. It wasn't a pep talk exactly, but when he finished I felt very impressed. We walked out quietly, not saying much.

Ellen came in the next day. She had driven from Los Angeles to Columbia, and then had to drive to Eglin. She was tuckered out but I hardly had time to talk to her. There was another meeting at just that time with Doolittle.

When we were all assembled in the Operations Office again, Doolittle gave us a sample of how secret the thing was. A couple of high-ranking Army officers happened to walk through the section of the Operations Office after Doolittle had started to speak, and he immediately stopped talking. I figured that whatever this thing was, there wasn't any fooling about it.

"The reason I want you to keep this thing secret is because if you start talking about it and the news or rumors get around, it'll endanger the lives of many others," Doolittle told us. "Your lives aren't the only ones at stake in this thing. There are a lot of people working on this mission. One slip could kill the whole thing.

"Has anybody tried to talk to you about this?" he asked us. "I mean anybody around the field?" There was no answer, so he continued, "Well, if anybody does approach you, get his name and I'll turn him over to the F.B.I.

Training for a Mission

"That's about the main thing I wanted to talk to you about," he finished. "But I can tell you this much: One of the most important parts of this training period will be practicing quick take-offs."

We got into the swing of things on the third day at Eglin. I fixed Ellen up in a hotel at Fort Walton, about 12 miles from the field, and hardly ever saw her. Our planes were in the air at seven each morning and sometimes we'd still be at it at 10 P. M. We got so much night flying at the start that I decided that the mission would be a night job, and it would have been if things had gone the way they were planned. I didn't have to be very smart to deduce that. They gave us live bombs one night and we dropped them on a burning target.

Doolittle wanted to keep us as close together as possible, so he arranged for us to take over an old hotel a mile and a half from the field. We called it the Officers' Club and one by one the wives of the fellows drifted in and settled down. I moved Ellen in from Fort Walton.

The officers in charge were always keeping after us to see that our ships were in tiptop shape. We had to be sure the life raft worked. We had to check and recheck our instruments. We had to swing our compasses, for we had been warned that our mission would entail tricky navigation. Life buoys were placed three miles apart, out in the Gulf, and we had to make many speed runs over them to test our airspeed indicators.

Navigators had to learn the work of bombardiers. Pilots and copilots had to practice every job in the plane. One day we had to check the extra gas tank in the ship for possible leaks. An extremely close record had to be kept of our gas consumption.

One morning I came out to my plane and found that somebody had chalked the words "Ruptured Duck" on the side of the fuselage. I grabbed Corporal Lovelace, a gunner I knew, and asked him to paint some sort of design on the ship. He's a good caricaturist. Lovelace got out his stuff and painted a funny Donald Duck, with a headset and the earphone cords all twisted around his head.

Lovelace did a swell job in blue, yellow, white and red. Then he added something that gave all of us another laugh. Under Donald Duck he drew a couple of crossed crutches.

The Bombers Are Christened

The other boys now got busy with insignia. In a couple of days a lot of hitherto anonymous B-25s took on such names as Hari-Kari-er (a hefty hunch), Whisky Pete, Anger Angel, Whirling Dervish, Fickle Finger of Fate and one fellow painted the chemical formula for TNT on the side of his ship.

Take-off practice started the end of the first week at Eglin. One morning Doolittle introduced us to a lieutenant, senior grade, of the Navy, Lieut. Henry L. Miller. He had come over from Pensacola and would be our special instructor in quick take-offs. The Navy knew a lot about such things.

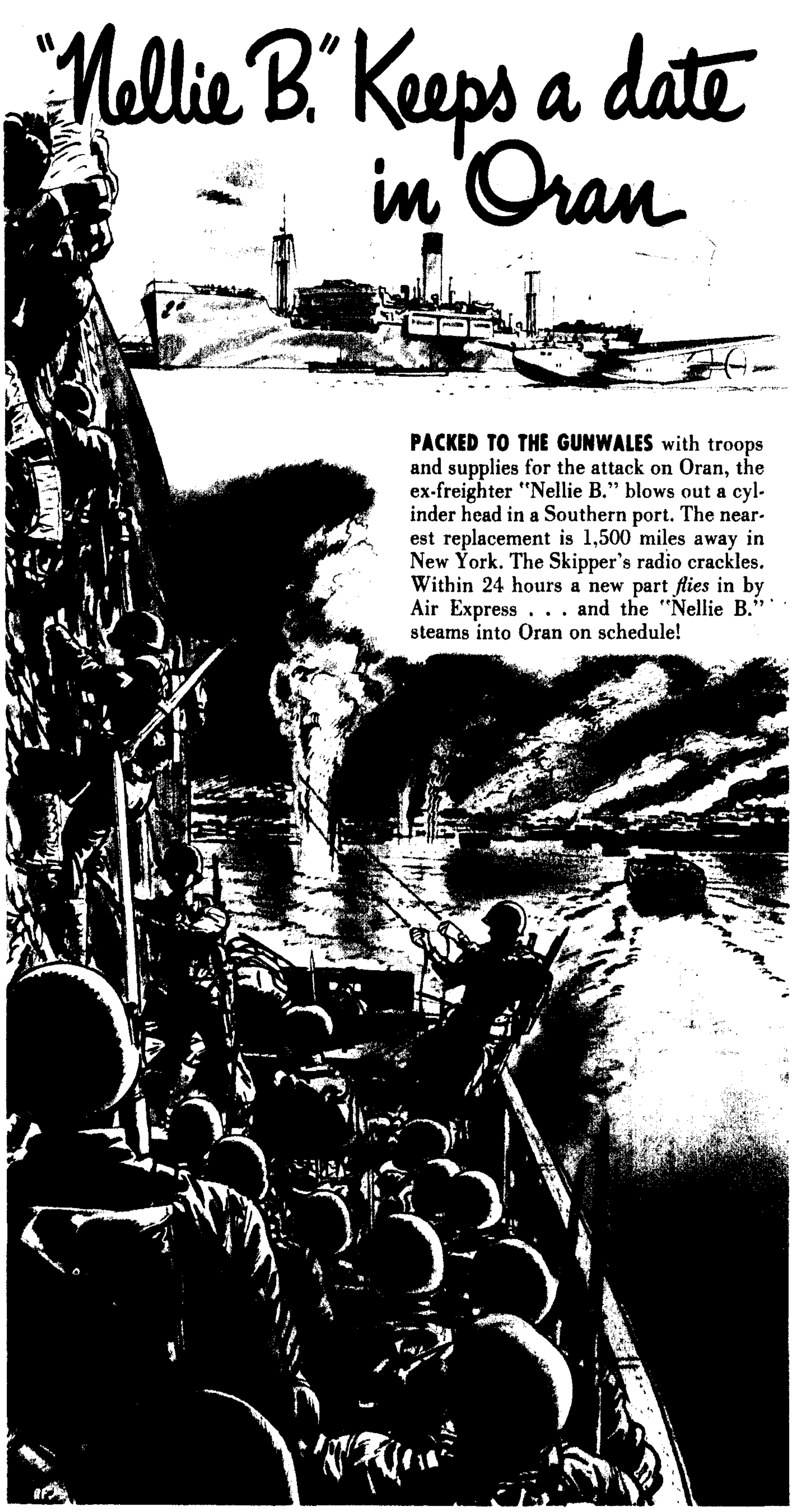
This practicing was done at auxiliary fields away from all eyes. Flags were placed along the white-lined runways of these fields at 200, 300 and 500 feet. The idea, we found out, was to get into the air in less space and time than we believed was possible for a B-25. We did this by dropping our landing flaps and pouring all the coal we could on the engines.

The mission for which we had all blindly volunteered took on shape and substance as the days passed. That we would be carted somewhere by the Navy was apparent after Lieut. Miller lectured to us at great length on Navy courtesy and etiquette. He told us about saluting the national ensign on the stern of the ship we boarded, and gave us a glossary of nautical terms. He even told us how to take a shower bath on a ship without wasting water.

The bombing, wherever, whatever, whenever it would be, would be made from a low altitude. We learned this about 10 days after we got to Eglin when we were told that the bottom gun turret would be taken off our ships. That lightened each ship 600 pounds. In the empty space was placed a bulletproof 40-gallon gas tank.

Two reasons were given for the subsequent removal of the Norden bomb sight from all the ships. The first reason was sobering. "It's inevitable that some of the ships will fall into the enemy's hands," Doolittle told us. The second reason was understood immediately by all the bombardiers. The Norden bomb sight was not practicable at the altitude at which we would be bombing.

Maj. Charles R. Greening designed the bomb sight that was now placed in our ships. Later there was a lot of talk about our "twenty-cent bomb sight." I guess it cost a little more than that, but it was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fine for the things we had in mind. It was as simple as pointing a rifle at the object to be bombed and letting the bomb go when you had a bead.

This was the first time any of us had been called on to drop bombs from very low altitudes. The Ruptured Duck laid one of its 100-pound eggs in practice one day from 500 feet. The shock of the explosion on the ground threw me against the roof of the pilot's compartment and raised an egg on my head.

That bump didn't seem very important after we learned that on the mission we would use 500-pound bombs. Then I began to wonder whether dropping them would be suicide. We learned about the 500-pounders from a colonel in ordnance. He was flown to Eglin to speak to us on bombs. He took great delight in letting us know that instead of the usual charge of 35 per cent he was making up the special 500-pounders with a 50 per cent charge. A confirmed report that we would bomb whatever we were going to bomb from 1,500 feet relieved the tension somewhat.

Doolittle, who was making frequent trips to Washington—apparently not trusting the telephone or telegraph wires—gave us another chance to back out about this time. One of the fellows did. The low-level bombing and souped-up take-offs were getting him down. The rest of us stayed on, and saw our ships' wings fitted with ice boots the next day.

It was all a part of the almost mystic ramifications of the mission which, in full flower, was perhaps the most intricately schemed, diligently practiced and far-flung military raid in history.

A Near Disaster

We had our only crack-up of the training period about March 15th. Lieut. Miller, the Navy man, was in it. He was flying with Lieut. Dick Joyce with a load of dummy bombs and a full gas load, including the reserve tanks. It was during one of those hard-to-believe take-offs. Joyce got the wheels off the ground and pulled them up in a hurry, but the ship wobbled and dropped back on the runway. It skidded along shrieking on its belly, the props, which have only a 9-inch ground clearance, chewing themselves to pieces. We held our breath, waiting for the flames. But they didn't come.

It was just a part of our education. Soon all of us were able to get our fully loaded ships off the runway at between 55 and 60 m.p.h. with full flaps, whereas the normal take-off speed for a B-25 is 80 or 90 after a run three or four times as long.

These days were dull but worrisome for the wives. Most of us were so dead tired from work that we never felt much like showing them a good time at night. This was no holiday, and they knew it. Everybody was serious. I wasn't really worried, and I don't think Ellen was. I was anxious to get in all the training I could. It was a good solid feeling to be a part of this thing, whatever it was. I wanted to know all the answers before it started. I told Ellen that when it was over we could have some time together. Maybe even have a honeymoon.

The tactical problems at Eglin were pretty fascinating. There was a lot of talk that we'd get 100-plus octane gas for the trip, but then we heard that it would be 100-octane because our 1,700-horsepower Wright engines weren't built for 100-plus octane, and, besides, the evaporation of the more combustible gas was too great. Gas consumption was now a primary issue.

During the last part of the training period we made countless flights mainly for the purpose of testing engineering findings on our best speed at the least consumption.

Finally, near the end of March, we had our big test: a quick, ear-splitting take-off, a flight to Fort Myers, Fla., then across the Gulf of Mexico at very low level to Houston; then back to Eglin. That was our final exam in Florida.

We were given little warning before leaving Eglin. We were awakened at three on the morning of March 24th and told that we'd take off at 11 A.M. Ellen didn't know where to go at first, but before I had to take off she and the wives of Majors John Hilger and Greening had decided to share a house in Myrtle Beach, S. C. I couldn't give her any idea how long I'd be gone, but this seemed like the best place for her. It was reasonable and quiet. It would be a good place to wait for the baby.

"I'm going to write you a letter every day you're gone," Ellen told me. "There's no hope you'll get any of them; in fact I won't even mail them. But it will be kind of comforting to do. I'll feel closer to you." I told her I'd try to write to her a lot, but it was a long time before I did.

I took off with five other B-25s that morning of March 24th and we flew to San Antonio. We stayed there overnight and the next day we flew on to March Field, on the Coast, refueling only at Phoenix. We were *still training.* We were told to hedge-hop our way across the country, testing gas consumption at low levels, and we kept so low we could look up at the telegraph wires.

At our last meeting before we left, Doolittle told us that when we reached the West Coast we *weren't* to see or telephone anybody. But March Field is only 80 miles from home, so I thought I'd take a chance and call my mother. My mother had written us at Eglin that she had been feeling bad. I knew she must be feeling worse than bad because her last letters had been in longhand and that usually meant that she wasn't going to her office.

So I called her up that night from March Field and a nurse answered the phone. I got the nurse to put my mother on the wire and she finally told me that she had had the first stages of a stroke. She was worried about me.

"Where are you going, Ted?" she asked me.

I told her that I was just on a routine flight. But she was suspicious. She asked where Ellen was. I told her I had left Ellen back East because I'd probably be sent back there right away. I started to tell my mother that I was sending my civilian clothes home, but I thought it might worry her.

My mother was on the phone early the next morning. She said she was worried about me. I told her that she wasn't even supposed to know where I was. It was supposed to be a secret, I tried to tell her, but that only made her more suspicious. She told me she had a bad feeling about me, and to take care of myself. I was sorry I sounded short on the phone, but I had been ordered not to call anybody. I guess I was nervous.

Doolittle Tips Us Off

We had to fly up to Sacramento's McClellan Field from March Field as soon as we could. So we took off right after breakfast and flew up there, brushing the trees. All of us seemed to figure we might not be around very long, so we might as well do things we'd always wanted to do. It was the craziest flying I had ever done, and I had done some kid-stuff tricks like banking a B-25 through a low, open drawbridge. We got to McClellan, feeling that we had let off a lot of pent-up steam.

Doolittle was already there. He had flown directly from San Antonio. He went across the Rockies on instruments instead of first going to March Field and then up the coast line. It gave me a feeling of pride to have him in charge.

There was a meeting just after we arrived at McClellan. "I don't want any of you to raise hell tonight," Doolittle told us. "You stick close to the field. I want every first pilot to make absolutely certain that his plane is in perfect shape, and that his crew is also. They've got good mechanics here. They'll take care of anything that's wrong with your ships. I want you to instruct them to repair the smallest thing that might be wrong."

Then he told us that the radio equipment would be taken out of our planes. "You won't need it where you're going," he said.

We all sensed by now that it had something to do with the Japanese.

All 24 planes had new $1,500 three-bladed props put on the first day at McClellan. Then I had to stand by and watch one of the mechanics rev my engines so fast that the new blades picked up dirt which pockmarked their tips. I caught another one trying to sandpaper the imperfections away and yelled at him until he got out some oil and rubbed it on the places where he had sandpapered. I knew that salt air would make those prop tips pulpy where they had been scraped.

The Ruptured Duck Capers

The way they revved our motors made us wince. All of us were so afraid that they'd hurt the ships, the way they were handling them, yet we couldn't tell them why we wanted them to be so careful. I guess we must have acted like the biggest bunch of soreheads those mechanics ever saw, but we kept beefing until Doolittle got on the long-distance phone, called Washington and had the work done the way we wanted it done.

We spent more days in that area, practicing full-flap take-offs at small, almost deserted fields. Then one morning we hopped over the hump to Alameda. We were on our way again. We had been training a month.

McClure had a movie camera along with a roll of colored film. He wanted to get some shots of the Bay Bridge. "What about flying under the bridge?" Davenport asked me. "The Pan American boys do it all the time in the Clippers. It would make a good shot for Mac."

Dav was at the controls. He put the nose down and we ran for the bridge. I hoped there weren't any cables hanging under the span. I was half tempted to take over and pull the Ruptured Duck up over the bridge at the last moment. But I knew what a nut McClure was about home movies, so we went underneath.

Just as we did, Mac let out a yell. He couldn't get his camera working. He wanted us to do it again, but I said to hell with it. Some time later we came to the rendezvous.

Just as I put the flaps down for the landing, we all let out a yell at the same time and I guess we all got the same empty feeling in the stomach that I did.

An American aircraft carrier was underneath us. Three of our B-25s were already on its deck.

"Damn! Ain't she small?" somebody said in the interphone.

We landed on the field and taxied over to the side where Doolittle and York were beckoning to us. I rolled back my window and looked down at them.

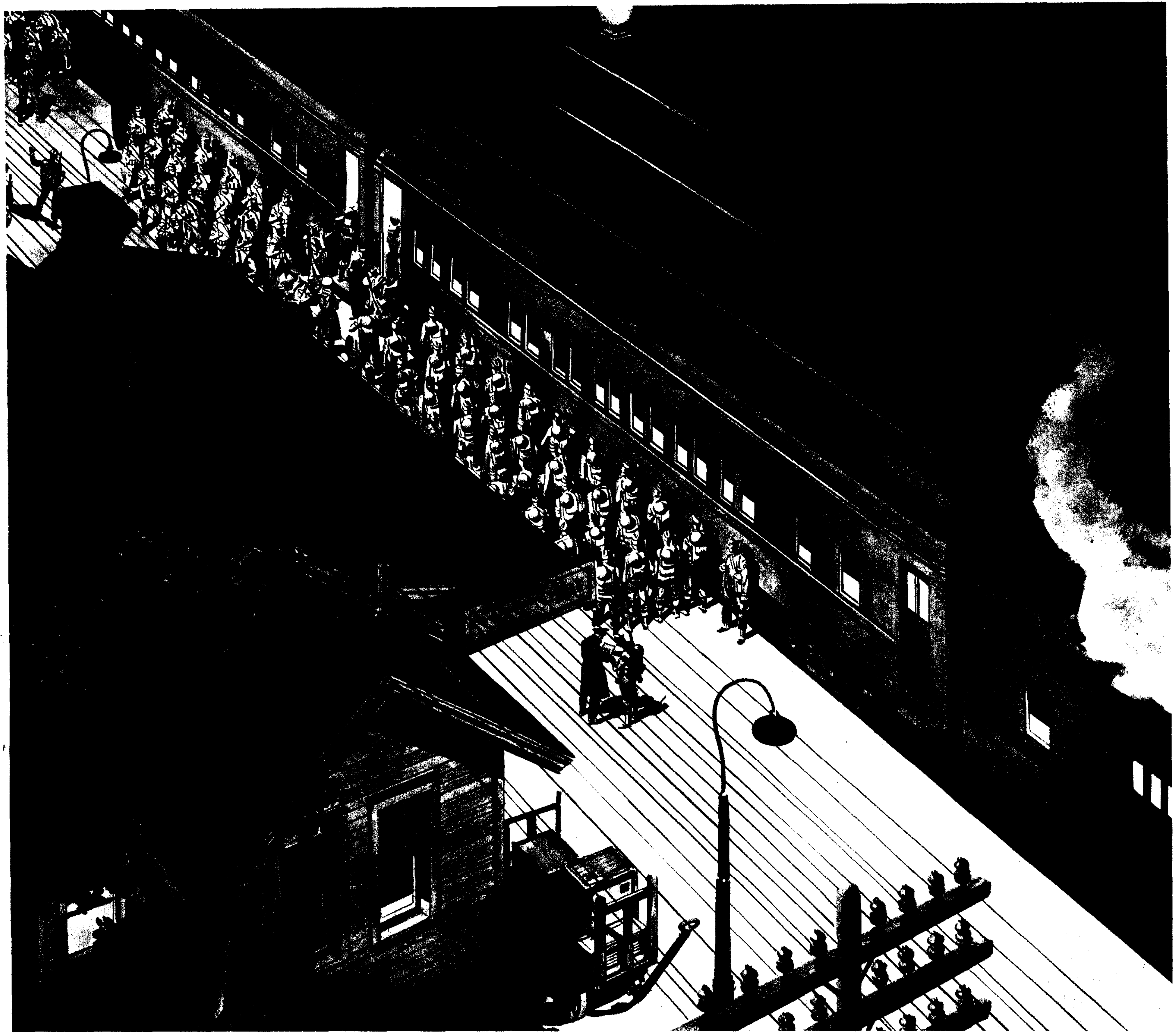
"Is everything okay?" Doolittle asked.

I said everything was.

"Taxi off the field and park at the edge of the Hornet's wharf. They'll take care of you there," Doolittle said.

As soon as I did, the Navy boys jumped all over us. They drained out all our gas except a few gallons. One of the boys got in, after our crew got out. An Army "donkey" hooked the Ruptured Duck's main gear and towed it down the pier. We walked down after it and then watched the claws of a big crane reach down and pick up our ship as if it weighed ten pounds. The crane swung it slowly up on the deck of the Hornet.

We were standing there watching this



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when Lieut. Miller came up to me and said, "Don't tell the Navy boys anything. They don't know where you're going."

I nodded and kept looking at the Hornet. She was a great sight. I can't describe the feeling I got, standing there looking up at her sides. Maybe the thing I felt was just plain patriotism. All I know is that it was a fine feeling to know that she was there and ready to help us.

It was a tremendous relief to know that our plane got on. Looking around now, I saw that Doolittle and York were sending some of the planes to a near-by hangar, instead of to the wharf. I found out, after we walked back down the pier to the field, that if I had said that anything was wrong with the ship, when Doolittle asked me, we would have been rejected too. It made me suddenly weak to think how close I had come to beefing about the way the ground force at McClellan had patched up our interphone system.

We had lunch and talked to some of the fellows who had been turned down after all that training. Most of them were too sick with disappointment to eat. There wasn't anything to say to them that would help them. There were some other men who had been told that they would go along as spares on the mission, and they felt better. After lunch our bunch walked back to the Hornet, trying to remember all the things Lieut. Miller had told us about Navy etiquette.

Sixteen planes had been lucky. The Navy men had spaced them out all over the deck of the Hornet, placed blocks under the wheels and now were tying the planes to the flight deck.

We all stood up on deck, not knowing quite what to do. After a while a couple of tugs nuzzled up to the Hornet and pulled us away from the pier.

I looked around the bewildering ship and finally found my quarters. It was a compact little room which I shared with two ensigns, one of them a big, hearty fellow named "Nig" White.

I was a first lieutenant then and thus outranked the ensigns, but that didn't seem to impress them much. They crawled into their bunks and pointed to a cot for me.

We began moving the next morning, April 1st, at 9 o'clock. As we went under Golden Gate Bridge we all stood ready once again with fire extinguishers. When that danger was passed we were pretty much on our own. So that first day I wandered through the ship with the rest of the Army fellows, figuring out how not to get lost. The Navy boys kidded us a lot, trying to get us to tell them where we were going. But we were mum. We just looked wise, as if we knew.

Pride of the Air

The Navy fliers were very interested in the B-25s sprawled all over the deck. We took them all over our planes, bragging like kids about how fast and how far they could go. We were awfully proud of our planes.

The Navy boys returned the favor by taking us below decks and showing us their dive bombers, torpedo planes and fighters. Their wings were folded and, naturally, they were cooped up because our ships took up all the space on the flight deck. I wondered a little how the Hornet would protect itself.

It was late that afternoon when I realized we weren't alone. Looking around I began to see more and more warships until finally I could see cruisers and destroyers.

The word Japan was mentioned officially for the first time the next morning. Doolittle called us together in the empty mess hall and all of us sensed that now we'd know.

He cleared his throat and said, "For the benefit of those of you who don't already know, or who have been guessing, we are going straight to Japan. We're going to bomb Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka and Nagoya. The Navy is going to take us in as close as is advisable and, of course, we're going to take off from the deck."

I can't tell you how much of a relief it was to hear these words. It took away the weeks of confused thinking and ended a period of hush that was griping all of us. I could stand up and yell Japan at the top of my lungs now. I was no longer shooting in the dark. Here was a job, definite and tangible. My thoughts went to my plane . . . the condition it was in . . . the gas it would burn . . . the distance we'd travel. . . .

Doolittle was talking. "It's going to be a pretty tight squeeze," he said. "But it's all been worked out the best possible way. The Chinese government will co-operate with us. We've made complete arrangements to land at small Chinese fields not far inland—after we've done our bombing. We'll tank up at the small field—the gas is there waiting for us—and then we'll fly on to Chungking. Now we're going to be on this carrier a long time, but there will be plenty of work for you to do before we take off."

Again he gave us a chance to back out, in favor of one of the spare men brought along. But, of course, nobody did.

A Word of Warning

When the meeting broke up, all of us drifted instinctively to our planes. Some of the boys walked along the flight deck, measuring off the alarmingly short distance between the island and the bow. You see, we didn't have to be told that we'd be able to use only half the deck. We knew there wouldn't be any place to put the 16 parked planes except to squeeze them in together on the stern. Even then we figured that they'd take up nearly half the deck. So the boys who were pacing off the probable distance we'd have for a take-off were measuring from the middle of th island to the bow. And scratching their heads at the end of their pacing.

I handed out pads of paper among the crew of the Ruptured Duck and told McClure, Clever, Davenport and Thatcher to jot down everything that came to their minds that would get the ship in better condition. I didn't have to tell them how important this was to all of us. We tinkered around the plane most of the day. After dark McClure and I went up to the bridge to test out navigation. The Navy was ready to do anything we asked. There had been a couple of officers at the meeting that morning, and the word was filtering through the ship. When I got to my quarters this second night out, the two ensigns shook hands with me and insisted that I sleep thereafter in the better of their two soft bunks.

The following day, we began to realize just how incredibly well planned the mission was. At the meeting, Doolittle introduced us to two Naval officers—Lieut Commander Stephen Jurika, U.S.N., and Commander Apollo Soucek, executive officer of the Hornet. Jurika had been naval attaché at our embassy in Tokyo and now he gave us the first of a series of lectures. It seemed curious to me a first but soon I could see how much we needed it.

Jurika spoke on the history of Japan and China. He went into detail about the political setups of the countries, told us of the differences between the military and peasant classes of Japan, the psychological differences between Chinese and Japanese, described the various modes of dress and uniforms we might encounter and physiological differences.

More and more we realized the seriousness of the mission. When Jurika finished Doolittle grinned reassuringly at us and said, "Well, if we all get to Chungking I'll throw the biggest damn' party you ever saw."

(To be continued next week)

You don't get a medal for being a father

THE flower your little girl pins to your lapel . . . the trusting grip of your baby's helpless hand . . . the shining faces pressed expectantly against the pane as you hurry home in the evening . . . these are decorations that only a father can win!

Think of that, Dad, the next time you feel out of it because you aren't shouldering a gun. If Uncle Sam has seen fit to use your skill in making war materials, if he has left you in your old job because that's where you can best serve your country on the home front — you still can be a soldier, even if they never pin any medals on your chest.

One way is by putting as much energy and patriotism into every minute of your working day as that lad who is out there fighting for you. Another is by discharging that special assignment of yours in a way that only *you* can.

Yes, you have a special assignment. It's the job of getting those children of yours ready for the world other men are fighting to win for them. It's your responsibility to see that they will be ready to do their share in the new world that peace will bring. That means providing education and training for jobs that may not yet exist. It means anticipating the problems as well as the opportunities that lie ahead.

It's not only a hard job. It's a solemn responsibility. Nobody but *you* can carry it through, but there is a man who can give you expert guidance. He is the John Hancock agent, who has been trained to analyze all the factors that make your problem different from that of every other father. He has had the rich results of his Company's experience with six million policyholders. He can show you a practical, dependable way to get your children ready for the postwar world; how to keep them secure during the years when they are so dependent upon you for everything they have.

Because he knows that in times like these every moment counts, the John Hancock agent makes his interview brief and to the point. Talk to him today. The only obligation is *his* obligation — to give you the best possible advice.

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She'd Do the Same for You

Continued from page 17

"Maybe he gave George the wrong address on purpose. He didn't seem to want George to look up the girl. Maybe he don't trust anyone," he said.

"It was the right place all right," George said.

Sanson, who thought he'd seen more than the rest, was impatient. "Why don't you tell him, George? Tell him his wife doesn't work there. If she's playing around, he should know."

George had thought about it. "Wait until we get to port . . . he can't do anything until we get there."

Sammy was up on deck thinking it wasn't so tough that George hadn't made it. He hadn't liked the idea much of George coming back and telling the others that Meg was lame. Not that it was noticeable, unless she was tired . . . and she didn't grumble about it—she was glad she could walk. As a kid she'd spent three years in a hospital getting over infantile paralysis, wondering what it would be like to stand on her feet again. She worked behind the counter because it was easier on her. No tips, but five bucks more a week. And he certainly never thought of her as lame. But George might have. The word would have gone around . . . he could hear them . . . "Sammy's wife don't walk right," they'd say. They would not intend it to sound mean, it was just that living in one another's pockets they got interested in one another's affairs.

He wished he'd been in Chicago himself. Just for a few hours around nine o'clock. He liked to think of the look that would come to her face. Relief, sort of, as if everything she had ever had to worry about suddenly walked out. And then the feel of her face, a little damp from sudden tears, touching his. Nine o'clock in the Sandwiche Shoppe. If he turned up she'd kiss him right in front of the manager, with the rest of the girls looking the other way on purpose. They wouldn't walk home with Fran and Ginger. They would go in next door, maybe, and have a couple of beers, drinking them slow and talking a lot. She wouldn't let go his hand, she'd cling to him that way of hers, making out she wouldn't let go until she had to.

And then they'd go home. She shared a walk-up with Fran and Ginger. A fellow felt good about leaving his wife with friends like that—they understood one another, those three girls did. The night he was around was usually the night the other two picked to go to a midnight movie. If they were home already when he came, they'd put on their shoes and make up their faces and walk smilingly down those three flights of stairs as if they had been waiting to go.

And when the door was closed and he was alone with his wife there was suddenly nothing to say. Meg's eyes would be shy, a bit confused and a mad little pulse would be beating time on her throat. But she'd still be clinging tight to his hand.

He sat and thought about it.

THE next day they found they were sailing without a convoy. They looked glumly at the empty sea.

"There's no use being married," Sanson said, watching Sammy. "You don't get anything out of it but a bunch of lying letters."

"Maybe he gave George the wrong address on purpose," persisted Joe.

"And have us all think him a dim wit." Sanson killed that one. "He's in for some bad moments."

"Look out . . . he's coming . . ."

Sammy stood beside them and they looked out over the side in silence.

"Must worry your wife," said Sanson tentatively ignoring a look from Joe, "thinking of you as a target for submarines."

Sammy said, "I don't put it like that . . . I don't want her to worry."

"Sure," Sanson's voice carried the bitter sweetness of sarcasm. "It would be too bad to worry a girl as pretty as that about a thing like war."

"She's probably got her own worries," Joe soothed.

"Like what?" Sanson faced Joe.

"Her husband's away, ain't he?" Joe nodded his head quickly in Sammy's direction and swung his foot across Sanson's shin. Sanson cooled.

Sammy ignored them. "There's no need to worry her," he said again.

"Like as not she's off with another fellow," said Sanson conclusively when Sammy had gone.

IT WAS a couple of days later that the Astra, unwieldy dowager that she was, got into trouble. The gun crew never fired a shot at the enemy. As the freighter turned so that they could get their sights the sub launched a torpedo. They were hit amidships. The shock as it ripped ship plates threw men from their stations, shattered glass, jarred instruments, found Sammy with two hands to the loading, none for himself. He shot forward like a projectile and knocked his head on the bulwarks. As he lay unconscious the list of the deck pulled him backward, he slid helplessly. He came to as they ordered abandon ship and realized they were sinking. Through a mist which was in his own eyes he watched the others moving backward and forward. Then, still dazed, he lowered himself all the way down the sloping deck and dropped into the water.

He was in the boat when he came to. The lieutenant was bending over him. He saw George and Joe. He could tell by their faces that he must be in a bad way. They looked grim, and kind of wild in their disheveled uniforms.

"Feel better?" the lieutenant asked.

He felt dreadful. He shut his eyes.

"He was full of sea," said the lieutenant's voice. "He'll be all right now." But he didn't sound sure about it.

This was danger, this was what he had been afraid of, this would keep him and Meg from all that was coming to them. This—if he gave in to it.

He pulled his eyes open. The lieutenant was about to make his way down the boat. Sammy reached out his hand. "Look," he said, "if I don't make it, let my wife know—she's in Chicago. George knows where she works. Tell her how it was. Make it easy."

The lieutenant nodded. "You'll be all right."

Sammy shut his eyes again. The lieutenant moved away. He heard George say, "Poor kid . . ." like he meant it.

It was bad on the boat, his head aching, his eyes sore. With his body forever cold and wet, the tiredness grew to weakness. He'd turn over, and lie breathless from the effort. He'd watch the others and wonder where they found the strength to manipulate an oar, move down the length of the boat . . .

He did not remember the boat that picked them up. He awoke in the coolness of sheets, felt their wonderful dryness, the reassuring weight of blankets. The weakness was there too, but it was not oppressive. Something was stirring in him again. He was reassured.

He was on his feet in two days, and not as unsteady as he might have been. A narrow piece of adhesive across his forehead marked the place where he had met the bulwark, his eyes were still a little inflamed, his skin where it had been exposed so long was scaly.

The lieutenant was glad to see him about. "I guess you'll take that message to your wife in person."

He had been counting on that, hoping against being dragged ashore for further hospitalization. He got his leave.

George Levak lingered as it came to saying goodby. "I don't like to tell you, Sammy. You been through a lot . . . remember when I got that leave to Chicago?"

Sammy remembered.

"I went to the restaurant you told me about. Your wife didn't work there no more."

"Didn't work there . . ." Sammy repeated it blindly. "Meg Williams . . ." he said his wife's name.

"Sure I asked for her. I got the name right."

"And Fran and Ginger?"

"They said something about her girl friends working somewheres else . . ."

He was trying to work it out in his head. He always sent his letters to the apartment. The answers were always addressed from there. "Why didn't you tell me, George? I should have known."

"I was going to tell you," George said, "when we got to port. No sense worrying you when you were at sea. Nothing you could do but sweat."

"Maybe she changed jobs," Sammy said feigning indifference. And then, concealing his horror as he realized how such news would be construed, "Did any of the others know . . . ?"

George hesitated. And then with casualness equaling Sammy's, he said, "I guess some of them heard of it . . ."

"I'll let you know how it comes out . . ." Sammy gave his hand to the other, hiding something near humiliation.

"Tough luck," George said; "if there is anything I can do . . ." And Sammy ignored the pity in his eyes.

SAMMY couldn't figure what it was about. His first thought was that George had gone to the wrong place. But George knew Chicago. And George remembered them saying something about Ginger and Fran.

Maybe she was out of a job and didn't want him to worry. But she'd never been out of work. One, two, three, she'd get another place like that. And nothing in Meg's letters indicated she had left the Sandwiche Shoppe. "Things go on the same as you left them . . ." She'd written that several times. If she wasn't working, what was she doing? Sure, she could change her job. But she would have told him.

He guessed what the other fellows thought she was up to. He remembered some of those quick looks, and the morning on the deck when Sanson had been so anxious to talk and Joe Runion kept cutting in.

He knew what they had been saying. It would be something about a little guy getting himself married to a cute little piece, kidding himself that she was as good right through as she looked on the surface. And while the little guy dreamed and planned and risked his neck every hour of the day, strained his head to invent ways to tell her not to worry, the girl got bored, met another fellow, had a good time, and in the meantime just strung the little guy along because it was the easiest thing to do.

Sammy knew how the men would feel about that. When they'd thought about it a while, the little guy and the girl would stop being him and Meg. It would be all their fears and all their bitterness, yes, and all their bad memories too, of liars and two timers and plain bad lots. While they were feeling sorry for him, they'd feel sorry for themselves, they'd find suspicions and new fears and the kind of hollowness that dissolved a man.

BUT it was him and Meg. He was thinking about it when he got on the train. It was him and Meg. He had to go home and find out. And for all the thinking he couldn't make it seem real. Either his mates were right or there was something else, something he could not imagine or figure out, but which might explain things.

But if the others were right he didn't quite know how he could stand it. He considered the prospect. No matter what happened to him he'd have to go back to sea. He couldn't get away from that part of his life, it'd go on. But every time he'd look forward it would be empty and every time he looked back he'd be a fool. Whenever another fellow asked him about his girl or what he was going to do after the war, he'd draw a blank. He kept thinking things like that.

He began to see why George hadn't told him that night when he lied about being drunk. George had been smarter than Sammy had figured. It was bad enough to sit in a train working over those things, but lying in a lifeboat with your lungs raw from sea water, it would be more than you could stand.

It was nine o'clock when he got to Chicago. That was the time she got off work. She was through at nine o'clock—if she was still in the Sandwiche Shoppe. He kept playing with the idea, there had been some kind of mistake. She must still be there. He'd go in like he always did, he'd find her standing behind the counter, and she'd throw herself into his arms, cling to him as if he were a life line in a boiling sea. She'd do that.

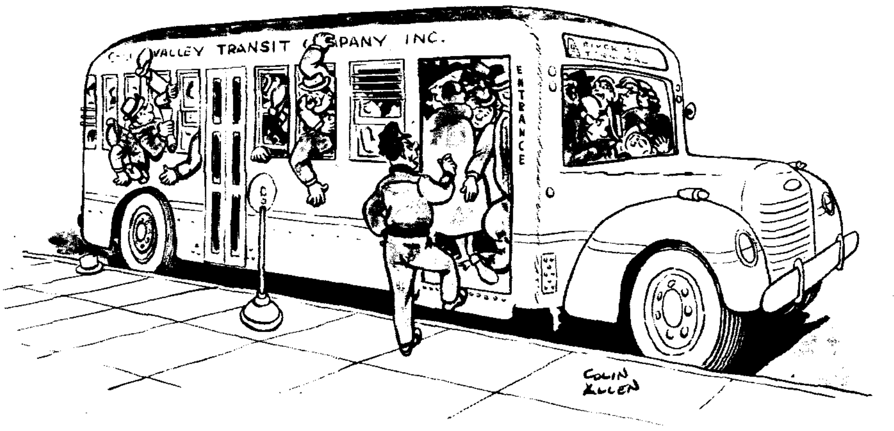
The place was the same as he remembered it. The same big glass windows facing the street, the same bare table arranged along the same line of hatracks . . . He opened the door.

"We're closing now," a tired voice said.

"I just want to talk to the girl at the counter . . ."

He walked forward, eager and tense, he couldn't see her, she was bent down over the glassware. She straightened up as she heard him coming. "We're closing," she said.

The moisture from his hands made a



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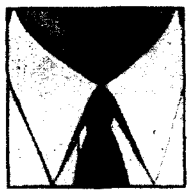

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Juice of 1 lemon in glass of water first thing on arising

Has a natural laxative effect for most people, and it aids digestion, supplies needed vitamins, builds resistance, too!

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Most people find that the juice of one lemon in a glass of water, taken *first thing on arising,* is all they need to insure prompt, normal elimination—*gently*. And lemon and water is *good* for you.

Lemons Build Health! Lemons are among the richest source of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They're the only known source of vitamin P *(citrin)* and supply valuable amounts of B_1. They alkalinize—aid digestion. Millions *not* troubled with constipation take lemon and water daily just as a *health builder.*

Why not keep regular with this refreshing morning drink that builds health too? Try it ten days, first thing on arising—see if you don't benefit!

P.S.—LEMON & SODA • Some prefer juice of 1 lemon in half glass water with ¼ to ½ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as foaming quiets.

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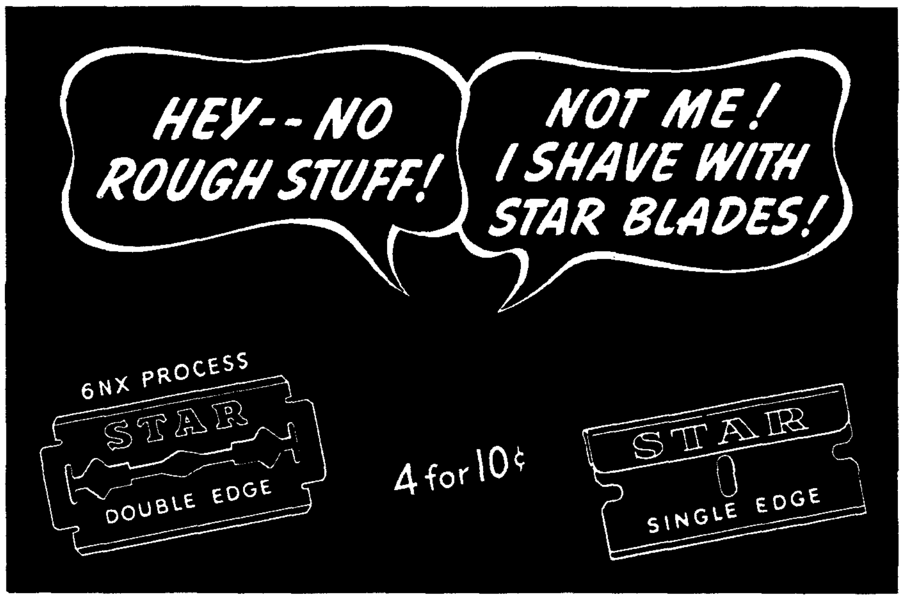
Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON and WATER

...first thing on arising

"Today at the Duncans'"—CBS, 6:15 P. M., E. T.—Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays



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mark on the counter. His mouth was dry.

"We're closing," she said again. "I am sorry, but no order after nine." She was a neat little thing, with smooth dark hair held by a net. She almost smiled as he stared at her.

"There used to be a girl here, name of Meg Williams . . ."

"No one here called that." She was nice and willing, ready to help him.

"She used to be here behind the counter . . ."

"There's been no one behind the counter but me for the past four months." He might have thought her smile cute, if he had been interested in smiles.

Four months—the length of the deception shocked him. For four months he had been thinking of Meg coming to work at eleven, leaving at nine. For four months he had been getting letters from her that told him nothing but let him go on believing, thinking, picturing something that had not been at all.

He asked for the manager. But he had gone home. The girl behind the counter was still friendly, "Maybe she got married or something . . ." she suggested.

"No," Sammy said, "she was married." And he walked out.

HE WENT straight to the apartment, past the place next door where they used to drink their beers. He went fast as he could—half running. There would be some kind of an explanation at the apartment where his letters went, where hers came from.

The walk-up looked just the same, same brown-stone front, same steps that needed sweeping. And I used to dream of coming here, he thought. He rang the bell, the buzzer answered, he ran up the three flights of steps, exertion and excitement strengthened and quickened his heart, he could feel the beat falling like a hammer.

"What do you want, sailor?" a big man in a lumber jacket stood at the top of the stairs.

"A girl name Meg Williams . . . she used to live here . . ." His breath was very short.

"Ask the superintendent," suggested the big man.

Sammy went down the stairs. He went back to the bell, crouched down to read the names, he ran his finger down the list and his fingers were shaking. The superintendent could tell him all right.

Then he saw it at the bottom of the list, three names written in pencil—Fran Smith, Ginger Lavere . . . and there it was, Mrs. Samuel Williams . . . written fine in pencil . . . but there it was.

They'd moved from the top to the bottom floor. They had a right to do that. But why wasn't he told these things? They were still together, the three girls . . . something in that came part way to reassuring him.

The buzzer rang . . . he must have touched the bell . . . he pushed the door open. Right on the landing, the first door to the left opened.

"Sammy!" someone cried.

Sure, it was Fran, standing in a long housecoat with her hair curled up in bobby pins. He wanted to reach out for her hand, he wanted to yell for Meg, he wanted to see Ginger too, have them both bobbing about in excitement as his wife dashed out . . . he remembered then, it was not going to be simple, he had to watch how he acted, he had to find out what was going on. And, no matter how much he wanted to, he wasn't going to swallow explanations without looking at them from both sides . . . he wasn't going to be a sap.

Very coolly he said, "Hullo, Fran, where's Meg?"

"We weren't expecting you," Fran said, her face and hands twitching with excitement. "We had no idea of your coming . . . you said you wouldn't make it for another two months . . . you said . . ."

Ginger came to the door in a large white apron. "Sammy . . ." she sang out. "Sammy . . . they gave you leave when you got the telegram."

"What telegram?" Sammy stood in the little hall of the apartment and nothing looked a whit different from the one they had upstairs.

"Then you don't know?" Ginger asked, and her face was convulsed as she looked at Fran.

"Know what?" His eyes fell on the closed bedroom door.

"Meg had a baby," the two girls said together.

"Meg . . ." He threw himself at the bedroom door.

And a voice which he had stirred out of his memory a thousand times, a voice which was real now, said, "Sammy . . ."

He didn't know how long it was before he said anything. He kissed her, he kissed her hand, he looked at her and found her more lovely than he could believe. They doubted she could be as beautiful as the picture, but the thought of the picture was dry and colorless beside her. There was the luster in her eyes, the glow under her skin, the tremulous smile which was welcome and tenderness. All for him. Why hadn't she told him? Why in the world hadn't she . . . ?

He finally asked it, his voice sounding desperate and uncertain.

She touched his hair as if she had almost given up the idea of feeling it again. "I didn't want to worry you . . ."

"Other men get let in on things like that."

"This was a bit different." She hesitated. "Most of the way it was just my word against the doctors . . . The doctors thought there'd be trouble . . . I kind of knew better . . ."

He guessed what lay behind the words, hours and weeks, fear and pain, thoughts of him . . . and always this moment when he would know and be grateful and proud. He couldn't find the words that were big enough.

The hand on his head touched the adhesive, gently circled the spot where his head was still bruised. "What happened?" she asked.

"That . . ." he had forgotten about it. "I hit my head," he remembered. "When we lost the Astra."

"Torpedoed?" Her voice was very small.

He nodded. "Nothing to talk about," he said. "We got picked up." He didn't tell her, but she'd know how it was. He knew she'd know, it was in her eyes and in her touch.

FRAN and Ginger stood in the doorway. Fran had her hair combed out and they both wore coats.

"There's a good picture at the Rivoli," Fran said. "The three Williams don't want a couple of outsiders sitting around the first evening they spend together . . ."

"Outsiders?" Meg laughed. "How do you think I'd have got on for the past months?" And to Sammy, "They've war jobs now."

"All three of us . . ." Ginger's eyes included Meg. And Fran laughed too. "Come on," she said.

"Wait . . ." Sammy followed them to the door. "Send a wire for me . . ." He fished in his pocket for the money. He found a stub of a pencil and wrote leaning against the doorway. "It's to a guy called George Levak," he said. "I got a bunch of shipmates that are kind of disillusioned about marriage. I think the news of the kid will sort of set them straight."

And as they watched him write the message Fran and Ginger exchanged looks—later they said it—they'd never seen anyone as proud as Sammy Williams.

THE END

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WORKERS

"I might be interested if your husband smokes Sir Walter Raleigh"

SLAVE to a bitter, smelly pipe? Try cleaning it regularly—and switch to mild and mellow Sir Walter Raleigh. It's a delightful blend of choice Kentucky burleys with a rich and fragrant flavor all its own. No wonder it's called *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

SIR WALTER
RALEIGH
PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells

UNION MADE

SIR WALTER
RALEIGH
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

"Gosh, Sue, I wish Bill could look as trim and young as Charlie does"

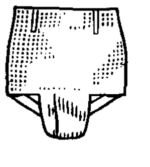
HE *could* with a BAUER & BLACK BRACER. It's the comfortable elastic undergarment that would help him stand tall and straight . . . make him look *years* younger . . . make his *best* suits fit better by reminding him to pull his tummy in. Successful men everywhere like the way Bracer helps them look well-groomed and gives them that military posture.

The elastic yarns needed to make Bracers are doing vital war jobs now . . . but *some* department stores, men's shops, drugstores and surgical supply dealers, may still have Bracers. Look around today . . . and be sure it's a BAUER & BLACK BRACER you're getting. Its special comfort features make it great for all-day wear.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

THE Bracer SUPPORTER BELT

FIRST IN ELASTIC SUPPORTS
(BAUER & BLACK)
Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago
Bracers • Suspensories • Supporters
Elastic Bandages • Anklets and Kneecaps



Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

constant operations can be traced—the United States Post Office likes to look back a lot further. For "official" air mail in this country is actually drawing near to its *100th birthday!*

ON AUGUST 16, 1859, the postmaster of Lafayette, Indiana, handed Aeronaut John Wise 123 letters and a few pamphlets to be carried in his balloon, Jupiter, to New York City. Weather prevented completion of the air trip; but the mail finished its journey by train. If you can find one of those first American air-mail letters with canceled stamp in an old family trunk, you'll have a collector's item.

There's at least one other valuable United States air-mail stamp. If you have one you can probably get upward of $3,000 for it. The original 1918 24-cent stamps depicted an airplane. On some, the plane was printed upside down. That was a mistake, not criticism.

THE late Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas, father of prohibition laws in Congress, earned a somewhat more popular niche in air-mail history. In 1910, then a representative, he introduced the first bill for official investigation of the practicability of air-mail routes. Tabled.

ON NOVEMBER 2, 1916, "Swede" Carlstrom flew mail from Chicago, spent the night at Hammondsport, New York, and on November 3d, buzzed into New York and placed sacks aboard the German submarine Deutschland—the first plane-submarine mail in history.

PRESIDENT WILSON gave scheduled air mail its start. He had the vision to encourage Second Assistant Postmaster General Otto Praeger, its real father; the courage to stand behind Postmaster General Burleson in his fight for air-mail appropriations. And on the great 15th of May, 1918, he took time off from his terrible war cares and went to the Washington Field personally to applaud history. Washington-Philadelphia-New York had been selected as the first route.

Lieutenant Boyle got his four bags stowed, buckled himself in, waved a dignified goodby to President Wilson and the assembled distinguished guests—and then his motor wouldn't take. There was much embarrassment when, after a lot of tinkering, someone found that the gas tank hadn't been filled. Goodby ceremonies were gone through again; and the northbound mail was off—behind schedule. President Woodrow Wilson raised his hat.

The first northbound pilot got lost in Maryland, the second in New Jersey. The fourth took the navigational instructions to "keep Chesapeake Bay on his right" too literally and followed the bay clear around until he landed at Cape Charles, Virginia, considerably south of Washington—and New York, his destination.

The first southbound trip had better luck. On May 15th, Captain Webb and Lieutenant Edgerton, between them, delivered 4,000 letters to the postmaster in Washington, in little over three hours from New York. Service in both directions improved as pilots gained experience. In late summer and fall, a record of 90 days of perfect service was set. That would be good even today.

ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL OTTO PRAEGER knew his baby would be no great postal asset until it could fly by night as well as by day, in all kinds of weather, and all across the continent. This led to the greatest test, the greatest flight, and the greatest hero of United States air-mail history—Jack Knight. It was meet and just that this clinching demonstration of air mail for those who didn't think it was here to stay came only a fortnight before Praeger went out of office when Harding was inaugurated, and Wilson left the White House a sick and brokenhearted man.

There were no radio beams then; no lighted airways, no weather stations or blind-flight instruments or landing fields between terminals; none of the commonplace safety factors of today. The pilots sat in open crates exposed to the weather.

AT DAWN on Washington's Birthday, 1921, two pilots started from New York, two from San Francisco. Relays waited at intervals. The westbound planes were soon grounded, however; one by crash, one by snow. Captain Lewis in the first eastbound ship was killed in Nevada. Pilot Nutter in the second got to Reno. Pilots Eaton, Murray and Yaeger, successively, got the mail to North Platte, Nebraska, shortly before eight that night. Jack Knight was waiting there. His job was to relay to Omaha.

He did not get off until after 10:30 P. M. because a broken skid had to be fixed. When he reached Omaha at 1 A. M. he found there was no relay pilot or plane to go on. Jack thawed out briefly, then went on to look for Des Moines, with only his auto road map for the unfamiliar route, in the darkness and snow. He found it, but the blizzard was too bad; he had to go on. He made Iowa City with a spoonful of gas. The snow let up a bit and he saw a red flare and landed. But the ground crew had gone home. There was only a night watchman, who lighted the flare when he heard the plane. Between them, Jack and the watchman refueled the ship. Through snow and sleet and high winds he bored on. The night of storm gave way to dirty gray fog. Past eight o'clock, eyes bloodshot, dead tired, half frozen, he got his plane down on Maywood Field in Chicago and sat there until they lifted him out.

Pilots Webster and Allison took the mail to New York. Otto Praeger exulted: "This is the most momentous step in the development of civil aviation."

JACK KNIGHT went on flying mail until 1938 when he reluctantly became a ground executive—Director of Public Education for his company, United Air Lines. Now he is on leave from United, doing an important job overseas for Uncle Sam.

So are many others, now middle-aged —dauntless men who, when young, defied the "graveyard of the Alleghenies," when you had to fly through the passes instead of over the ridges; men who gave death the razzberry every night over wintry prairies and Western mountains. All over the world in this war are veteran Yank pilots who will have a thought on May 15th for old pals whose graves are as frequent across the transcontinental air-mail route, as today's beacons.

Perhaps they will think that nothing more truly repays them for all their sacrifices and perils than the fact that their profession has at last joined those which are handed down from father to son.

In 1918, young E. Hamilton Lee was one of the experienced and hard-boiled civilian Army instructors who joined the air-mail service. He was the first pilot to fly 1,000,000 miles commercially. As a captain on United Air Lines between Los Angeles and San Francisco, he is probably on his third million now. What he's proudest about is not his record, but his son, Robert E. Lee—a regular copilot on United's Denver-to-San Francisco leg. . . .

W. B. COURTNEY

Here . . Here . .
THAT FAN ISN'T SCRAP!

Uncle Sam needs scrap, but doesn't want you to throw away irreplaceable things—like fans—that contribute to wartime efficiency.

Until the war is won, no more Emerson-Electric Fans are being made for civilian use, because their manufacture involves many critical war materials. All the fans now produced are for the Army, Navy, and other essential War Services.

So, if you own an electric fan—no matter what make—take good care of it. Then, when hot nights come, its cooling breezes will help you get refreshing sleep and keep you up to par. That is important.

If you own an *Emerson-Electric* Fan, you are fortunate. Its exceptional quality and long-life construction are greater assets now than ever before—they make your fan *worth* the care a superior product deserves.

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To get the best possible service from your Emerson-Electric Fans, follow these suggestions:

1 Don't wait. Check your fans now and you will be sure they are ready when you need them.

2 If they operate satisfactorily, clean them thoroughly, and oil with medium-weight mineral oil, grade SAE 10 or 20.

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EVERYTHING EMERSON-ELECTRIC MAKES IS FOR WAR OR WAR PLANT USE

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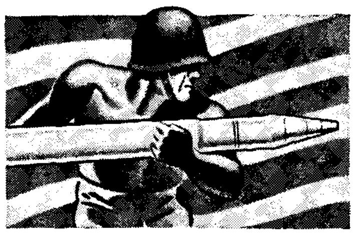

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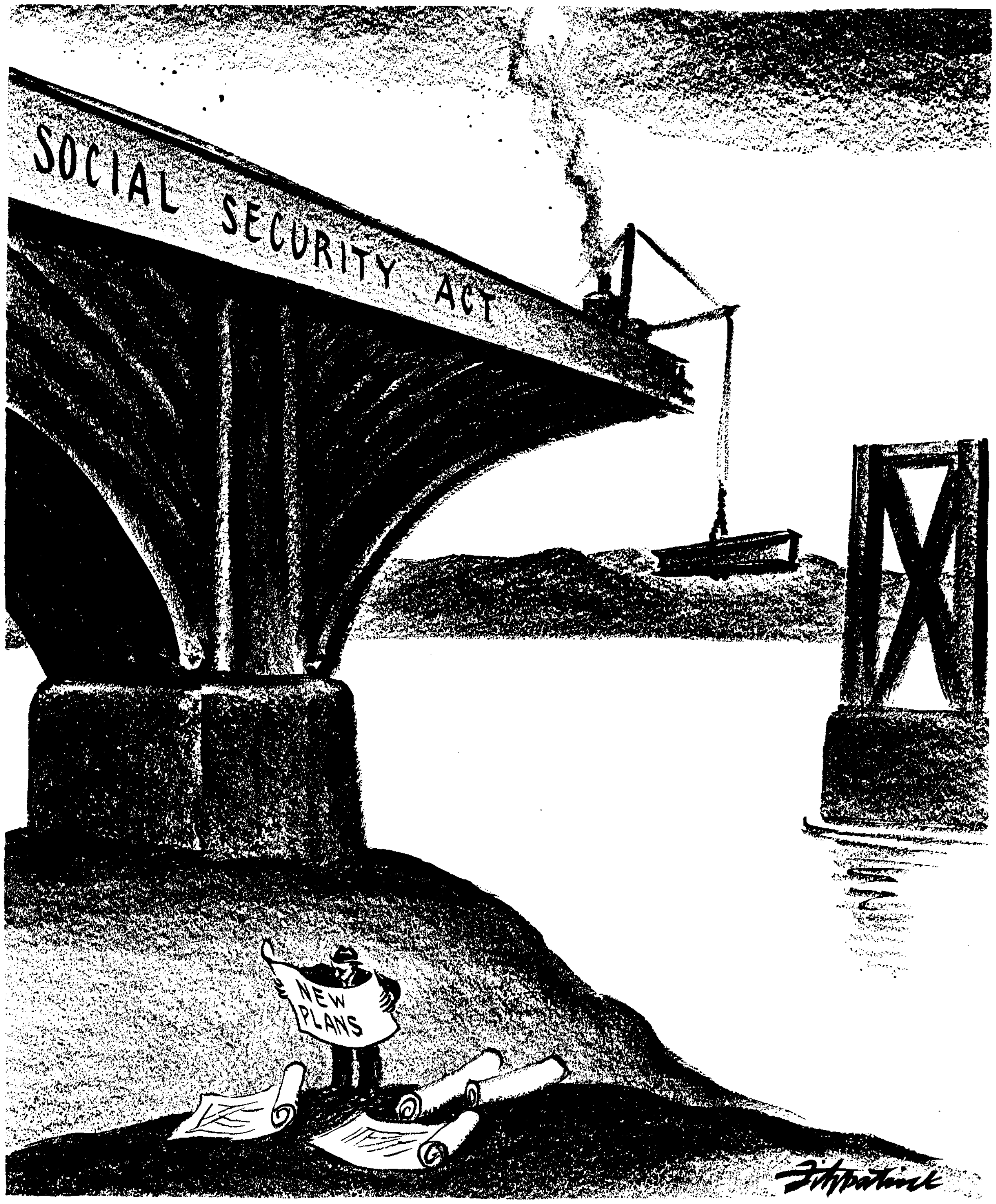

Broaden Social Security

OUT of most of the voluminous National Resources Planning Board report, which hit Congress with a dull thud just as Congress was cutting off the NRPB's appropriations, we get little light or leading. The bulk of these blueprints for a postwar American paradise seem to us entirely too vague and sketchy for you to get your teeth into them.

The part of the report having to do with a possible wider and further-reaching Social Security Act, however, seems eminently sound, sensible and solid. This part was the work of Arthur Altmeyer, chairman of the Social Security Board, and Altmeyer is no fuzz-brain. George Creel, as you probably remember, described Altmeyer's suggestions at some length in a recent Collier's.

Under the existing Social Security Act, several large groups of people are "exempt," which in this case is a polite word for frozen out. These groups are farm laborers, domestic servants, employees of federal, state and city governments, and self-employers. Nor do the Social Security benefits now cover sickness or disability.

Altmeyer says these gaping holes in the act can be plugged, and should be, and that the operation can be performed at small cost as compared with the profit to the nation as a whole. The present system would simply be extended, enlarged and improved, with the existing foundations utilized and approved actuarial principles used throughout. Employers, employees and general taxpayers would foot the bills.

We have now had six years of the limited Social Security Act, and it has proved its excellence as far as it goes. None of the economic horrors predicted by its onetime enemies has materialized—not even the bankrupting of any privately operated insurance companies. On the contrary, it appears that many a person, awakened by the SSA to the possibilities of insurance, conceives an ambition to supplement his or her government insurance with policies of private companies.

We hope that this part of the NRPB report will not be choked off and forgotten in the alarums and excursions of the war. Indeed, there would seem to be a good deal in the argument of the plan's hotter supporters that now is the time to broaden Social Security—now, while most of us are employed and money is circulating swiftly, so that we could without too much financial agony take on this added precaution against the consequences of unemployment and penniless old age.

Collier's

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JEROME ELLISON
Managing Editor

High Schools and History

THE New York Times some ten months a surveyed the nation's colleges and universiti and came up with the revelation that 82 per cent them at that time did not require U. S. history part of students' qualification for the undergradua degree.

The Times has now followed through by sen ing around a simple U. S. history quiz to 7,000 co lege and university students and asking them to their best with it offhand. Object: To see wheth our high schools are teaching their students so mu U. S. history and teaching it so well that the high institutions can safely pay it little heed.

Indications are that the high schools are not. F instance, only 6 per cent of those attempting to nan the thirteen original states got the list right. T general picture was of a vast flux of misinformatio and half-truths about their own country's sto swirling around in many of our young peopl brains.

The long and the short of it seems to be tha while all of us certainly should know the main ou lines of our history, few of us do, or ever will. I unfortunate but true that the love of history is an thing but a universal passion. And we don't see wh can be done about it, except to keep on trying make the teaching of history in our schools mo and more exciting, dramatic and specific.

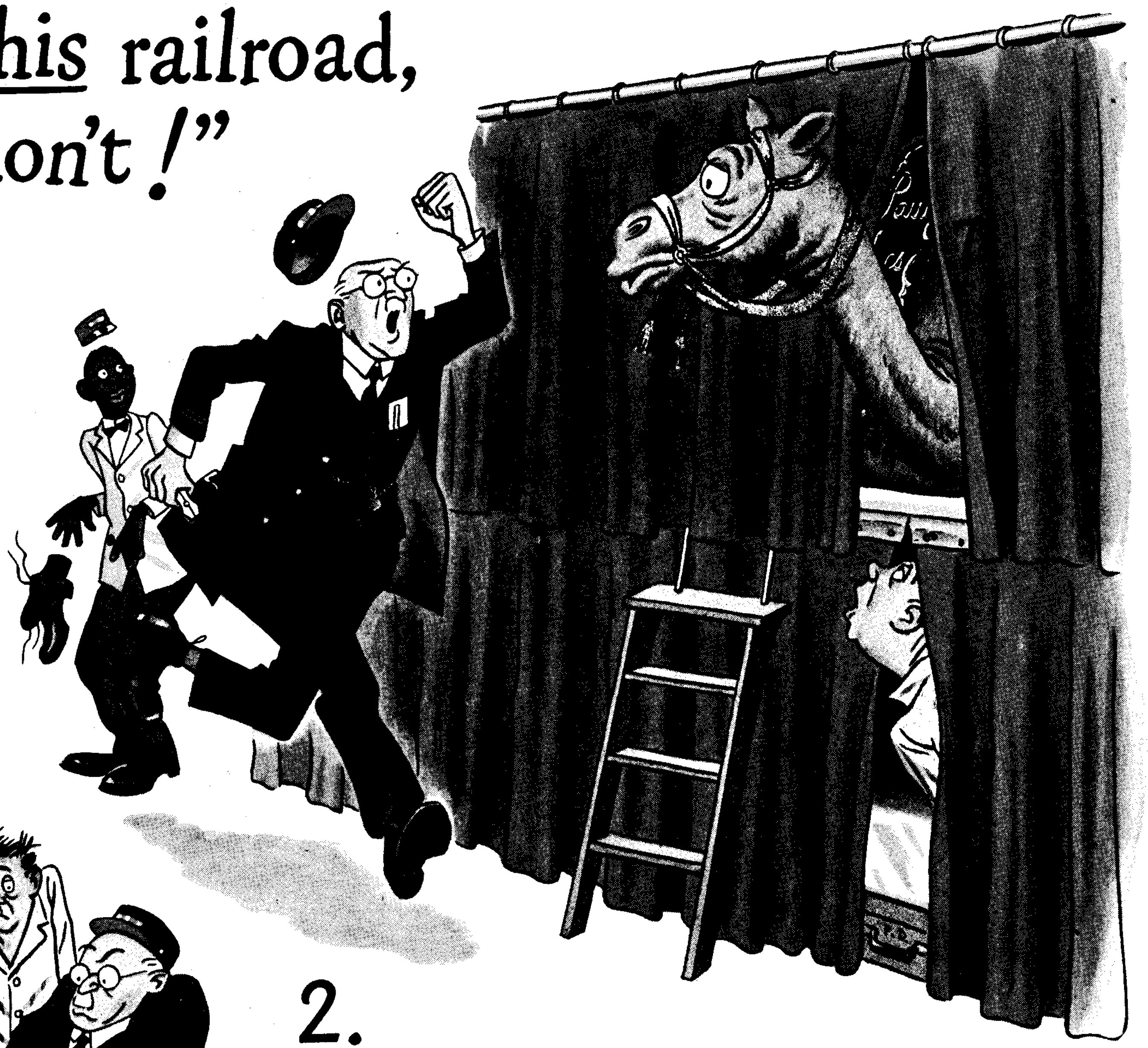
Why the Secrecy?

THE Administration a while ago tried to get th newspapers to agree not to send reporters the international food conference. The idea was have the news of the deliberations boiled down b the Office of War Information and passed around i cut-and-dried handouts.

No substitute has yet been discovered, in demo cratic countries, for honest reporting of importa events by a number of minds having various slan and points of view. That is the basis of free dis cussion; and free discussion, according to democrati theory, is the basis for correct and constructive de cisions by the people or the people's representative

Efforts to extend the necessary wartime censo ship beyond its proper bounds are sure to hurt ou war effort and heighten popular distrust of the gov ernment. A government in wartime has enough re sentments and enemy propaganda attacks to comba as it is, without going out to look for more troubl

"Not on this railroad, y'don't!"

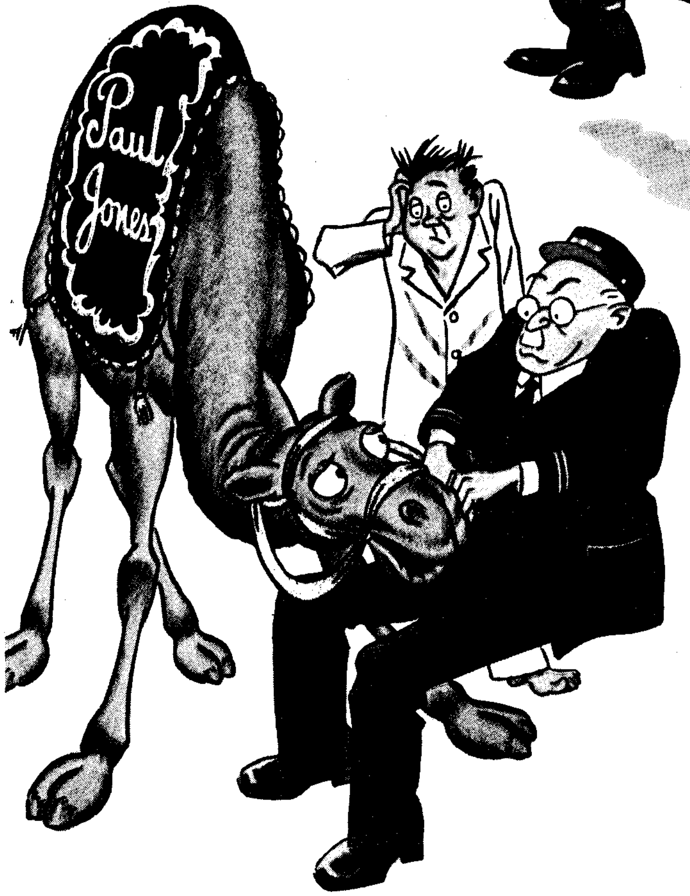


1.

DUCTOR: Now dagbustit, Camel, I
l have to throw you outa here. I will
e to give you the heave.

EL: But, Sahib, I've got a ticket! I—

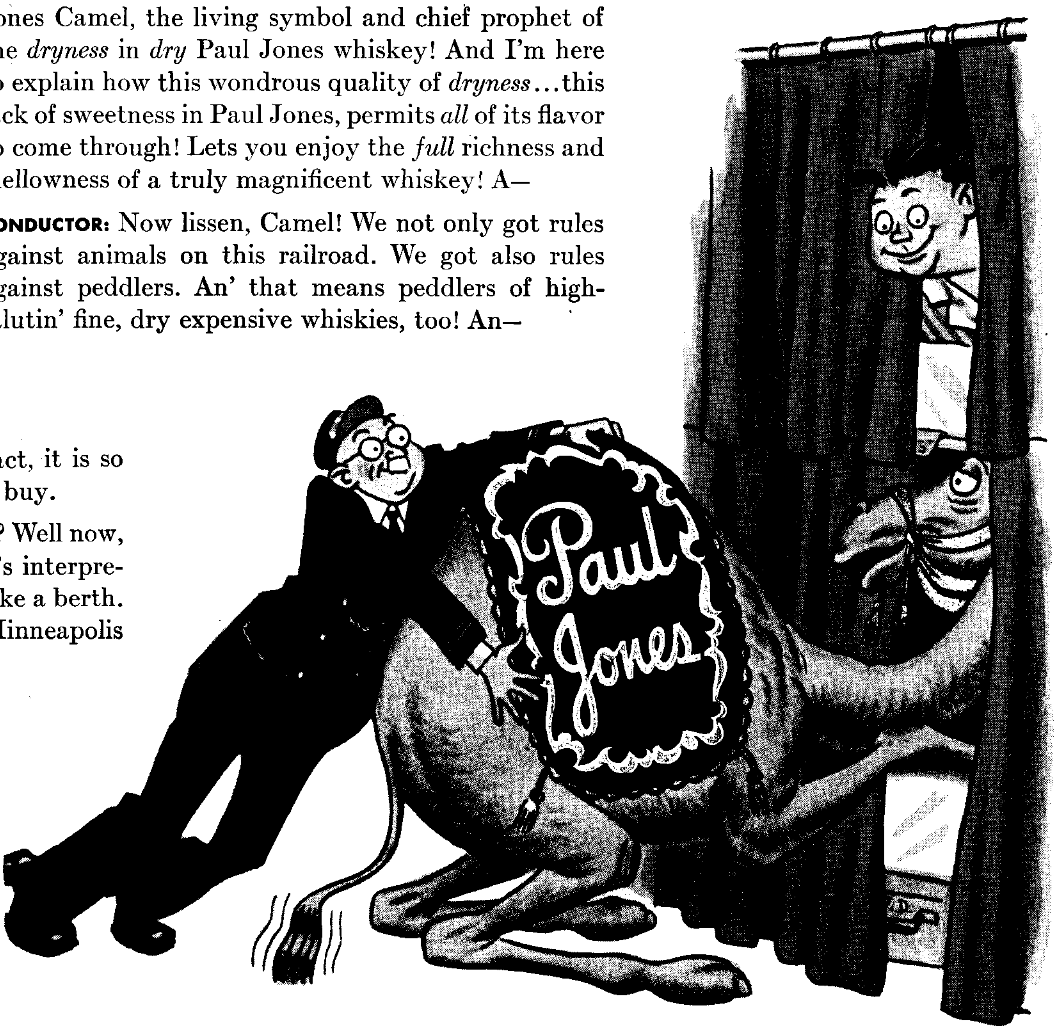
DUCTOR: Now lissen, Camel. Rules is
es. An' regulations is regulations. An'
rules an' regulations o' this railroad
sitively say you go in the Cattle Car!



2.

CAMEL: But, Master! My mission is *here!* I'm the Paul Jones Camel, the living symbol and chief prophet of the *dryness* in *dry* Paul Jones whiskey! And I'm here to explain how this wondrous quality of *dryness*...this lack of sweetness in Paul Jones, permits *all* of its flavor to come through! Lets you enjoy the *full* richness and mellowness of a truly magnificent whiskey! A—

CONDUCTOR: Now lissen, Camel! We not only got rules against animals on this railroad. We got also rules against peddlers. An' that means peddlers of high-falutin' fine, dry expensive whiskies, too! An—



3.

CAMEL: But Paul Jones is *not* expensive, Sahib! In fact, it is so moderately priced that wise men find it a truly *great* buy.

CONDUCTOR: A *dry* whiskey, Camel! And *not* expensive? Well now, dag*bustit!* There's interpretations of rules and there's interpretations. An' dagbustit, you ain't no cattle, Camel! Take a berth. Take a *lower* berth. An' wait'll I tell the boys in Minneapolis about this wonderful *dry* Paul Jones.

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

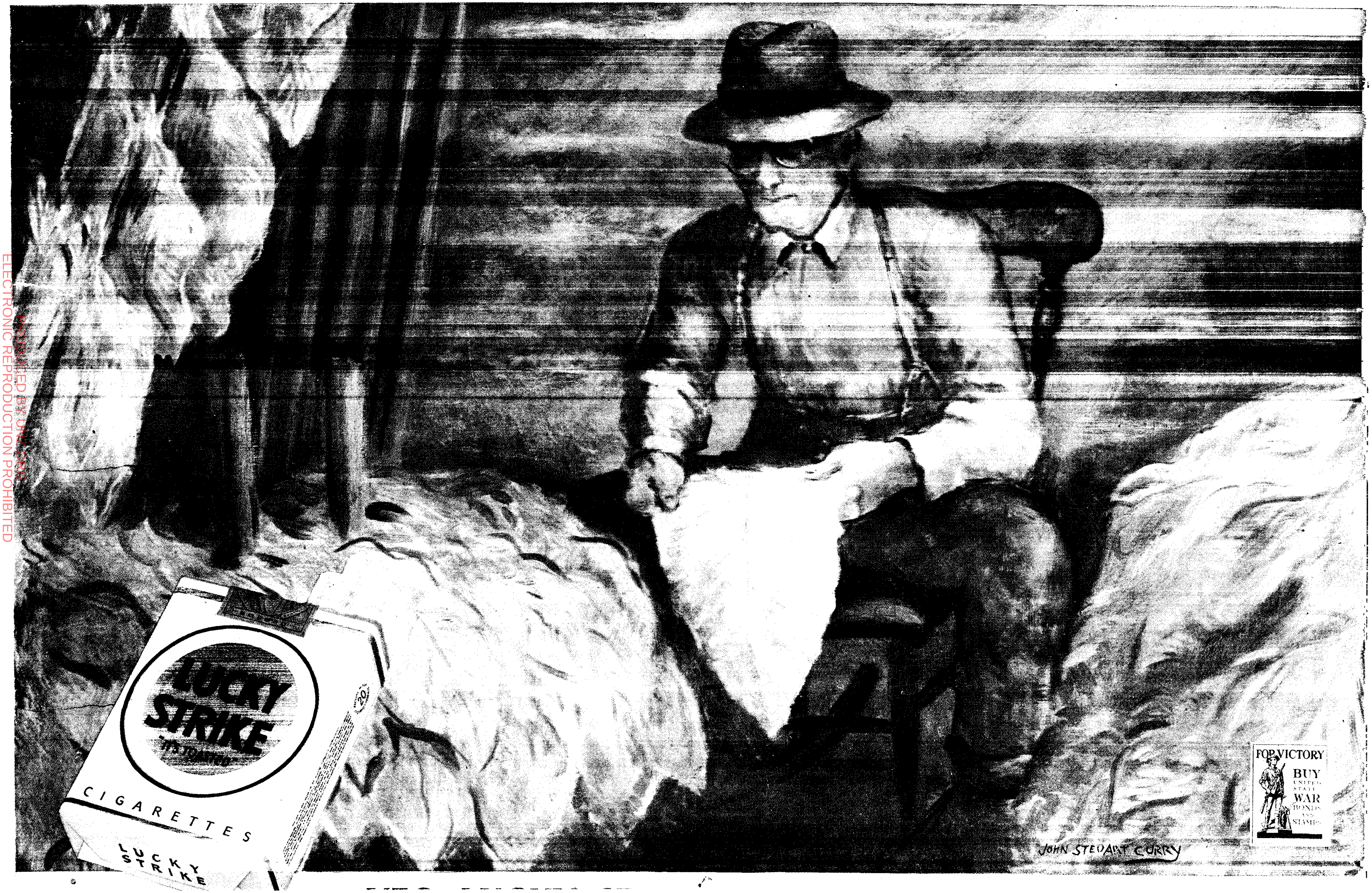
DRY
Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Old Belt"... Virginia tobacco painted from life by John Steuart Curry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"IT'S TOASTED"
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20
JOHN STEUART CURRY
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS